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STEPPING STONES TO LITERATURE

A Reader for Seventh
Grades



BY
SARAH LOUISE ARNOLD
AND
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SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

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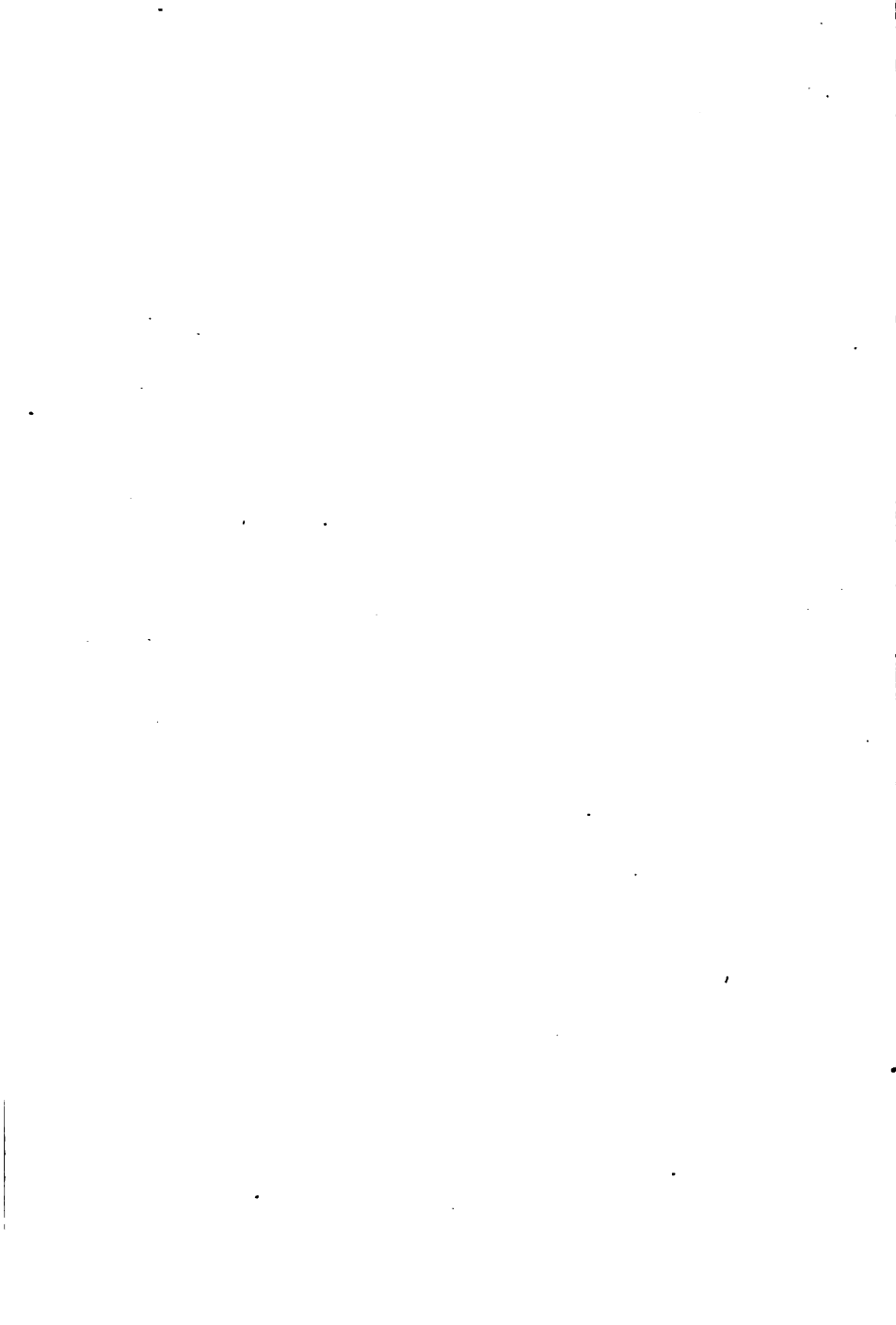


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A. H. BICKNELL

THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON. (Page 137.)

This painting is in the Art Gallery of the Mechanics' Association, Boston.

STEPPING STONES^{TO} LITERATURE

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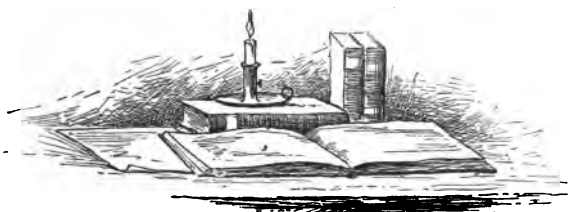
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PREFACE

THIS series of books is designed to meet in particular two educational needs: *first*, reading books containing better literature than the average Reader contains; *second*, books adapted to the modern graded school. The ordinary series of Readers consists of five or six books, — the first three being composed of made matter, put together upon the theory that children can read only selections containing certain words. The remaining two or three books are composed partly of original matter and partly of short, disconnected selections from standard authors, — many of these selections not being suited to children of any age, and none of them being graded with reference to adaptation of language or thought.

In the present series, its authors have aimed to include nothing but good literature, the greater part being selected from standard writers; and in so far as possible the selections are given entire as they came from the writers' hands. In each book, beginning with the Fourth, are to be found some selections of considerable length, both in prose and poetry, complete as they were first published.

In those instances in which it has been found necessary to abbreviate articles, the authors have attempted to give complete chapters or such other selections as constitute in themselves literary wholes, and also to induce the pupils to read the entire books from which the selections are taken. This suggestion is deemed very important. The tendency of the day is to scrappy reading. It is fostered by newspapers, periodicals, and compendia of literature; and it is hoped that these Readers will help to combat this unfortunate tendency, and lead to the reading of good books.

The second special feature of STEPPING STONES TO LITERATURE is their perfect adaptation to graded schools. The usual division of the higher Readers of a series into Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth, is founded upon no principle thus far discovered. This series consists of eight books, one for each grade of the ordinary graded school system. It is believed that this feature will be of great value. It simplifies the work of the teacher, and makes it possible to correlate the reading with the other subjects in the school curriculum.

In the Fourth Book the child is given his first distinct introduction to mythology. In the earlier books, fables and fairy stories have been used, and there has been a little suggestion of mythology; but in the Fourth, myth and wonder—those subjects which appeal to the child's imagination and carry him out of his limited environment into a larger world—are emphasized. We believe that this is in accord with whatever truth exists in the culture epoch theory of education.

It also makes a suitable and natural introduction to the historical matter, of which a greater proportion appears in the higher books. The connection between this matter and that in the lower books is furnished by two fables, "The Fox and the Cat" and "The Fox and the Horse," and by such humorous poems as "That Calf" and "The Cow and the Ass." These lead, on the one side, to the Nature readings both in verse and prose; on the other side, they lead directly to the myth, and the myth introduces the child easily and naturally to history,—the Hiawatha myth, for example, making an excellent introduction to American history, and the Greek myth, to ancient history. The selection from "Aladdin" belongs to that class of purely imaginative literature which all children read and enjoy.

In the Fifth Book the use of the myth which is found in the Fourth is continued, but the myths here used are mainly historical, leading directly to the study of history. Here is given an acquaintance with the mythology of our Norse forefathers, and also with the semi-mythological literature of western Europe. This is followed by some selections of a more definitely historical character than any given in the Fourth. The purely imaginative literature—as, for example, "The King of the Golden River"—is of an order better adapted to the advancing age of the child, and has a more distinctly æsthetic and ethical purpose. Nature readings are continued, and several selections of a patriotic character are given as an introduction to the considerable amount of reading of this class found in the Sixth and Seventh books.

In the Sixth Book the pure myth does not appear, but in its place is much of history, especially of the legendary lore which appeals to the developing imagination of the child,—such as the tales of ancient Rome and Scott's poems.

There is a large increase of matter which tends to stimulate patriotism, including particularly national songs. Here appear several selections from that sort of literature which requires thought and develops taste, such as "The Voyage to Lilliput." Here also are found some appeals to the child's natural love of adventure and sports. The ethical motive is plainly evident throughout this book.

The Seventh Book is made entirely of selections from American authors. It is intended for the grade in which most stress is usually laid upon the study of the history of the United States, and can very appropriately be used in connection with this study. The literature of a country cannot be separated from its history, and the natural connection between these two should be emphasized in all study of either. This book is especially rich in matter intimately connected with history, and tending to stimulate patriotism.

Here, more than in some of the other books, selections have been made from longer works, and it is hoped that the teachers will urge the children to read the works entire.

The Eighth Book is made wholly from the writings of English authors. In many schools the study of English history is introduced in this grade. In such schools the selections here given will be found appropriate. Even in those schools in which the history of England is not specifically studied, it is of necessity studied incidentally in connection with the history of our own country, and a familiarity with the writings of the best English authors is essential to a comprehension of the writings of our own. The selections here given, while especially appropriate for use in connection with the study of history, are made from standard authors, such as every intelligent boy and girl should read for their own value.

The authors believe that if these Readers are used wisely, according to the plan suggested, they will not only help to make better readers of the children of the schools, but will also aid in a wise correlation of studies, will cultivate taste, stimulate a love of good literature, and, through literature, bring within reach of the children the choicest treasures of the world.

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SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.

THE purpose of this series of books is indicated by its name, **STEPPING STONES TO LITERATURE**. The aim of the authors was to make the formalities of reading subordinate to its real end, which is the acquisition of thought from the printed page. It is urged, therefore, that you aim not first to teach children how to read, and then incidentally to give them some acquaintance with good literature; but that you seek primarily and chiefly to acquaint your pupils with literature as such, and secondarily to teach them the technique of reading. You will find, if you follow this plan, that not only will the first object be gained, but that the children will learn the art of reading much better than when the chief emphasis is placed upon this art.

In a book composed of good literature, words should be studied only as they occur in the text, and as their study is necessary to an understanding of the text. Such study is doubtless important, but great care should be taken to prevent its interference with the real object of reading, which is acquaintance with literature.

The study of literature should not be confused with the study of the biographies of authors. Acquaintance with the lives and personal traits of authors is often interesting, and frequently throws light upon their writings, yet its value is but secondary at best; children, especially, should give their chief attention to the writings themselves. Let them read freely and abundantly, until they become absorbed in their reading. Do not interrupt them too frequently with criticisms. In no case spoil a reading lesson by introducing the study of technique for its own sake. Remember always that the ends to be secured are a love for good literature and the storing of the mind with noble ideals.

While the selections in this series of Readers are, in so far as possible, literary wholes, in many cases it has been necessary to abbreviate. Sometimes chapters have been taken out of books, the chapters in themselves constituting complete productions. In all cases of abbreviation, it is urged that the attention of the children be called to the books from which the selections are made, and that they be advised to read them entire. Lead the children to the use of the public library through their reading lessons.

The ends above set forth, included in the term "the mastery of books," are of course the real objects of all reading. They are secured by what is known as silent reading, whereas the school reading lesson consists in reading aloud. The object of the latter is twofold: *first*, the making plain to the teacher that children are capable of mastering books; *second*, instruction in the art of oral reading. While this art is not, as it is often treated, of primary importance, but wholly secondary, it is yet important, and should receive careful attention.

Good oral reading includes both intellectual and physical elements. The first implies clear and sympathetic comprehension of the subject matter, so that the reader is able to impart it to others as if it were original with himself. The second involves a mastery of the various physical organs used in reading. The common advice, "Read as if you were talking," is correct if the pupil talks correctly, — that is, it covers the first point, "sympathetic knowledge of the subject matter;" but in this country, where the voices and modes of speech are proverbially bad, it does not cover the second.

First, then, be sure that the children understand what they are reading. Try to secure their interest in it, and then expect them to read it to you as if they were imparting fresh and valuable information. This requires a thorough knowledge of the text and context, and the free use of the dictionary and other reference books. The children should read their school reading lessons as they would read any book on any occasion, because they are interested in what the book contains.

Second, see to it that the children become masters of those portions of the body which are used in reading, so that when they comprehend what they are reading, they can impart it to others in a natural, pleasing, and lucid manner. Practically, the entire body is used in good reading. Specifically, the points to be carefully observed are *carriage or position* of the various parts of the body, *proper breathing*, *clear enunciation*, *correct pronunciation*, and *quality of voice*.

1. **Carriage.** The body should be erect, so that a vertical line passes through the ears, the shoulders, the hips, and the heels. This position should not be stiff, but all the muscles should be free, so that the various members can move gracefully and readily as may be required. To secure this freedom, calisthenic exercises are useful.

2. **Breathing.** The breathing should be deep rather than superficial. It is often well, before a reading lesson, to have the class stand in correct position and draw in through their nostrils — not through their mouths — as deep and as full breaths as they are capable of taking. This exercise repeated several times will tend to produce good breathing during the reading lesson. Children should be taught to breathe through the nostrils, and to use the diaphragm and the muscles of the

abdomen in breathing even more than those of the chest. They should be taught to take in new breaths before the supply of air is exhausted to such a degree as to affect the voice.

3. **Enunciation.** Few children enunciate all sounds distinctly. If you watch children carefully, you will find that some have difficulty with vowels, others with consonants. Special drill exercises should be given to classes to cover general deficiencies, and to individuals to meet particular needs.

4. **Correct Pronunciation.** This is determined by the usage of good authors. To avoid errors it is necessary to consult frequently some standard dictionary, with which every class room should be supplied.

5. **The Quality of the Voice.** Another consideration to which it is necessary to give careful attention is the quality of the voice. It is said that very few Americans have agreeable voices. This is a serious national defect. No one who has felt the charm of a rich, full, gentle voice needs to be told the importance of training the voices of children.

Special attention should be given to timbre, pitch, and inflection. Strive to cultivate in your children full, rich voices. In reading, give careful heed to appropriateness of vocalization,—that is, see that the children use the proper quality of tone and the right inflections to express the feeling of what they are reading. Good reading is a beautiful art, and cannot be secured by obedience to technical laws merely. It can only be secured by constant watchfulness and care on the part of both pupil and teacher.

THE READING LESSON AND ITS USES.

READING is the key of a school curriculum. It opens to the pupil not only the treasures of literature, but also all that portion of his education which he obtains through the use of books. Hence, the importance of teaching it well, and from the right point of view, which is that of its content.

Reading as an art gets its value not from itself, but from the use to which it is put.

Through the reading lesson, the teacher has a wider opportunity for influencing the child's life than through any other study.

First. She can make it a means for the better comprehension of the other subjects of his curriculum. This is a simple, but practical and important, use.

Many a failure in geography, history, and arithmetic is due to the inability of the children to read understandingly the text-books upon those subjects.

The teaching of reading should by no means be confined to the use of School Readers. Every lesson employing a book should be a reading lesson. The teacher should see to it that the pupils are able to read the books they are required to use. They should often be asked to read aloud in class from various text-books.

Not only so, but they should be led to trace out and see the relations of the subject in hand to the other subjects of their school course, to literature, and to life. Excursions should be made continually into related fields of fact and idea, to be found in the Readers and in other available literature.

It is not the purpose of the authors that one of these higher Readers be read through consecutively. The selection to be read on any particular day should be chosen to meet some immediate need of the pupils, as determined by the geography, history, language, or nature lesson, or by its appropriateness to the mental or moral condition of the children.

The reading lesson should often constitute a part of the lesson upon some other subject. While the pupils are interested in some subject belonging to a particular branch of study, at once, as a part of the exercise in that study, the class should read appropriate selections from **STEPPING STONES TO LITERATURE** or from other books bearing directly upon the subject.

It is important that children acquire early the habit of looking upon reading and all other arts as means to ends, and not as ends.

Second. The reading lesson enables the teacher to introduce the child to the true study of literature. All literature, whether found in these Readers or elsewhere, should be treated with the respect worthy of its dignity, and not as mere material for a reading exercise.

Every literary production used for a reading lesson should be approached by the teacher and the class as a treasure-house of fact, idea, or beauty. Its excellencies, whether of matter or style, should be made apparent by discovery on the part of the children, if possible.

The reading lesson should be primarily a literature lesson. The children should regard it as a search after hidden treasures, and through it they should learn how to approach books, and what to look for in reading. They should be taught to distinguish superiority of style, to see the beauty and aptness of figures of speech, to discover the fine shades of thought and feeling which the author has brought out by his choice of words. They should be led to consider literature not only intrinsically, but extrinsically as well. They should find out the relations of the literary production to the author's own life, to contemporaneous events, to history, to other facts and ideas within the child's range of vision, to other literature, and to life. Especially should they be directed to other reading similar in style, thought, or subject.

Third. Through the reading lesson the teacher can to a large degree direct the general reading of her class, not only in school but at home. This is one of its most valuable functions. Children read poor or vicious books because they do not know others, or do not know how much more interesting the better books are.

The reading lesson should lead to literary voyages of discovery to the public library and other sources of supply. Through it, children should become accustomed to the use of books, and be led to love them.

Care should be taken that the books suggested be within the range of the children's comprehension and interest. It is well for the teacher occasionally to take the class to the library and show them how to find what they need, and then to send them often for books for their individual use and that of the class.

By these and other means, the reading lesson may be used to clarify and amplify the treatment of all the subjects of the curriculum, to teach the child discrimination in regard to literature, to cultivate his taste for the truly excellent, and to introduce him wisely, pleasantly, and permanently to the world of books, and through books to a richer life.



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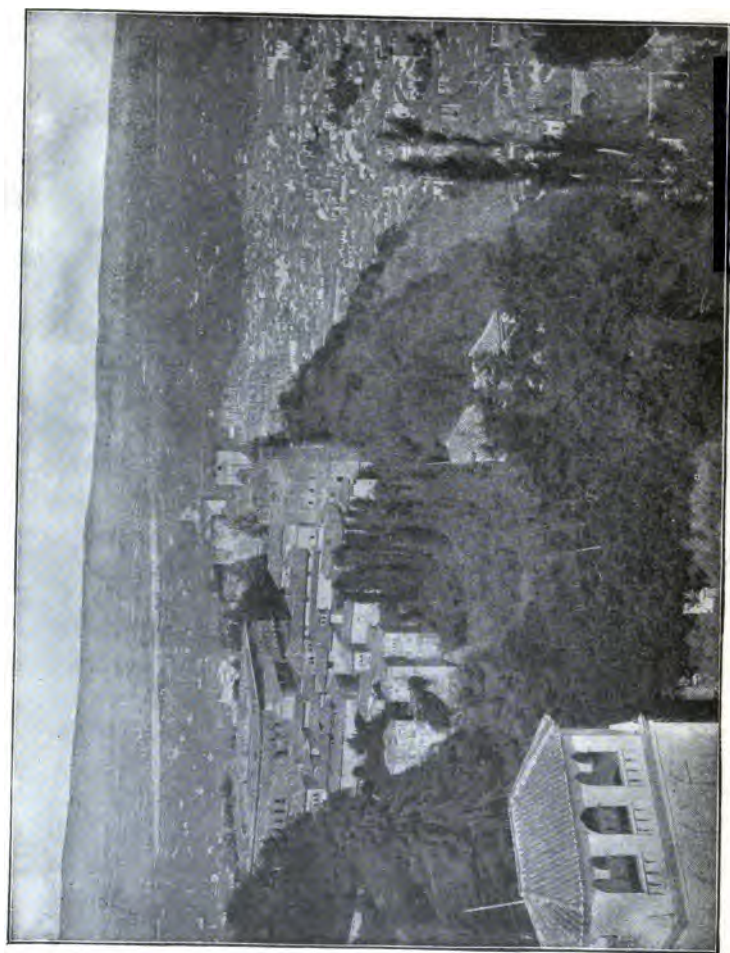
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A READER FOR SEVENTH GRADES.



From a recent Photograph.

THE ALHAMBRA.



A READER FOR SEVENTH GRADES

I. THE ALHAMBRA.



IN the Fifth Reader are told some tales of battles between the paladins, who were the knights of King Charlemagne, and the Saracens, a wild and fierce people from the East who were trying to conquer France and Spain. In Spain these Saracens, or Moors, were for many years victorious. Here they lived and ruled in great glory. The rulers built for themselves a palace called the Alhambra, one of the most famous buildings of the world.

That palace still stands, although fallen into decay. Many strange tales are told about it and the Saracens who once lived in it. These tales are believed by the simple people who now live near the Alhambra, and are recited by them to visitors. Washington Irving lived in Europe for several years, and for some time made his home in the Alhambra, studying its beauties and listening to the marvelous stories connected with it. As a result of this visit he wrote a book entitled "The Alhambra," in which he described the palace and its occupants, and told anew tales which were told him. The following legend is taken from "The Alhambra."

II. LEGEND OF THE MOOR'S LEGACY.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

(1783-1859.)

PART I.

JUST within the fortress of the Alhambra, in front of the royal palace, is a broad open esplanade, called the Place or Square of the Cisterns, so called from being undermined by reservoirs of water, hidden from sight, and which have existed from the time of the Moors. At one corner of this esplanade is a Moorish well, cut through the living rock to a great depth, the water of which is cold as ice and clear as crystal. The wells made by the Moors are always in repute, for it is well known what pains they took to penetrate to the purest and sweetest springs and fountains. The one of which we now speak is famous throughout Granada, insomuch that water carriers, some bearing great water jars on their shoulders, are ascending and descending the steep woody avenues of the Alhambra from early dawn until a late hour of the night.

Fountains and wells, ever since the Scriptural days, have been noted gossiping places in hot climates, and at the well in question there is a kind of perpetual club kept up during the livelong day by the invalids, old women, and other curious do-nothing folk of the fortress, who sit here on the stone benches, under an awning spread over the well to shelter the toll gatherer from the sun, and dawdle over the gossip of the fortress, and question any water carrier that arrives about the news of the city, and make long comments on everything they hear and see. Not an hour of the day but loitering housewives and idle maidservants may be

seen lingering with pitcher on head or in hand, to hear the last of the endless tattle of these worthies.

Among the water carriers who once resorted to this well there was a sturdy, strong-backed, bandy-legged little fellow



PEREGIL AND HIS DONKEY.

named Pedro Gil, but called Peregil for shortness. Being a water carrier, he was a Gallego, or native of Galicia, of course. Nature seems to have formed races of men, as she has of animals, for different kinds of drudgery. In France the shoeblacks are all Savoyards, the porters of hotels all Swiss, and in the days of hoops and hair powder in England no man could give the regular swing to a sedan chair but a bog-trotting Irishman. So in Spain the carriers of water

and bearers of burdens are all sturdy little natives of Galicia. No man says, "Get me a porter," but, "Call a Gallego."

To return from this digression, Peregil the Gallego had begun business with merely a great earthen jar, which he carried upon his shoulder; by degrees he rose in the world, and was enabled to purchase an assistant of a correspondent class of animals, being a stout, shaggy-haired donkey. On each side of this, his long-eared aid-de-camp, in a kind of pannier, were slung his water jars, covered with fig leaves to protect them from the sun. There was not a more industrious water carrier in all Granada, nor one more merry withal. The streets rang with his cheerful voice as he trudged after his donkey, singing forth the usual summer note that resounds through the Spanish towns, "Who wants water — water colder than snow? Who wants water from the well of the Alhambra, cold as ice and clear as crystal?" When he served a customer with a sparkling glass it was always with a pleasant word that caused a smile; and if, perchance, it was a comely dame or dimpling damsel, it was always with a sly leer and a compliment to her beauty that was irresistible. Thus Peregil the Gallego was noted throughout all Granada for being one of the civilest, pleasantest, and happiest of mortals. Yet it is not he who sings loudest and jokes most that has the lightest heart. Under all this air of merriment, honest Peregil had his cares and troubles. He had a large family of ragged children to support, who were hungry and clamorous as a nest of young swallows, and beset him with their outcries for food whenever he came home of an evening. He had a helpmate, too, who was anything but a help to him. She had been a village beauty before marriage, noted for her skill at dancing the bolero and rattling the castanets; and she still retained her early propensities, spending the hard earnings of honest Peregil in frippery, and laying the very donkey

under requisition for junketing parties into the country on Sundays, and saints' days, and those innumerable holidays which are rather more numerous in Spain than the days of the week. With all this she was a little of a slattern, something more of a lie-abed, and, above all, a gossip of the first water, neglecting house, household, and everything else, to loiter slipshod in the houses of her gossip neighbors.

He, however, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, accommodates the yoke of matrimony to the submissive neck. Peregil bore all the heavy dispensations of wife and children with as meek a spirit as his donkey bore the water jars; and, however he might shake his ears in private, never ventured to question the household virtues of his slattern spouse. He loved his children, too, even as an owl loves its owlets, seeing in them his own image multiplied and perpetuated; for they were a sturdy, strong-backed, bandy-legged little brood. The great pleasure of honest Peregil was, whenever he could afford himself a scanty holiday, and had a handful of maravedis to spare, to take the whole litter forth with him, some in his arms, some tugging at his skirts, and some trudging at his heels, and to treat them to a gambol among the orchards of the Vega, while his wife was dancing with her holiday friends in the Angosturas of the Darro.

It was a late hour one summer night, and most of the water carriers had desisted from their toils. The day had been uncommonly sultry; the night was one of those delicious moonlights which tempt the inhabitants of southern climes to indemnify themselves for the heat and inaction of the day by lingering in the open air and enjoying its tempered sweetness until after midnight. Customers for water were therefore still abroad. Peregil, like a considerate, painstaking father, thought of his hungry children. "One more journey to the well," said he to himself, "to

earn a Sunday's puchero for the little ones." So saying, he trudged rapidly up the steep avenue of the Alhambra, singing as he went, and now and then bestowing a hearty thwack with a cudgel on the flanks of his donkey, either by way of cadence to the song, or refreshment to the animal; for dry blows serve in lieu of provender in Spain for all beasts of burden.

When arrived at the well, he found it deserted by every one except a solitary stranger in Moorish garb, seated on a stone bench in the moonlight. Peregil paused at first, and regarded him with surprise, not unmixed with awe; but the Moor feebly beckoned him to approach. "I am faint and ill," said he; "aid me to return to the city, and I will pay thee double what thou couldst gain by thy jars of water."

The honest heart of the little water carrier was touched with compassion at the appeal of the stranger. "God forbid," said he, "that I should ask fee or reward for doing a common act of humanity!" He accordingly helped the Moor on his donkey, and set off slowly for Granada, the poor Moslem being so weak that it was necessary to hold him on the animal to keep him from falling to the earth.

When they entered the city, the water carrier demanded whither he should conduct him. "Alas!" said the Moor faintly, "I have neither home nor habitation; I am a stranger in the land. Suffer me to lay my head this night beneath thy roof, and thou shalt be amply repaid."

Honest Peregil thus saw himself unexpectedly saddled with an infidel guest, but he was too humane to refuse a night's shelter to a fellow being in so forlorn a plight; so he conducted the Moor to his dwelling. The children, who had sallied forth open-mouthed as usual, on hearing the tramp of the donkey, ran back with affright when they beheld the turbaned stranger, and hid themselves behind their mother. The latter stepped forth intrepidly, like

a ruffling hen before her brood when a vagrant dog approaches.

"What infidel companion," cried she, "is this you have brought home at this late hour, to draw upon us the eyes of the Inquisition?"

"Be quiet, wife!" replied the Gallego. "Here is a poor sick stranger, without friend or home; wouldst thou turn him forth to perish in the streets?"

The wife would still have remonstrated, for although she lived in a hovel she was a furious stickler for the credit of her house; the little water carrier, however, for once was stiff-necked, and refused to bend beneath the yoke. He assisted the poor Moslem to alight, and spread a mat and a sheepskin for him on the ground in the coolest part of the house, being the only kind of bed that his poverty afforded.

In a little while the Moor was seized with violent convulsions, which defied all the ministering skill of the simple water carrier. The eye of the poor patient acknowledged his kindness. During an interval of his fits he called him to his side, and, addressing him in a low voice, "My end," said he, "I fear is at hand. If I die, I bequeath you this box as a reward for your charity." So saying, he opened his albornoz, or cloak, and showed a small box of sandalwood strapped round his body. "God grant, my friend," replied the worthy little Gallego, "that you may live many years to enjoy your treasure, whatever it may be!" The Moor shook his head; he laid his hand upon the box, and would have said something more concerning it, but his convulsions returned with increasing violence, and in a little while he expired.

The water carrier's wife was now as one distracted. "This comes," said she, "of your foolish good-nature, always running into scrapes to oblige others. What will

become of us when this corpse is found in our house? We shall be sent to prison as murderers; and if we escape with our lives, shall be ruined by notaries and alguazils."

Poor Peregil was in equal tribulation, and almost repented himself of having done a good deed. At length a thought struck him. "It is not yet day," said he; "I can convey the dead body out of the city, and bury it in the sands on the banks of the Xenil. No one saw the Moor enter our dwelling, and no one will know anything of his death."

So said, so done. The wife aided him; they rolled the body of the unfortunate Moslem in the mat on which he had expired, laid it across the ass, and Peregil set out with it for the banks of the river.

PART II.

AS ill luck would have it, there lived opposite to the water carrier a barber named Pedrillo Pedrugo, one of the most prying, tattling, and mischief-making of his gossip tribe. He was a weasel-faced, spider-legged varlet, supple and insinuating; the famous barber of Seville could not surpass him for his universal knowledge of the affairs of others, and he had no more power of retention than a sieve. It was said that he slept but with one eye at a time, and kept one ear uncovered, so that even in his sleep he might see and hear all that was going on. Certain it is, he was a sort of scandalous chronicle for the quidnuncs of Granada, and had more customers than all the rest of his fraternity.

This meddlesome barber heard Peregil arrive at an unusual hour at night, and the exclamations of his wife and children. His head was instantly popped out of a little window which served him as a look-out, and he saw his neighbor assist a man in Moorish garb into his dwelling. This was so strange an occurrence that Pedrillo Pedrugo

slept not a wink that night, — every five minutes he was at his loophole, watching the lights that gleamed through the chinks of his neighbor's door; and before daylight he beheld Peregil sally forth with his donkey unusually laden.

The inquisitive barber was in a fidget; he slipped on his clothes, and stealing forth silently, followed the water carrier at a distance, until he saw him dig a hole in the sandy bank of the Xenil, and bury something that had the appearance of a dead body.

The barber hied him home and fidgeted about his shop, setting everything upside down, until sunrise. He then took a basin under his arm, and sallied forth to the house of his daily customer the alcalde. The alcalde was just risen. Pedrillo Pedrugo seated him in a chair, threw a napkin round his neck, put a basin of hot water under his chin, and began to mollify his beard with his fingers.

"Strange doings," said Pedrugo, — who played barber and newsmonger at the same time, — "strange doings! Robbery, and murder, and burial, all in one night!"

"Hey! how! what is that you say?" cried the alcalde.

"I say," replied the barber, rubbing a piece of soap over the nose and mouth of the dignitary, — for a Spanish barber disdains to employ a brush, — "I say that Peregil the Gallego has robbed and murdered a Moorish Mussulman, and buried him, this blessed night. *Maldita sea la noche* — accursed be the night for the same!"

"But how do you know all this?" demanded the alcalde.

"Be patient, señor, and you shall hear all about it," replied Pedrillo, taking him by the nose and sliding a razor over his cheek. He then recounted all that he had seen, going through both operations at the same time, shaving his beard, washing his chin, and wiping him dry with a dirty napkin, while he was robbing, murdering, and burying the Moslem.

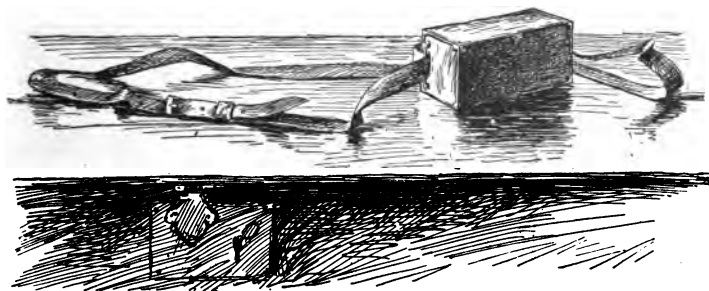
Now it so happened that this alcalde was one of the most overbearing, and at the same time most griping and corrupt, curmudgeons in all Granada. It could not be denied, however, that he set a high value upon justice, for he sold it at its weight in gold. He presumed the case in point to be one of murder and robbery; doubtless there must be rich spoil; how was it to be secured into the legitimate hands of the law? for as to merely entrapping the delinquent,—that would be feeding the gallows; but entrapping the booty—that would be enriching the judge, and such, according to his creed, was the great end of justice. So thinking, he summoned to his presence his trustiest alguazil, a gaunt, hungry-looking varlet, clad, according to the custom of his order, in the ancient Spanish garb,—a broad beaver turned up at its sides; a quaint ruff; a small black cloak dangling from his shoulders; rusty black underclothes that set off his spare, wiry frame; while in his hand he bore a slender white wand, the dreaded insignia of his office. Such was the legal bloodhound of the ancient Spanish breed, that he put upon the traces of the unlucky water carrier, and such were his speed and certainty that he was upon the haunches of poor Peregil before he had returned to his dwelling, and brought both him and his donkey before the dispenser of justice.

The alcalde bent upon him one of the most terrific frowns. “Hark ye, culprit!” roared he, in a voice that made the knees of the little Gallego smite together, “hark ye, culprit! there is no need of denying thy guilt: everything is known to me. A gallows is the proper reward for the crime thou hast committed, but I am merciful and readily listen to reason. The man that has been murdered in thy house was a Moor, an infidel, the enemy of our faith. It was doubtless in a fit of religious zeal that thou hast slain him. I will be indulgent, therefore; render up the prop-

erty of which thou hast robbed him, and we will hush the matter up."

The poor water carrier called upon all the saints to witness his innocence. Alas! not one of them appeared; and if they had, the alcalde would have disbelieved the whole calendar. The water carrier related the whole story of the dying Moor with the straightforward simplicity of truth, but it was all in vain. "Wilt thou persist in saying," demanded the judge, "that this Moslem had neither gold nor jewels, which were the object of thy cupidity?"

"As I hope to be saved, your worship," replied the water carrier, "he had nothing but a small box of sandalwood, which he bequeathed to me in reward for my services."



THE SANDALWOOD BOX.

"A box of sandalwood! a box of sandalwood!" exclaimed the alcalde, his eyes sparkling at the idea of precious jewels, "and where is this box? where have you concealed it?"

"An it please your grace," replied the water carrier, "it is in one of the panniers of my mule, and heartily at the service of your worship."

He had hardly spoken the words, when the keen alguazil darted off, and reappeared in an instant with the mysterious box of sandalwood. The alcalde opened it with an eager and trembling hand; all pressed forward to gaze upon the

treasures it was expected to contain; when, to their disappointment, nothing appeared within but a parchment scroll, covered with Arabic characters, and an end of a waxen taper.

When there is nothing to be gained by the conviction of a prisoner, justice, even in Spain, is apt to be impartial. The alcalde, having recovered from his disappointment, and found that there was really no booty in the case, now listened dispassionately to the explanation of the water carrier, which was corroborated by the testimony of his wife. Being convinced, therefore, of his innocence, he discharged him from arrest; nay, more, he permitted him to carry off the Moor's legacy, the box of sandalwood and its contents, as the well-merited reward of his humanity; but he retained his donkey in payment of costs and charges.

Behold the unfortunate little Gallego reduced once more to the necessity of being his own water carrier, and trudging up to the well of the Alhambra with a great earthen jar upon his shoulder.

As he toiled up the hill in the heat of a summer noon, his usual good humor forsook him. "Dog of an alcalde!" would he cry, "to rob a poor man of the means of his subsistence, of the best friend he had in the world!" And then at the remembrance of the beloved companion of his labors all the kindness of his nature would break forth. "Ah, donkey of my heart!" would he exclaim, resting his burden on a stone, and wiping the sweat from his brow, "Ah, donkey of my heart! I warrant me thou thinkest of thy old master! I warrant me thou missest the water jars, poor beast!"

To add to his afflictions, his wife received him, on his return home, with whimperings and repinings; she had clearly the vantage ground of him, having warned him not to commit the egregious act of hospitality that had brought

on him all these misfortunes, and, like a knowing woman, she took every occasion to throw her superior sagacity in his teeth. If ever her children lacked food, or needed a new garment, she would answer with a sneer, "Go to your father; he is heir to king Chico of the Alhambra. Ask him to help you out of the Moor's strong box."

Was ever poor mortal so soundly punished for having done a good action! The unlucky Peregil was grieved in flesh and spirit, but still he bore meekly with the railings of his spouse. At length one evening, when, after a hot day's toil, she taunted him in the usual manner, he lost all patience. He did not venture to retort upon her, but his eye rested upon the box of sandalwood, which lay on a shelf with lid half open, as if laughing in mockery at his vexation. Seizing it up, he dashed it with indignation to the floor. "Unlucky was the day that I ever set eyes on thee," he cried, "or sheltered thy master beneath my roof."

As the box struck the floor, the lid flew wide open, and the parchment scroll rolled forth.

Peregil sat regarding the scroll for some time in moody silence. At length rallying his ideas: "Who knows," thought he, "but this writing may be of some importance, as the Moor seems to have guarded it with such care." Picking it up, therefore, he put it in his bosom, and the next morning, as he was crying water through the streets, he stopped at the shop of a Moor, a native of Tangiers, who sold trinkets and perfumery in the Zacatin, and asked him to explain the contents.

The Moor read the scroll attentively, then stroked his beard and smiled. "This manuscript," said he, "is a form of incantation for the recovery of hidden treasure, that is under the power of enchantment. It is said to have such virtue that the strongest bolts and bars, nay the adamantine rock itself, will yield before it."

"Bah!" cried the little Gallego, "what is all that to me? I am no enchanter, and know nothing of buried treasure." So saying he shouldered his water jar, left the scroll in the hands of the Moor, and trudged forward on his daily rounds.

That evening, however, as he rested himself about twilight at the well of the Alhambra, he found a number of gossips assembled at the place, and their conversation, as is not unusual at that shadowy hour, turned upon old tales and traditions of supernatural nature. Being all poor as rats, they dwelt with peculiar fondness upon the popular theme of enchanted riches left by the Moors in various parts of the Alhambra. Above all, they concurred in the belief that there were great treasures buried deep in the earth under the tower of the Seven Floors.

These stories made an unusual impression on the mind of the honest Peregil, and they sank deeper and deeper into his thoughts as he returned alone down the darkling avenues. "If, after all, there should be treasure hid beneath that tower—and if the scroll I left with the Moor should enable me to get at it!" In the sudden ecstasy of the thought, he had well-nigh let fall his water jar.

That night he tumbled and tossed, and could scarcely get a wink of sleep for the thoughts that were bewildering his brain. In the morning, bright and early, he repaired to the shop of the Moor, and told him all that was passing in his mind. "You can read Arabic," said he, "suppose we go together to the tower and try the effect of the charm; if it fails we are no worse off than before, but if it succeeds, we will share equally all the treasure we may discover."

"Hold," replied the Moslem, "this writing is not sufficient of itself; it must be read at midnight, by the light of a taper singularly compounded and prepared, the ingredients of which are not within my reach. Without such a taper the scroll is of no avail."

"Say no more!" cried the little Gallego; "I have such a taper at hand, and will bring it here in a moment." So saying he hastened home, and soon returned with the end of yellow wax taper that he had found in the box of sandal-wood.

The Moor felt it, and smelt of it. "Here are rare and costly perfumes," said he, "combined with this yellow wax. This is the kind of taper specified in the scroll. While this burns, the strongest walls and most secret caverns will remain open; woe to him, however, who lingers within until it be extinguished! He will remain enchanted with the treasure."

PART III.

IT was now agreed between them to try the charm that very night. At a late hour, therefore, when nothing was stirring but bats and owls, they ascended the woody hill of the Alhambra, and approached that awful tower, shrouded by trees and rendered formidable by so many traditionary tales. By the light of a lantern, they groped their way through bushes, and over fallen stones, to the door of a vault beneath the tower. With fear and trembling they descended a flight of steps cut into the rock. It led to an empty chamber, damp and drear, from which another flight of steps led to a deeper vault. In this way they descended four several flights, leading into as many vaults, one below the other; but the floor of the fourth was solid, and though, according to tradition, there remained three vaults still below, it was said to be impossible to penetrate farther, the residue being shut up by strong enchantment. The air of this vault was damp and chilly, and had an earthy smell, and the light scarce cast forth any rays. They paused here for a time in breathless suspense, until they faintly heard

the clock of the watch tower strike midnight; upon this they lit the waxen taper, which diffused an odor of myrrh, and frankincense, and storax.

The Moor began to read in a hurried voice. He had scarce finished when there was a noise as of subterraneous thunder. The earth shook, and the floor, yawning open, disclosed a flight of steps. Trembling with awe they descended, and by the light of the lantern found themselves in another vault, covered with Arabic inscriptions. In the center stood a great chest, secured with seven bands of steel, at each end of which sat an enchanted Moor in armor, but motionless as a statue, being controlled by the power of the incantation. Before the chest were several jars filled with gold and silver and precious stones. In the largest of these they thrust their arms up to the elbow, and at every dip hauled forth handfuls of broad yellow pieces of Moorish gold, or bracelets and ornaments of the same precious metal, while occasionally a necklace of oriental pearls would stick to their fingers. Still they trembled and breathed short while cramming their pockets with the spoil; and cast many a fearful glance at the two enchanted Moors, who sat grim and motionless, glaring upon them with unwinking eyes.

At length, struck with a sudden panic at some fancied noise, they both rushed up the staircase, tumbled over one another into the upper apartment, overturned and extinguished the waxen taper, and the pavement again closed with a thundering sound. Filled with dismay, they did not pause until they had groped their way out of the tower, and beheld the stars shining through the trees. Then seating themselves upon the grass, they divided the spoil, determining to content themselves for the present with this mere skimming of the jars, but to return on some future night and drain them to the bottom. To make sure

of each other's good faith, also, they divided the talismans between them, one retaining the scroll and the other the taper; this done, they set off with light hearts and well-lined pockets for Granada.

As they wended their way down the hill, the shrewd Moor whispered a word of counsel in the ear of the simple little water carrier.

"Friend Peregil," said he, "all this affair must be kept a profound secret until we have secured the treasure, and conveyed it out of harm's way. If a whisper of it gets to the ear of the alcalde, we are undone!"

"Certainly!" replied the Gallego, "nothing can be more true."

"Friend Peregil," said the Moor, "you are a discreet man, and I make no doubt can keep a secret; but—you have a wife.—"

"She shall not know a word of it!" replied the little water carrier, sturdily.

"Enough," said the Moor; "I depend upon thy discretion and the promise."

Never was promise more positive and sincere; but, alas! what man can keep a secret from his wife? Certainly not such a one as Peregil the water carrier, who was one of the most loving and tractable of husbands. On his return home, he found his wife moping in a corner. "Mighty well," cried she, as he entered; "you've come at last, after rambling about until this hour of the night. I wonder you have not brought home another Moor as a housemate." Then, bursting into tears, she began to wring her hands and smite her breast. "Unhappy woman that I am!" exclaimed she, "what will become of me! My house stripped and plundered by lawyers and alguazils; my husband a do-no-good, that no longer brings home bread to his family, but goes rambling about day and night, with infidel Moors. O my

children ! my children ! what will become of us ? We shall all have to beg in the streets ! ”

Honest Peregil was so moved by the distress of his spouse that he could not help whimpering also. His heart was as full as his pocket, and not to be restrained. Thrusting his hand into the latter, he hauled forth three or four gold pieces, and slipped them into her bosom. The poor woman stared with astonishment, and could not understand the meaning of this golden shower. Before she could recover her surprise, the little Gallego drew forth a chain of gold and dangled it before her, capering with exultation, his mouth distended from ear to ear.

“ Holy Virgin protect us ! ” exclaimed the wife. “ What hast thou been doing, Peregil ? Surely thou hast not been committing murder and robbery ! ”

The idea scarce entered the brain of the poor woman, than it became a certainty with her. She saw a prison and a gallows in the distance, and a little bandy-legged Gallego hanging pendent from it ; and, overcome by the horrors conjured up by her imagination, fell into violent hysterics.

What could the poor man do ? He had no other means of pacifying his wife, and dispelling the phantoms of her fancy, than by relating the whole story of his good fortune. This, however, he did not do until he had exacted from her the most solemn promise to keep it a profound secret from every living being.

To describe her joy would be impossible. She flung her arms round the neck of her husband, and almost strangled him with her caresses. “ Now, wife,” exclaimed the little man, with honest exultation, “ what say you now to the Moor’s legacy ? Henceforth never abuse me for helping a fellow-creature in distress.”

The honest Gallego retired to his sheepskin mat, and slept as soundly as if on a bed of down. Not so his wife : she

emptied the whole contents of his pockets upon the mat, and sat counting gold pieces of Arabic coin, trying on necklaces and earrings, and fancying the figure she should one day make when permitted to enjoy her riches.

On the following morning the honest Gallego took a broad golden coin, and repaired with it to a jeweler's shop in the Zacatin to offer it for sale; pretending to have found it among the ruins of the Alhambra. The jeweler saw that it had an Arabic inscription, and was of the purest gold; he offered, however, but a third of its value, with which the water carrier was perfectly content. Peregil now bought with it ample provisions for a hearty meal, and, returning to his dwelling, set all his children dancing around him, while he capered in the midst, the happiest of fathers.

The wife of the water carrier kept her promise of secrecy with surprising strictness. For a whole day and a half she went about with a look of mystery and a heart swelling almost to bursting, yet she held her peace, though surrounded by her gossips. It is true, she could not help giving herself a few airs, apologized for her ragged dress, and talked of ordering a new *basquina* all trimmed with gold lace and bugles, and a new lace mantilla. She threw out hints of her husband's intention of leaving off his trade of water-carrying, as it did not altogether agree with his health. In fact she thought they should all retire to the country for the summer, that the children might have the benefit of the mountain air, for there was no living in the city in this sultry season.

The neighbors stared at each other, and thought the poor woman had lost her wits; and her airs and graces and elegant pretensions were the theme of universal scoffing and merriment among her friends, the moment her back was turned. If she restrained herself abroad, however, she indemnified herself at home, and, putting a string of rich

Oriental pearls round her neck, Moorish bracelets on her arms, an aigrette of diamonds on her head, sailed backwards and forwards in her slattern rags about the room, now and then stopping to admire herself in a broken mirror. Nay, in the impulse of her simple vanity, she could not resist, on one occasion, showing herself at the window to enjoy the effect of her finery on the passers-by.

As the fates would have it, Pedrillo Pedrugo, the meddlesome barber, was at this moment sitting idly in his shop on the opposite side of the street, when his ever-watchful eye caught the sparkle of a diamond. In an instant he was at his loophole reconnoitering the slattern spouse of the water carrier, decorated with the splendor of an Eastern bride. No sooner had he taken an accurate inventory of her ornaments than he posted off with all speed to the alcalde. In a little while the hungry alguazil was again on the scent, and before the day was over the unfortunate Peregil was once more dragged into the presence of the judge.

"How is this, villain!" cried the alcalde, in a furious voice. "You told me that the infidel who died in your house left nothing behind but an empty coffer, and now I hear of your wife flaunting in her rags decked out with pearls and diamonds. Wretch that thou art! prepare to render up the spoils of thy miserable victim, and to swing on the gallows that is already tired of waiting for thee."

The terrified water carrier fell on his knees and made a full relation of the marvelous manner in which he had gained his wealth. The alcalde, the alguazil, and the inquisitive barber listened with greedy ears to this Arabian tale of enchanted treasure. The alguazil was dispatched to bring the Moor who had assisted in the incantation. The Moslem entered, half frightened out of his wits at finding himself in the hands of the harpies of the law. When he beheld the water carrier standing with sheepish looks and

downcast countenance, he comprehended the whole matter. "Miserable animal," said he, as he passed near him, "did I not warn thee against babbling to thy wife?"

The story of the Moor coincided exactly with that of his colleague; but the alcalde affected to be slow of belief, and threw out menaces of imprisonment and rigorous investigation.

"Softly, good Señor Alcalde," said the Mussulman, who by this time had recovered his usual shrewdness and self-possession. "Let us not mar fortune's favors in the scramble for them. Nobody knows anything of this matter but ourselves; let us keep the secret. There is wealth enough in the cave to enrich us all. Promise a fair division, and all shall be produced; refuse, and the cave shall remain forever closed."

The alcalde consulted apart with the alguazil. The latter was an old fox in his profession. "Promise anything," said he, "until you get possession of the treasure. You may then seize upon the whole, and if he and his accomplice dare to murmur, threaten them with the fagot and the stake as infidels and sorcerers."

The alcalde relished the advice. Smoothing his brow and turning to the Moor: "This is a strange story," said he, "and may be true, but I must have ocular proof of it. This very night you must repeat the incantation in my presence. If there be really such treasure, we will share it amicably between us, and say nothing further of the matter; if ye have deceived me, expect no mercy at my hands. In the mean time you must remain in custody."

The Moor and the water carrier cheerfully agreed to these conditions, satisfied that the event would prove the truth of their words.

Toward midnight the alcalde sallied forth secretly, attended by the alguazil and the meddlesome barber, all

strongly armed. They conducted the Moor and the water carrier as prisoners, and were provided with the stout donkey of the latter to bear off the expected treasure. They arrived at the tower without being observed, and tying the donkey to a fig tree, descended into the fourth vault of the tower.

The scroll was produced, the yellow waxen taper lighted, and the Moor read the form of incantation. The earth trembled as before, and the pavement opened with a thundering sound, disclosing the narrow flight of steps. The alcalde, the alguazil, and the barber were struck aghast, and could not summon courage to descend. The Moor and the water carrier entered the lower vault, and found the two Moors seated as before, silent and motionless. They removed two of the great jars, filled with golden coin and precious stones. The water carrier bore them up one by one, and, accustomed to carry burdens, he staggered beneath their weight, and found, when slung on each side of his donkey, they were as much as the animal could bear.

"Let us be content for the present," said the Moor; "here is as much treasure as we can carry off without being perceived, and enough to make us all wealthy to our heart's desire."

"Is there more treasure remaining behind?" demanded the alcalde.

"The greatest prize of all," said the Moor; "a huge coffer bound with bands of steel and filled with pearls and precious stones."

"Let us have up the coffer by all means," cried the grasping alcalde.

"I will descend for no more," said the Moor, doggedly; "enough is enough for a reasonable man; more is superfluous."

"And I," said the water carrier, "will bring up no further burden to break the back of my poor donkey."

Finding commands, threats, and entreaties equally vain, the alcalde turned to his two adherents. "Aid me," said he, "to bring up the coffer, and its contents shall be divided between us." So saying he descended the steps, followed with trembling reluctance by the alguazil and the barber.

No sooner did the Moor behold them fairly earthed than he extinguished the yellow taper; the pavement closed with its usual crash, and the three worthies remained buried in its womb.

He then hastened up the different flights of steps, nor stopped until in the open air. The little water carrier followed him as fast as his short legs would permit.

"What hast thou done?" cried Peregil, as soon as he could recover breath. "The alcalde and the other two are shut up in the vault!"

"It is the will of Allah!" said the Moor, devoutly.

"And will you not release them?" demanded the Gallego.

"Allah forbid!" replied the Moor, smoothing his beard. "It is written in the book of fate that they shall remain enchanted until some future adventurer arrive to break the charm. The will of God be done!" So saying, he hurled the end of the waxen taper far among the gloomy thickets of the glen.

There was now no remedy; so the Moor and the water carrier proceeded with the richly laden donkey toward the city, nor could honest Peregil refrain from hugging and kissing his long-eared fellow-laborer, thus restored to him from the clutches of the law; and, in fact, it is doubtful which gave the simple-hearted little man most joy at the moment,—the gaining of the treasure or the recovery of the donkey.

The two partners in good luck divided their spoil amicably and fairly, except that the Moor, who had a little taste for trinketry, made out to get into his heap the most of the pearls and precious stones and other baubles, but then he always gave the water carrier magnificent jewels in lieu of massy gold of five times the size, with which the latter was heartily content. They took care not to linger within reach of accidents, but made off to enjoy their wealth undisturbed in other countries. The Moor returned to Africa, to his native city of Tangiers, and the Gallego, with his wife, his children, and his donkey, made the best of his way to Portugal. Here, under the admonition and tuition of his wife, he became a personage of some consequence, for she made the worthy little man array his long body and short legs in doublet and hose, with a feather in his hat and a sword by his side; and laying aside his familiar appellation of Peregil, assume the more sonorous title of Don Pedro Gil. His progeny grew up a thriving and merry-hearted, though short and bandy-legged generation; while Señora Gil, be-fringed, be-laced, and be-tasseled from her head to her heels, with glittering rings on every finger, became a model of slattern fashion and finery.

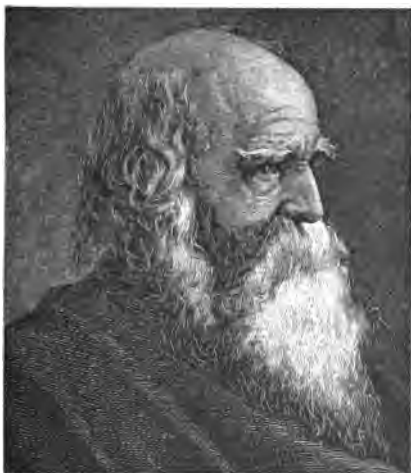
As to the alcalde and his adjuncts, they remained shut up under the great tower of the seven floors, and there they remain spellbound at the present day. Whenever there shall be a lack in Spain of pimping barbers, sharking algua-zils, and corrupt alcaldes, they may be sought after; but if they have to wait until such time for their deliverance, there is danger of their enchantment enduring until doomsday.



III. THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1794-1878) was the first great American poet. His wonderful poem, "Thanatopsis," was published when he was a mere boy. Besides being a poet, Mr. Bryant was the editor of a great New York daily newspaper, the *Evening Post*. He continued to write beautiful poetry almost to the day of his death. Among the best of Bryant's literary productions were his translations of Homer's *Iliad*, and *Odyssey*. Something of the nobility of his character may be inferred from his portrait.



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

HERE are old trees, tall oaks, and gnarlèd pines,
That stream with gray-green mosses; here the ground
Was never trenched by spade, and flowers spring up
Unsown, and die ungathered. It is sweet
To linger here among the flitting birds
And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks, and winds
That shake the leaves and scatter, as they pass,
A fragrance from the cedars, thickly set
With pale blue berries. In these peaceful shades —
Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old —
My thoughts go up the long, dim path of years,
Back to the earliest days of liberty.

O Freedom! thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs.
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou: one mailèd hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling.

Power at thee has launched
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee;
They could not quench the life thou hast from Heaven.
Merciless Power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain; yet while he deems thee bound,
The links are shivered, and the prison walls
Fall outward: terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

Thy birthright was not given by human hands:
Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields,
While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with him,
To tend the quiet flock, and watch the stars,
And teach the reed to utter simple airs.
Thou by his side, amid the tangled wood,
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,
His only foes; and thou with him didst draw
The earliest furrows on the mountain side,
Soft with the deluge.

Tyranny himself,
Thy enemy, although of reverend look,
Hoary with many years, and far obeyed,
Is later born than thou; and as he meets
The grave defiance of thine elder eye,
The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of years,
But he shall fade into a feebler age;
Feebler yet subtler: he shall weave his snares,
And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap
His withered hands, and from their ambush call
His hordes to fall upon thee.

He shall send
Quaint maskers, wearing fair and gallant forms
To catch thy gaze, and uttering graceful words
To charm thy ear; while his sly imps, by stealth,
Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread on thread,
That grow to fetters; or bind down thy arms
With chains concealed in chaplets.

Oh! not yet
Mayest thou unbrace thy corselet, nor lay by
Thy sword; nor yet, O Freedom! close thy lids
In slumber; for thine enemy never sleeps,
And thou must watch and combat, till the day
Of the new earth and heaven. But wouldst thou rest
Awhile from the tumults and the frauds of men,
These old and friendly solitudes invite
Thy visit. They, while yet the forest trees
Were young upon the unviolated earth,
And yet the moss stains on the rock were new,
Beheld thy glorious childhood, and rejoiced

IV. THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW.

Found among the papers of the late Diedrich Knickerbocker.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

PART I.

A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
Forever flushing round a summer sky.

Castle of Indolence.

IN the bosom of one of those spacious coves that indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappan Zee, and where they always prudently shortened sail, and implored the protection of Saint Nicholas when they crossed, there lies a small market town, or rural port, which by some is called Greensburg, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarrytown. This name was given, we are told, in former days, by the good housewives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market days. Be that as it may, I do not vouch for the fact, but merely advert to it for the sake of being precise and authentic. Not far from the village, perhaps about two miles, there is a little valley, or rather lap of land, among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail, or tapping of a woodpecker, is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity.

I recollect that, when a stripling, my first exploit in squirrel shooting was in a grove of tall walnut trees that shades

THE
OLD DUTCH CHURCH.



THE
VAN TASSSEL COTTAGE.



POCANTICO BROOK.

SCENES IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

From recent Photographs.

one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noon time, when all nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the roar of my own gun, as it broke the Sabbath stillness around and was prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I would know of none more promising than this little valley.

From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of Sleepy Hollow, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow boys throughout all the neighboring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a high German doctor, during the early days of the settlement; others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his powwows there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrik Hudson. Certain it is, the place still continues under the sway of some witching power, that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvelous beliefs; are subject to trances and visions; and frequently see strange sights, and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country, and the nightmare, with her whole nine fold, seems to make it the favorite scene of her gambols.

The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, and seems to be the commander in chief of all the powers of the air, is the apparition of a figure on horseback without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a

Hessian trooper, whose head had been carried away by a cannon ball in some nameless battle during the Revolutionary War, and who is ever and anon seen by the country folk, hurrying along in the gloom of night as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads, and especially to the vicinity of a church at no great distance. Indeed, certain of the most authentic historians of those parts, who have been careful in collecting and collating the floating facts concerning this specter, allege that, the body of the trooper having been buried in the churchyard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle in nightly quest of his head; and that the rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the Hollow, like a midnight blast, is owing to his being belated, and in a hurry to get back to the churchyard before daybreak.

Such is the general purport of this legendary superstition, which has furnished material for many a wild story in that region of shadows; and the specter is known at all the country firesides by the name of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

It is remarkable that the visionary propensity that I have mentioned is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley, but is unconsciously imbibed by every one who resides there for a time. However wide awake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure in a little time to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative, — to dream dreams and to see apparitions.

I mention this peaceful spot with all possible laud; for it is in such little retired Dutch valleys, found here and there embosomed in the great State of New York, that population, manners, and customs remain fixed; while the great torrent of migration and improvement, which is making such incen-

sant changes in other parts of this restless country, sweeps by them unobserved. They are like those little nooks of still water which border a rapid stream, where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in their mimic harbor, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have passed since I trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom.

In this by-place of nature there abode, in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane, who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, "tarried," in Sleepy Hollow for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut; a state which supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier woodsmen and country schoolmasters. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weathercock perched upon his spindle neck to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.

His schoolhouse was a long, low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs; the windows partly glazed, and partly patched with leaves of old copy books. It was most ingeniously secured at vacant hours by a

withe twisted in the handle of the door, and stakes set against the window shutters; so that, though a thief might get in with perfect ease, he would find some embarrassment in getting out; an idea most probably borrowed by the architect, Yost Van Houten, from the mystery of an eel-pot. The schoolhouse stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a formidable birch tree growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of the pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard in a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a beehive; interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master, in the tone of menace or command; or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man, and ever bore in mind the golden maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." — Ichabod Crane's scholars were certainly not spoiled.

I would not have it imagined, however, that he was one of those cruel potentates of the school who joy in the smart of their subjects; on the contrary, he administered justice with discrimination rather than severity; taking the burthen off the backs of the weak, and laying it on those of the strong. Your mere puny stripling, that winced at the least flourish of the rod, was passed by with indulgence, but the claims of justice were satisfied by inflicting a double portion on some little, tough, wrong-headed, broad-skirted Dutch urchin, who sulked and swelled and grew dogged and sullen beneath the birch. All this he called "doing his duty by their parents;" and he never inflicted a chastisement without following it by the assurance, so consolatory to the smarting urchin, that "he would remember it and thank him for it the longest day he had to live."

When school hours were over, he was even the com-

panion and playmate of the larger boys, and on holiday afternoons would convoy some of the smaller ones home, who happened to have pretty sisters, or good housewives for mothers, noted for the comforts of the cupboard. Indeed, it behooved him to keep on good terms with his pupils. The revenue arising from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to have furnished him with daily bread, for he was a huge feeder, and, though lank, had the dilating powers of an anaconda; but to help out his maintenance he was, according to country customs in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively a week at a time, thus going the rounds of the neighborhood, with all his worldly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

That all this might not be too onerous on the purses of his rustic patrons, who are apt to consider the costs of schooling a grievous burden, and schoolmasters as mere drones, he had various ways of rendering himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers considerably in the lighter labors of their farms; helped to make hay; mended the fences; took the horses to water; drove the cows from pasture; and cut wood for the winter fire. He laid aside, too, all the dominant dignity and absolute sway with which he lorded it in his little empire, the school, and became wonderfully gentle and ingratiating. He found favor in the eyes of the mothers by petting the children, particularly the youngest; and, like the lion bold, he would sit with a child on one knee, and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him, on Sundays, to take his

station in front of the church gallery, with a band of chosen singers ; where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm from the parson. Certain it is, his voice sounded far above all the rest of the congregation ; and there are still peculiar quavers to be heard in that church and which may even be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the mill pond, on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus, by divers little makeshifts in that ingenious way which is commonly denominated "by hook and by crook," the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labors of headwork, to have a wonderfully easy life of it.

The schoolmaster is generally a man of some importance in the female circle of a rural neighborhood ; being considered a kind of idle, gentlemanlike personage, of vastly superior taste and accomplishments to the rough country swains, and, indeed, inferior in learning only to the parson. His appearance, therefore, is apt to occasion some little stir at the table of a farmhouse, and the addition of a supernumerary dish of cakes or sweetmeats, or, peradventure, the parade of a silver teapot. Our man of letters, therefore, was peculiarly happy in the smiles of the country damsels. How he would figure among them in a churchyard, between services on Sundays ! Gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that overrun the surrounding trees ; reciting for their amusement all the epitaphs on the tombstones ; or sauntering, with a whole bevy of them, along the banks of the adjacent mill pond ; while the more bashful country bumpkins hung sheepishly back, envying his superior elegance and address !

From his half itinerant life, also, he was a kind of traveling gazette, carrying the whole budget of local gossip from

house to house; so that his appearance was always greeted with satisfaction. He was, moreover, esteemed by the women as a man of great erudition, for he had read several books quite through, and was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's "History of New England Witchcraft," in which, by the way, he most firmly and potently believed.

He was, in fact, an odd mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity. His appetite for the marvelous, and his powers of digesting it, were equally extraordinary; and both had been increased by his residence in this spellbound region. No tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow. It was often his delight, after school was dismissed in the afternoon, to stretch himself on the rich bed of clover bordering the little brook that whimpered by his schoolhouse, and there con over old Mather's direful tales until the gathering dusk of the evening made the printed page a mere mist before his eyes. Then, as he wended his way, by swamp and stream and awful woodland, to the farmhouse where he happened to be quartered, every sound of nature at that witching hour fluttered his excited imagination; the moan of the whip-poor-will from the hill-side; the boding cry of the tree toad, that harbinger of storm; the dreary hooting of the screech owl, or the sudden rustling in the thicket of the birds frightened from their roost. The fireflies, too, which sparkled most vividly in the darkest places, now and then startled him, as one of uncommon brightness would stream across his path; and if, by chance, a huge blockhead of a beetle came winging his blundering flight against him, the poor varlet was ready to give up the ghost, with the idea that he was struck with a witch's token. His only resource on such occasions, either to drown thought or drive away evil spirits, was to sing psalm tunes; and the good people of Sleepy Hollow, as they sat by their doors of an evening, were often filled

with awe at hearing his nasal melody, "in linked sweetness long drawn out," floating from the distant hill or along the dusky road.

Another of his sources of fearful pleasure was to pass long winter evenings with the old Dutch wives, as they sat spinning by the fire, with a row of apples roasting and spluttering along the hearth, and listen to their marvelous tales of ghosts and goblins, and haunted fields, and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges, and haunted houses, and particularly of the headless horseman, or Galloping Hessian of the Hollow, as they sometimes called him. He would delight them equally by his anecdotes of witchcraft, and of the direful omens and portentous sights and sounds in the air, which prevailed in the earlier times of Connecticut, and would frighten them woefully with speculations upon comets and shooting stars, and with the alarming fact that the world did absolutely turn round, and that they were half the time topsy-turvy!

But if there was a pleasure in all this, while snugly cuddling in the chimney corner of a chamber that was all a ruddy glow from the crackling wood fire, and where, of course, no specter dared to show his face, it was dearly purchased by the terrors of his subsequent walk homewards. What fearful shapes and shadows beset his path amidst the dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night! With what wistful look did he eye every trembling ray of light streaming across the waste of fields from some distant window! How often did he shrink with curdling awe at the sound of his own steps on the frosty crust beneath his feet, and dread to look over his shoulder lest he should behold some uncouth being tramping close behind him! How often was he appalled by some shrub covered with snow, which, like a sheeted specter, beset his very path! And how often was he thrown into complete dismay by some rushing blast,

howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the Galloping Hessian on one of his nightly scourings!

All these, however, were mere terrors of the night, phantoms of the mind that walk in darkness; and though he had seen many specters in his time, and been more than once beset by Satan in divers shapes in his lonely perambulations, yet daylight put an end to all these evils; and he would have passed a pleasant life of it, in spite of the devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together, and that was — a woman.

PART II.

AMONG the musical disciples that assembled, one evening in each week, to receive his instructions in psalmody, was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen, plump as a partridge, ripe and melting and rosy cheeked as one of her father's peaches, and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but for her vast expectations. She was withal a little of a coquette, as might be perceived even in her dress, which was a mixture of ancient and modern fashions, as most suited to set off her charms. She wore the ornaments of pure yellow gold which her great-great-grandmother had brought over from Saardam; the tempting stomacher of the olden times; and, withal, a provokingly short petticoat, to display the prettiest foot and ankle in all the country round.

Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart towards the sex, and it is not to be wondered at that so tempting a morsel soon found favor in his eyes; more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion. Old Baltus

Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal-hearted farmer. He seldom, it is true, sent either his eyes or his heart beyond the boundaries of his own farm; but within those everything was snug, happy, and well conditioned. He was satisfied with his wealth, but not proud of it, and piqued himself upon the hearty abundance rather than the style in which he lived. His stronghold was situated upon the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. A great elm tree spread its branches over it, at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water, in a little well formed of a barrel, and then stole sparkling away through the grass to a neighboring brook that bubbled along among alders and dwarf willows.

Hard by the farmhouse was a vast barn, that might have served for a church; every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm. The flail was busily resounding in it from morning till night; swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves; and rows of pigeons, some with one eye turned up as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings or buried under their bosoms, and others swelling, and cooing, and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek, unwieldy porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens, whence sallied forth, now and then, troops of sucking pigs, as if to snuff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond, convoying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farmyard, and guinea fowls fretting about it, like ill-tempered housewives, with their peevish, discontented cry. Before the barn door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior, and a fine gentleman, clapping his

burnished wings and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart,—sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling his ever-hungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered.

The pedagogue's mouth watered as he looked upon this sumptuous promise of luxurious winter fare. In his devouring mind's eye, he pictured to himself every roasting-pig running about with a pudding in his belly and an apple in his mouth; the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, and tucked in with a coverlet of crust; the geese were swimming in their own gravy, and the ducks pairing cozily in dishes, like snug married couples, with a decent competency of onion sauce. In the porkers he saw carved out the future sleek sides of bacon, and juicy, relishing ham; not a turkey but he beheld daintily trussed up, with its gizzard under its wing, and, peradventure, a necklace of savory sausages; and even bright chanticleer himself lay sprawling on his back in a side dish, with uplifted claws, as if craving that quarter which his chivalrous spirit disdained to ask while living.

As the enraptured Ichabod fancied all this, and as he rolled his great green eyes over the fat meadow lands, the rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buckwheat, and of Indian corn, and the orchards burthened with ruddy fruit, which surrounded the warm tenement of Van Tassel, his heart yearned for the damsel that was to inherit these domains, and his imagination expanded with the idea how they might be readily turned into cash, and the money invested in immense tracts of wild land, and shingle palaces in the wilderness. Nay, his busy fancy already realized his hopes, and presented to him the blooming Katrina, with a whole family of children, mounted on the top of a wagon loaded with household trumpery, with pots and kettles dangling be-

neath; and he beheld himself bestriding a pacing mare, with a colt at her heels, setting out for Kentucky, Tennessee, or the Lord knows where.

When he entered the house, the conquest of his heart was complete. It was one of those spacious farmhouses, with high-ridged but lowly-sloping roofs, built in the style handed down by the first Dutch settlers; the low projecting eaves formed a piazza along the front, capable of being closed up in bad weather. Under these were hung flails, harness, various utensils of husbandry, and nets for fishing in the neighboring rivers. Benches were built along the sides for summer use; and a great spinning wheel at one end, and a churn at the other, showed the various uses to which this important porch might be devoted. From this piazza the wondering Ichabod entered the hall, which formed the center of the mansion and the place of usual residence. Here, rows of resplendent pewter, ranged on a long dresser, dazzled his eyes. In one corner stood a huge bag of wool ready to be spun; in another a quantity of linsey-woolsey just from the loom; ears of Indian corn, and strings of dried apples and peaches, hung in gay festoons along the walls, mingled with the gaud of red peppers: and a door left ajar gave him a peep into the best parlor, where the claw-footed chairs and the dark mahogany tables shone like mirrors; and irons, with their accompanying shovel and tongs, glistened from their covert of asparagus tops; mock oranges and conch shells decorated the mantelpiece; strings of various colored birds' eggs were suspended above it; a great ostrich egg was hung from the center of the room, and a corner cupboard, knowingly left open, displayed immense treasures of old silver and well-mended china.

From the moment Ichabod laid his eyes upon these regions of delight, the peace of his mind was at an end, and his only study was how to gain the affections of the peerless

daughter of Van Tassel. In this enterprise, however, he had more real difficulties than generally fell to the lot of a knight-errant of yore, who seldom had anything but giants, enchanters, fiery dragons, and such like easily conquered adversaries to contend with, and had to make his way merely through gates of iron and brass, and walls of adamant to the castle keep, where the lady of his heart was confined; all which he achieved as easily as a man would carve his way to the center of a Christmas pie, and then the lady gave him her hand as a matter of course. Ichabod, on the contrary, had to win his way to the heart of a country coquette, beset with a labyrinth of whims and caprices, which were forever presenting new difficulties and impediments; and he had to encounter a host of fearful adversaries of real flesh and blood, — the numerous rustic admirers who beset every portal to her heart, keeping a watchful and angry eye upon each other, but ready to fly out in the common cause against any new competitor.

Among these, the most formidable was a burly, roaring, roystering blade, of the name of Abraham, or, according to the Dutch abbreviation, Brom Van Brunt, the hero of the country round, which rang with his feats of strength and hardihood. He was broad-shouldered and double-jointed, with short, curly black hair, and a bluff but not unpleasant countenance, having an air of mingled fun and arrogance. From his Herculean frame and great powers of limb, he had received the nickname of Brom Bones, by which he was universally known. He was famed for great knowledge and skill in horsemanship, being as dexterous on horseback as a Tartar. He was foremost at all races and cock-fights; and, with the ascendancy which bodily strength acquires in rustic life, was the umpire in all disputes, setting his hat on one side and giving his decisions with an air and tone admitting of no gainsay or appeal. He was always ready for either

a fight or a frolic, but had more mischief than ill-will in his composition; and, with all his overbearing roughness, there was a strong dash of waggish good humor at the bottom. He had three or four boon companions, who regarded him as their model, and at the head of whom he scoured the country, attending every scene of feud or merriment for miles around. In cold weather he was distinguished by a fur cap, surmounted by a flaunting fox's tail; and when the folks at a country gathering descried this well-known crest in the distance, whisking about among a squad of hard riders, they always stood by for a squall. Sometimes his crew would be heard dashing along past the farmhouses at midnight with whoop and halloo, like a troop of Don Cossacks; and the old dames, startled out of their sleep, would listen for a moment till the hurry-scurry had clattered by, and then exclaim, "Ay, there goes Brom Bones and his gang!" The neighbors looked upon him with a mixture of awe, admiration, and good will, and when any madcap prank or rustic brawl occurred in the vicinity, always shook their heads, and warranted Brom Bones was at the bottom of it.

This rantipole hero had for some time singled out the blooming Katrina for the object of his uncouth gallantries, and though his amorous toyings were something like the gentle caresses and endearments of a bear, yet it was whispered that she did not altogether discourage his hopes. Certain it is, his advances were signals for rival candidates to retire, who felt no inclination to cross a lion in his amours; insomuch, that when his horse was seen tied to Van Tassel's paling on a Sunday night, a sure sign that his master was courting, or, as it is termed, "sparking," within, all other suitors passed by in despair, and carried the war into other quarters.



PART III.

SUCH was the formidable rival with whom Ichabod Crane had to contend, and, considering all things, a stouter man than he would have shrunk from the competition, and a wiser man would have despaired. He had, however, a happy mixture of pliability and perseverance in his nature; he was in form and spirit like a supple-jack, yielding but tough; though he bent, he never broke; and though he bowed beneath the slightest pressure, yet, the moment it was away — jerk! he was as erect and carried his head as high as ever.

To have taken the field openly against his rival would have been madness; for he was not a man to be thwarted in his amours any more than that stormy lover, Achilles. Ichabod, therefore, made his advances in a quiet and gently insinuating manner. Under cover of his character as singing master, he made frequent visits at the farmhouse; not that he had anything to apprehend from the meddlesome interference of parents, which is so often a stumbling-block in the path of lovers. Balt Van Tassel was an easy, indulgent soul; he loved his daughter better even than his pipe, and, like a reasonable man and an excellent father, let her have her way in everything. His notable little wife, too, had enough to do to attend to her housekeeping and manage her poultry; for, as she sagely observed, ducks and geese are foolish things, and must be looked after, but girls can take care of themselves. Thus while the busy dame bustled about the house, or plied her spinning wheel at one end of the piazza, honest Balt would sit smoking his pipe at the other, watching the achievements of a little wooden warrior, who, armed with a sword in each hand, was most valiantly fighting the wind on the pinnacle of the barn. In the

meantime, Ichabod would carry on his suit with the daughter by the side of the spring under the great elm, or sauntering along in the twilight, that hour so favorable to the lover's eloquence.

I profess not to know how women's hearts are wooed and won. To me they have always been matters of riddle and admiration. Some seem to have but one vulnerable point, or door of access, while others have a thousand avenues, and may be captured in a thousand different ways. It is a great triumph of skill to gain the former, but a still greater proof of generalship to maintain possession of the latter, for the man must battle for his fortress at every door and window. He who wins a thousand common hearts is therefore entitled to some renown; but he who keeps undisputed sway over the heart of a coquette is indeed a hero. Certain it is, this was not the case with the redoubtable Brom Bones; and from the moment Ichabod Crane made his advances, the interests of the former evidently declined; his horse was no longer seen tied at the palings on Sunday nights, and a deadly feud gradually rose between him and the preceptor of Sleepy Hollow.

Brom, who had a degree of rough chivalry in his nature, would fain have carried matters to open warfare, and have settled their pretensions to the lady according to the mode of those most concise and simple reasoners, the knights-errant of yore, by single combat; but Ichabod was too conscious of the superior might of his adversary to enter the lists against him: he had overheard a boast of Bones that he would "double the schoolmaster up, and lay him on a shelf in his own schoolhouse," and he was too wary to give him an opportunity. There was something extremely provoking in this obstinately pacific system; it left Bones no alternative but to draw upon the funds of rustic waggery in his disposition, and to play off boorish practical jokes on his rival.

Ichabod became the object of whimsical persecution to Bones and his gang of roughriders. They harried his hitherto peaceful domains; smoked out his singing school by stopping up the chimney; broke into his schoolhouse by night, in spite of its formidable fastenings of withe and window stakes, and turned every thing topsy-turvy; so that the poor schoolmaster began to think all the witches in the country held their meetings there. But what was still more annoying, Bones took all opportunities of turning him into ridicule in presence of his mistress, and had a scoundrel dog whom he taught to whine in the most ludicrous manner, and introduced as a rival of Ichabod's to instruct in psalmody.

In this way matters went on for some time, without producing any material effect on the relative situation of the contending powers. On a fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod, in pensive mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool whence he usually watched all the concerns of his little literary realm. In his hand he swayed a ferule, that scepter of despotic power; the birch of justice reposed on three nails, behind the throne, a constant terror to evil doers; while on the desk before him might be seen sundry contraband articles and prohibited weapons detected upon the persons of idle urchins, — such as half-munched apples, popguns, whirligigs, fly-cages, and whole legions of rampant little paper game-cocks. Apparently there had been some appalling act of justice recently inflicted, for his scholars were all busily intent upon their books, or slyly whispering behind them with one eye kept on the master, and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the schoolroom. It was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro in tow cloth jacket and trousers, a round-crowned fragment of a hat, like the cap of Mercury, and mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-broken, colt, which he managed by a rope by way of halter. He came clattering up to the school door with an

invitation to Ichabod to attend a merrymaking, or "quilting frolic," to be held that evening at Mynheer Van Tassel's; and having delivered his message with that air of importance, and effort at fine language, which a negro is apt to display on petty embassies of the kind, he dashed over the brook, and was seen scampering away up the hollow full of the importance and hurry of his mission.

All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet school-room. The scholars were hurried through their lessons, without stopping at trifles; those who were nimble skipped over half with impunity, and those who were tardy had a smart application now and then in the rear, to quicken their speed, or help them over a tall word. Books were flung aside without being put away on the shelves, inkstands were overturned, benches thrown down, and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time, bursting forth like a legion of young imps, yelping and racketing about the green in joy at their early emancipation.

The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half-hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing up his best, and indeed only, suit of rusty black, and arranging his looks by a bit of broken looking-glass that hung up in the schoolhouse. That he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier, he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was domiciliated, a choleric old Dutchman of the name of Hans Van Ripper, and, thus gallantly mounted, issued forth like a knight-errant in search of adventures. But it is meet I should, in the true spirit of romantic story, give some account of the looks and equipments of my hero and his steed. The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plow horse, that had outlived almost everything but its viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with a ewe neck and a head like a hammer; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burs; one eye had

lost its pupil, and was glaring and spectral, and the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it. Still he must have had fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from the name he bore of Gunpowder. He had, in fact, been a favorite steed of his master's, the choleric Van Ripper, who was a furious rider, and had infused, very probably, some of his own spirit into the animal; for, old and broken-down as he looked, there was more of the lurking devil in him than in any young filly in the country.

Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like grasshoppers'; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand, like a scepter, and, as his horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called, and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail. Such was the appearance of Ichabod and his steed as they shamled out of the gate of Hans Van Ripper, and it was altogether such an apparition as is seldom to be met with in broad daylight.

It was, as I have said, a fine autumnal day; the sky was clear and serene, and nature wore that rich and golden livery which we always associate with the idea of abundance. The forests had put on their sober brown and yellow, while some trees of the tenderer kind had been nipped by the frosts into brilliant dyes of orange, purple, and scarlet. Streaming files of wild ducks began to make their appearance high in the air; the bark of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of beech and hickory nuts, and the pensive whistle of the quail at intervals from the neighboring stubble field.

The small birds were taking their farewell banquets. In

the fullness of their revelry they fluttered, chirping and frolicking from bush to bush and tree to tree, capricious from the very profusion and variety around them. There was the honest cock-robin, the favorite game of stripling sportsmen, with its loud, querulous note ; and the twittering blackbirds flying in sable clouds ; and the golden-winged woodpecker with his crimson crest, his broad black gorget and splendid plumage ; and the cedar bird, with its red-tipt wings and yellow-tipt tail and its little monteiro cap of feathers ; and the blue jay, that noisy coxcomb, in his gay light-blue coat and white underclothes, screaming and chattering, nodding and bobbing and bowing, and pretending to be on good terms with every songster of the grove.

As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye, ever open to every symptom of culinary abundance, ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly autumn. On all sides he beheld vast stores of apples, some hanging in oppressive opulence on the trees, some gathered into baskets and barrels for the market, others heaped up into rich piles for the cider press. Farther on he beheld great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty pudding ; and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them, turning up their fair round bellies to the sun, and giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies ; and anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat fields, breathing the odor of the beehive, and, as he beheld them, soft anticipations stole over his mind of dainty slapjacks, well-buttered, and garnished with honey or treacle by the delicate little dimpled hand of Katrina Van Tassel.

Thus feeding his mind with many sweet thoughts and "sugared suppositions," he journeyed along the sides of a range of hills which look out upon some of the goodliest scenes of mighty Hudson. The sun gradually wheeled his

broad disk down into the west. The wide bosom of the Tappan Zee lay motionless and glassy, except that here and there a gentle undulation waved and prolonged the blue shadow of the distant mountain. A few amber clouds floated in the sky, without a breath of air to move them. The horizon was of a fine golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple green, and from that into the deep blue of the mid heaven. A slanting ray lingered on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depth to the dark gray and purple of their rocky sides. A sloop was loitering in the distance, dropping slowly down with the tide, her sail hanging uselessly against the mast; and as the reflection of the sky gleamed along the still water, it seemed as if the vessel was suspended in the air.

PART IV.

IT was toward evening when Ichabod arrived at the castle of the Heer Van Tassel, which he found thronged with the flower and pride of the adjacent country, — old farmers, a spare, leather-faced race, in homespun coats and breeches, blue stockings, huge shoes, and magnificent pewter buckles; their brisk, withered little dames, in close crimped caps, long-waisted shortgowns, homespun petticoats, with scissors and pincushions and gay calico pockets hanging on the outside; buxom lasses, almost as antiquated as their mothers, excepting where a straw hat, a fine ribbon, or perhaps a white frock, gave symptoms of city innovation; the sons, in short, square-skirted coats, with rows of stupendous brass buttons, and their hair generally queued in the fashion of the times, especially if they could procure an eel skin for the purpose, it being esteemed throughout the country as a potent nourisher and strengthener of the hair.

Brom Bones, however, was the hero of the scene, having come to the gathering on his favorite steed Daredevil, a creature, like himself, full of mettle and mischief, and which no one but himself could manage. He was in fact noted for preferring vicious animals, given to all kinds of tricks, which kept the rider in constant risk of his neck, for he held a tractable, well-broken horse as unworthy a lad of spirit.

Fain would I pause to dwell upon the world of charms that burst upon the enraptured gaze of my hero as he entered the state parlor of Van Tassel's mansion: not those of the bevy of buxom lasses, with their luxurious display of red and white, but the ample charms of a genuine Dutch country tea-table, in the sumptuous time of autumn. Such heaped-up platters of cakes of various and almost indescribable kinds, known only to experienced Dutch housewives! There was the doughty doughnut, the tenderer *oly koek*, and the crisp and crumbling cruller; sweet cakes and short cakes, ginger cakes and honey cakes, and the whole family of cakes. And then there were apple pies and peach pies and pumpkin pies; besides slices of ham and smoked beef; and moreover delectable dishes of preserved plums, and peaches, and pears, and quinces; not to mention broiled shad and roasted chicken; together with bowls of milk and cream, all mingled higgledy-piggledy, pretty much as I have enumerated them, with the motherly teapot sending up its clouds of vapor from the midst — Heaven bless the mark! I want breath and time to discuss this banquet as it deserves, and am too eager to get on with my story. Happily, Ichabod Crane was not in so great a hurry as his historian, but did ample justice to every dainty.

He was a kind and grateful creature, whose heart dilated as his skin was filled with good cheer, and whose spirits rose with eating as some men's do with drink. He could not help, too, rolling his large eyes round him as he ate, and

chuckling with the possibility that he might one day be lord of all this scene of almost unimaginable luxury and splendor. Then he thought how soon he'd turn his back upon the schoolhouse, snap his fingers in the face of Hans Van Ripper and every other niggardly patron, and kick any itinerant pedagogue out of doors that should dare to call him comrade!

Old Baltus Van Tassel moved about among his guests with a face dilated with content and good humor, round and jolly as the harvest moon. His hospitable attention was brief, but expressive, being confined to a shake of the hand, a slap on the shoulder, a loud laugh, and a pressing invitation "to fall to and help themselves."

And now the sound of music from the common room, or hall, summoned to the dance. The musician was an old grayheaded negro, who had been the itinerant orchestra of the neighborhood for more than half a century. His instrument was as old and as battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped on two or three strings, accompanying every movement of the bow with a motion of his head, bowing almost to the ground, and stamping his foot whenever a fresh couple were to start.

Ichabod prided himself as much upon his dancing as upon his vocal powers. Not a limb, not a fiber about him, was idle; and to have seen his loosely hung frame in full motion and clattering about the room, you would have thought Saint Vitus himself, that blessed patron of the dance, was figuring before you in person. He was the admiration of all the negroes, who, having gathered, of all ages and sizes, from the farm and neighborhood, stood forming a pyramid of shining black faces at every door and window, gazing with delight at the scene, rolling their white eyeballs, and showing grinning rows of ivory from ear to ear. How could the flogger of urchins be otherwise than animated and happy?

The lady of his heart was his partner in the dance, and smiling graciously in reply to all his amorous oglings; while Brom Bones, sorely smitten with love and jealousy, sat brooding by himself in one corner.

When the dance was at an end, Ichabod was attracted to a knot of the sager folks, who, with old Van Tassel, sat smoking at one end of the piazza, gossiping over former times, and drawing out long stories about the war.

This neighborhood, at the time of which I am speaking, was one of those highly-favored places which abound with chronicle and great men. The British and American line had run near it during the war; it had, therefore, been the scene of marauding, and infested with refugees, cowboys, and all kinds of border chivalry. Just sufficient time had elapsed to enable each story-teller to dress up his tale with a little becoming fiction, and, in the indistinctness of his recollection, to make himself the hero of every exploit.

There was the story of Doffue Martling, a large blue-bearded Dutchman, who had nearly taken a British frigate with an old iron nine-pounder from a mud breastwork, only that his gun burst at the sixth discharge. And there was an old gentleman who shall be nameless, being too rich a mynheer to be lightly mentioned, who in the battle of White Plains, being an excellent master of defense, parried a musket ball with a small sword, insomuch that he absolutely heard it whiz around the blade, and glance off at the hilt, in proof of which, he was ready at any time to show the sword, with the hilt a little bent. There were several more that had been equally great in the field, not one of whom but was persuaded that he had a considerable hand in bringing the war to a happy termination.

But all these were nothing to the tales of ghosts and apparitions that succeeded. The neighborhood is rich in legendary treasure of this kind. Local tales and superstitions

thrive best in these sheltered, long-settled retreats, but are trampled under foot by the shifting throng that forms the population of most of our country places. Besides, there is no encouragement for ghosts in most of our villages, for they have scarcely had time to finish their first nap, and turn themselves in their graves, before their surviving friends have traveled away from the neighborhood; so that when they turn out at night to walk their rounds, they have no acquaintance left to call upon. This is perhaps the reason why we so seldom hear of ghosts except in our long-established Dutch communities.

The immediate cause, however, of the prevalence of supernatural stories in these parts, was doubtless owing to the vicinity of Sleepy Hollow. There was a contagion in the very air that blew from that haunted region; it breathed forth an atmosphere of dreams and fancies infecting all the land. Several of the Sleepy Hollow people were present at Van Tassel's, and, as usual, were doling out their wild and wonderful legends. Many dismal tales were told about funeral trains, and mourning cries and wailings heard and seen about the tree where the unfortunate Major André was taken, and which stood in the neighborhood. Some mention was made also of the woman in white that haunted the dark glen at Raven Rock, and was often heard to shriek on winter nights before a storm, having perished there in the snow. The chief part of the stories, however, turned upon the favorite specter of Sleepy Hollow, the headless horseman, who had been heard several times of late patrolling the country, and, it was said, tethered his horse nightly above the graves in the churchyard.

The sequestered situation of this church seems always to have made it the favorite haunt of troubled spirits. It stands on a knoll, surrounded by locust trees and lofty elms, from among which its decent whitewashed walls shine

modestly forth, like Christian purity beaming through the shades of retirement. A gentle slope descends from it to a silver sheet of water, bordered by high trees, between which peeps may be caught at the blue hills of the Hudson. To look upon its grass-grown yard, where the sunbeams seem to sleep so quietly, one would think that there at least the dead might rest in peace. On one side of the church extends a wide woody dell, along which raves a large brook among broken rocks and the trunks of fallen trees. Over a deep black part of the stream, not far from the church, was formerly thrown a wooden bridge; the road that led to it, and the bridge itself, were thickly shaded by overhanging trees, which cast a gloom about it, even in the daytime, but occasioned a fearful darkness at night. This was one of the favorite haunts of the headless horseman, and the place where he was most frequently encountered. The tale was told of old Brouwer, a most heretical disbeliever in ghosts, how he met the horseman returning from the foray into Sleepy Hollow, and was obliged to get up behind him; how they galloped over bush and brake, over hill and swamp, until they reached the bridge, when the horseman suddenly turned into a skeleton, threw old Brouwer into the brook, and sprang away over the tree tops with a clap of thunder.

This story was immediately matched by a thrice marvelous adventure of Brom Bones, who made light of the Galloping Hessian as an arrant jockey. He affirmed that, on returning one night from the neighboring village of Sing Sing, he had been overtaken by this midnight trooper; that he had offered to race with him for a bowl of punch, and should have won it too, for Daredevil beat the goblin horse all hollow, but, just as they came to the church bridge, the Hessian bolted, and vanished in a flash of fire.

All these tales, told in that drowsy undertone with which men talk in the dark, the countenances of the listeners only

now and then receiving a casual gleam from the glare of a pipe, sank deep in the mind of Ichabod. He repaid them in kind with large extracts from his invaluable author, Cotton Mather, and added many marvelous events that had taken place in his native State of Connecticut, and fearful sights which he had seen in his nightly walks about Sleepy Hollow.

The revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the road, over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillions behind their favorite swains, and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter and fainter until they gradually died away — and the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted. Ichabod only lingered behind, according to the custom of country lovers, to have a tête-à-tête with the heiress, fully convinced that he was now on the high road to success. What passed at this interview I will not pretend to say, for in fact I do not know. Something, I fear, must have gone wrong, for he certainly sallied forth, after no very great interval, with an air quite desolate and chopfallen. O these women! these women! Could that girl have been playing off any of her coquettish tricks? Was her encouragement of the poor pedagogue all a mere sham to secure her conquest of his rival? Heaven only knows, not I! Let it suffice to say, Ichabod stole forth with the air of one who had been sacking a henroost, rather than a fair lady's heart. Without looking to the right or the left to notice the scene of rural wealth on which he had so often gloated, he went straight to the stable, and with several hearty cuffs and kicks, roused his steed most uncourteously from the comfortable quarters in which he was soundly sleeping, dreaming of mountains of corn and oats, and whole valleys of timothy and clover.

PART V.

IT was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crest-fallen, pursued his travel homewards along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarrytown, and which he had traveled so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight he could even hear the barking of the watchdog on the opposite shore of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the long-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farmhouse away among the hills; but it was like a dreaming sound in his ear. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bullfrog from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably, and turning suddenly in his bed.

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper into the sky, and driving clouds hid them occasionally from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very places where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the center of the road stood an enormous tulip tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth, and rising

again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, — who had been taken prisoner hard by, — and was universally known by the name of Major André's tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy for the fate of its ill-starred namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights and doleful lamentations told concerning it.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle: he thought his whistle was answered — it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer, he thought he saw something white hanging in the midst of the tree; he paused and ceased whistling, but on looking more narrowly perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan — his teeth chattered and his knees smote against the saddle; it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree a little brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly-wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over the stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood, a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grapevines, threw a cavernous gloom over it. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and under the cover of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen concealed who captured him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the school-boy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream, his heart began to thump.

He summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with his contrary foot: it was all in vain; his steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder bushes. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffing and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveler.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose on his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents, "Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgeled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself into motion, and, with a scramble and a bound, stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown

might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones with the Galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed, in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind, — the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him; he endeavored to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of the fellow-traveler in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horrified on perceiving that he was headless! — but his horror was still more increased on observing that the head, which should have rested upon his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of the saddle. His terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows on Gunpowder, hoping by a sudden movement to give his companion the slip; but the specter started full jump with him. Away then they dashed, through thick and thin, stones flying and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long lank body away over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a

demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong down hill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story, and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskillful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as he had got halfway through the hollow, the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain; and he had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder about the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind,—for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for petty fears: the goblin was hard on his haunches, and (unskillful rider that he was) he had much ado to maintain his seat, sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's backbone with a violence that he verily believed would cleave him asunder.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hope that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollected the place where Brom Bones's ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed blowing and panting behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now

Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash — he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast — dinner hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled at the schoolhouse, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook ; but no schoolmaster. Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about the fate of poor Ichabod, and his saddle. An inquiry was set on foot, and, after diligent investigation, they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt ; the tracks of horses' hoofs deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not to be discovered. Hans Van Ripper, as executor of his estate, examined the bundle which contained all his worldly effects. They consisted of two shirts and a half ; two stocks for the neck ; a pair or two of worsted stockings ; an old pair of corduroy smallclothes ; a rusty razor ; a book of psalm tunes, full of dog's ears ; and a broken pitch pipe. As to the books and furniture of the schoolhouse, they belonged to the community, excepting Cotton Mather's "History of Witchcraft," a New England Almanac, and a

book of dreams and fortune-telling, in which last was a sheet of foolscap much scribbled and blotted in several fruitless attempts to make a copy of verses in honor of the heiress of Van Tassel. These magic books and the poetic scrawl were forthwith consigned to the flames by Hans Van Ripper, who from that time forward determined to send his children no more to school, observing that he never knew any good to come of this same reading and writing. Whatever money the schoolmaster possessed, and he had received his quarter's pay but a few days before, he must have had about his person at the time of his disappearance.

The mysterious event caused much speculation at the little church the next Sunday. Knots of gazers and gossips were gathered in the churchyard, at the bridge, and at the spot where the pumpkin had been found. The stories of Brouwer, of Bones, and a whole budget of others, were called to mind, and when they had diligently considered them all, and compared them with the symptoms of the present case, they shook their heads and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the Galloping Hessian. As he was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him. The school was removed to a different quarter of the Hollow, and another pedagogue reigned in his stead.

It is true, an old farmer, who had been down to New York on a visit several years after, and from whom this account of the ghostly adventure was received, brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive, and that he had left the neighborhood partly through fear of the goblin and Hans Van Ripper, and partly in mortification at having been suddenly dismissed by the heiress; that he had changed his quarters to a different part of the country, had kept school and studied law at the same time, and had been admitted to the bar, turned politician, electioneered, written

for the newspapers, and finally had been made a Justice of the Ten Pound Court. Brom Bones too, who shortly after his rival's disappearance conducted the blooming Katrina to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin, which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

The old country wives, however, who are the best judges of these matters, maintain to this day that Ichabod was spirited away by some supernatural means, and it is a favorite story often told about the neighborhood round the winter evening fire. The bridge became more than ever the object of superstitious awe, and that may be the reason that the road has been altered of late years so as to approach the church by the border of the mill pond. The schoolhouse being deserted, soon fell to decay, and was reported to be haunted by the ghost of the unfortunate pedagogue; and the plowboy, loitering homeward of a still summer evening, has often fancied his voice at a distance, chanting a melancholy psalm tune among the tranquil solitudes of Sleepy Hollow.

From "The Sketch Book."

V. THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

(1807-1882.)

"**B**UILD me straight, O worthy Master,
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

The merchant's word,
Delighted the Master heard;
For his heart was in his work, and the heart
Giveth grace unto every Art.

A quiet smile played round his lips,
As the eddies and dimples of the tide
Play round the bows of ships,
That steadily at anchor ride.
And with a voice that was full of glee,
He answered, "Erelong we will launch
A vessel as goodly, and strong, and stanch,
As ever weathered a wintry sea!"
.

Beside the Master, when he spoke,
A youth, against an anchor leaning,
Listened, to catch the slightest meaning.
Only the long waves, as they broke
In ripples on the pebbly beach,
Interrupted the old man's speech.

Beautiful they were, in sooth,
The old man and the fiery youth!
The old man, in whose busy brain
Many a ship that sailed the main
Was modeled o'er and o'er again;—
The fiery youth, who was to be
The heir of his dexterity,
The heir of his house, and his daughter's hand,
When he had built and launched from land
What the elder head had planned.
.

"And the UNION be her name!
For the day that gives her to the sea
Shall give my daughter unto thee!"

Thus with the rising of the sun
Was the noble task begun,
And soon throughout the shipyard's bounds
Were heard the intermingled sounds
Of axes and mallets, plied
With vigorous arms on every side;
Plied so deftly and so well

That, ere the shadows of evening fell,

 The keel of oak for a noble ship,
Scarfed and bolted, straight and strong.
Was lying ready, and stretched along

 The blocks, well placed upon the slip.
Happy, thrice happy, every one
Who sees his labor well begun,
And not perplexed and multiplied,
By idly waiting for time and tide!

.

Day by day the vessel grew,
With timbers fashioned strong and true,
 Stemson and keelson and sternson knee,
 Till, framed with perfect symmetry,
A skeleton ship rose up to view!

.

Sublime in its enormous bulk,
Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk!
And around it columns of smoke, upwreathing.
Rose from the boiling, bubbling, seething
Caldron, that glowed,
And overflowed
With the black tar, heated for the sheathing.
And amid the clamors
Of clattering hammers,
He who listened heard now and then
The song of the Master and his men: —

“Build me straight, O worthy Master,
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!”

With oaken brace and copper band,
Lay the rudder on the sand,
That, like a thought, should have control
Over the movement of the whole;
And near it the anchor, whose giant hand
Would reach down and grapple with the land,
And immovable and fast
Hold the great ship against the bellowing blast!
And at the bows an image stood.

.

Behold, at last,
Each tall and tapering mast
Is swung into its place, —
Shrouds and stays
Holding it firm and fast!

And everywhere
The slender, graceful spars,
Poise aloft in the air,
And at the masthead,
White, blue, and red,
A flag unrolls the stripes and stars.
Ah! when the wanderer, lonely, friendless,
In foreign harbors shall behold
The flag unrolled,
'T will be as a friendly hand
Stretched out from his native land,
Filling his heart with memories sweet and
endless!

All is finished! and at length
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength.
To-day the vessel shall be launched!
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
And o'er the bay,
Slowly, in all its splendors dight,
The great sun rises to behold the sight.

The ocean old, centuries old,
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless, to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold.
His beating heart is not at rest;
And far and wide,
With ceaseless flow,
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.
He waits impatient for his bride.
There she stands,
With her foot upon the sands,
Decked with flags and streamers gay,
In honor of her marriage day,
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,
Round her like a veil descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the gray old sea.

.
Like unto ships far off at sea,
Outward or homeward bound, are we.
Before, behind, and all around,
Floats and swings the horizon's bound,
Seems at its distant rim to rise
And climb the crystal wall of the skies.

And then again to turn and sink,
As if we could slide from its outer brink.
Ah! it is not the sea,

It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,
But ourselves
That rock and rise

With endless and uneasy motion,
Now touching the very skies,
Now sinking into the depths of ocean.
Ah! if our souls but poise and swing
Like the compass in its brazen ring,
Ever level and ever true

To the toil and the task we have to do,
We shall sail securely, and safely reach
The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach
The sights we see, and the sounds we hear,
Will be those of joy and not of fear!

Then the Master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs!
She starts, — she moves, — she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,



THE FAMOUS U. S. VESSEL, CONSTITUTION ("OLD IRONSIDES").

(From photogravure of painting by Marshall Johnson.)

*"How beautiful she is! How fair
She lies within those arms that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!"*

That to the ocean seemed to say,
"Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray,
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms!"

How beautiful she is! How fair
She lies within those arms that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer!
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And, safe from all adversity,
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness and love and trust
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!

Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

VI. THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

I. MILES STANDISH.

IN the old Colony days, in Plymouth, the land of the
Pilgrims,
To and fro in a room of his simple and primitive dwelling,
Clad in doublet and hose, and boots of Cordovan leather,
Strode, with a martial air, Miles Standish the Puritan
Captain.
Buried in thought he seemed, with his hands behind him,
and pausing
Ever and anon to behold his glittering weapons of warfare,
Hanging in shining array along the walls of the chamber,—
Cutlass and corselet of steel, and his trusty sword of
Damascus,
Curved at the point and inscribed with the mystical Arabic
sentence,
While underneath, in a corner, were fowling piece, musket,
and matchlock.

Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,
Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and
sinews of iron;

Brown as a nut was his face, but his russet beard was
already

Flaked with patches of snow, as hedges sometimes in
November.

Near him was seated John Alden, his friend and household
companion,

Writing with diligent speed at a table of pine by the
window;

Fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion,
Having the dew of his youth, and the beauty thereof, as the
captives

Whom Saint Gregory saw, and exclaimed, "Not Angles,
but Angels."

Youngest of all was he of the men that came in the May-
flower.

.
Nothing was heard in the room but the hurrying pen of the
stripling

Writing epistles important to go next day by the May-
flower,

Filled with the name and the fame of the Puritan maiden
Priscilla;

Every sentence began or closed with the name of Priscilla,
Till the treacherous pen, to which he confided the secret,
Strove to betray it by singing and shouting the name of
Priscilla!

Finally closing his book, with a bang of the ponderous cover,
Sudden and loud as the sound of a soldier grounding his
musket,

Thus to the young man spake Miles Standish the Captain
of Plymouth:

"When you have finished your work, I have something important to tell you.

Be not however in haste; I can wait; I shall not be impatient!"

Straightway Alden replied, as he folded the last of his letters,

Pushing his papers aside, and giving respectful attention:

"Speak; for whenever you speak, I am always ready to listen,

Always ready to hear whatever pertains to Miles Standish."

Thereupon answered the Captain, embarrassed, and culling his phrases:

"'Tis not good for a man to be alone, say the Scriptures.

This I have said before, and again and again I repeat it;

Every hour in the day, I think it, and feel it, and say it.

Since Rose Standish died, my life has been weary and dreary;

Sick at heart have I been, beyond the healing of friendship.

Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the maiden Priscilla.

She is alone in the world; her father and mother and brother

Died in the winter together; I saw her going and coming,

Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the bed of the dying,

Patient, courageous, and strong, and said to myself, that if ever

There were angels on earth, as there are angels in heaven,

Two have I seen and known; and the angel whose name is Priscilla

Holds in my desolate life the place which the other abandoned.

Long have I cherished the thought, but never have dared to reveal it,

Being a coward in this, though valiant enough for the most part.

Go to the damsel Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth, Say that the blunt old Captain, a man not of words but of actions,

Offers his hand and his heart, the hand and heart of a soldier.

Not in these words, you know, but this in short is my meaning ;

I am a maker of war, and not a maker of phrases.

You, who are bred as a scholar, can say it in elegant language,

Such as you read in your books of the pleadings and wooings of lovers,

Such as you think best adapted to win the heart of a maiden."

When he had spoken, John Alden, the fair-haired, taciturn stripling,

All aghast at his words, surprised, embarrassed, bewildered, Trying to mask his dismay by treating the subject with lightness,

Trying to smile, and yet feeling his heart stand still in his bosom,

Just as the timepiece stops in a house that is stricken with lightning,

Thus made answer and spake, or rather stammered than answered :

"Such a message as that, I am sure, I should mangle and mar it ;

If you would have it well done, — I am only repeating your maxim, —

You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others ! "

But with the air of a man whom nothing can turn from his purpose,

Gravely shaking his head, made answer the Captain of Plymouth :

“Truly the maxim is good, and I do not mean to gainsay it; But we must use it discreetly, and not waste powder for nothing.

Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of phrases, I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to surrender,

But march up to a woman with a proposal, I dare not. I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon,

But of a thundering ‘No!’ point-blank from the mouth of a woman,

That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it! So you must grant my request, for you are an elegant scholar,

Having the graces of speech, and skill in the turning the phrases.”

Taking the hand of his friend, who still was reluctant and doubtful,

Holding it long in his own, and pressing it kindly, he added :

“Though I have spoken thus lightly, deep is the feeling that prompts me ;

Surely you cannot refuse what I ask in the name of our friendship! ”

Then made answer John Alden : “ The name of friendship is sacred ;

What you demand in that name, I have not the power to deny you! ”

So the strong will prevailed, subduing and molding the gentler ;

Friendship prevailed over love, and Alden went on his errand.

II. THE LOVER'S ERRAND.

SO the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on his errand,

Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over pebble
and shallow,

Gathering still, as he went, the May flowers blooming
around him,

Saw the new-built house, and people at work in a meadow ;
 Heard, as he drew near the door, the musical voice of
 Priscilla

Singing the hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem,
Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the Psalmist,
Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting
many.

Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the
maiden

Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snow-
drift

Piled at her knee, her left hand feeding the ravenous
spindle,

While with her right she sped or reversed the wheel in its motion.

Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of
Ainsworth,

So he entered the house : and the hum of the wheel and the singing

Suddenly ceased; for Priscilla, aroused by his step on the threshold,

Rose as he entered, and gave him her hand, in signal of welcome,

Saying, "I knew it was you when I heard your step in the passage;
For I was thinking of you as I sat there singing and spinning."

So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers for an answer.

Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous writer of letters, —

Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beautiful phrases,

But came straight to the point, and blurted it out like a schoolboy;

Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it more bluntly.

Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla the Puritan maiden

Looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with wonder,

Feeling his words like a blow that stunned her and rendered her speechless;

Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous silence:

"If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me, Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me?

If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning!"

Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter,

Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain was busy, —

Had no time for such things; — such things! the words grating harshly



JOHN ALDEN AND PRISCILLA.

*"Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, 'Why do n't you speak for yourself, John?'"* (Page 82.)

Fell on the ear of Priscilla ; and swift as a flash she made answer :

“ Has he no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married,

Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding?
That is the way with you men ; you do n't understand us,
you cannot.”

.
Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of Priscilla,
Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading,
expanding ;

Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in
Flanders,

How with the people of God he had chosen to suffer
affliction,

How, in return for his zeal, they had made him Captain of
Plymouth ;

.
But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent
language,

Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with
laughter,

Said, in a tremulous voice, “ Why do n't you speak for
yourself, John ? ”

III. JOHN ALDEN.

INTO the open air John Alden, perplexed and bewildered,
Rushed like a man insane, and wandered alone by the
seaside ;

.
Soon he entered his door, and found the redoubtable
Captain

Sitting alone, and absorbed in the martial pages of Cæsar,

Fighting some great campaign in Hainault or Brabant or Flanders.

“Long have you been on your errand,” he said with a cheery demeanor,

Even as one who is waiting an answer, and fears not the issue.

“Not far off is the house, although the woods are between us;

But you have lingered so long that, while you were going and coming,

I have fought ten battles, and sacked and demolished a city.

Come, sit down, and in order relate to me all that has happened.”

Then John Alden spake, and related the wondrous adventure,

From beginning to end, minutely, just as it happened;

How he had seen Priscilla, and how he had sped in his courtship,

Only smoothing a little, and softening down her refusal.

But when he came at last to the words Priscilla had spoken, Words so tender and cruel: “Why don’t you speak for yourself, John?”

Up leaped the Captain of Plymouth, and stamped on the floor till his armor

Clanged on the wall, where it hung, with a sound of sinister omen.

All his pent-up wrath burst forth in a sudden explosion,

E’en as a hand grenade, that scatters destruction around it.

Wildly he shouted, and loud: “John Alden! you have betrayed me!

Me, Miles Standish, your friend! have supplanted, defrauded, betrayed me!

One of my ancestors ran his sword through the heart of
Wat Tyler;
Who shall prevent me from running my own through the
heart of a traitor?
Yours is the greater treason, for yours is a treason of
friendship!
You, who lived under my roof, whom I cherished and loved
as a brother;
You, who have fed at my board, and drunk at my cup, to
whose keeping
I have intrusted my honor, my thoughts the most sacred
and secret, —
You too, Brutus! ah woe to the name of friendship here-
after!
Brutus was Cæsar's friend, and you were mine; but hence-
forward
Let there be nothing between us but war, and implacable
hatred!"

So spake the Captain of Plymouth, and strode about in the
chamber,
Chafing and choking with rage; like cords were the veins
on his temples.
But in the midst of his anger a man appeared at the
doorway,
Bringing in uttermost haste a message of urgent impor-
tance,
Rumors of danger and war and hostile incursions of Indians!
Straightway the Captain paused, and, without further ques-
tion or parley,
Took from the nail on the wall his sword with its scabbard
of iron,
Buckled the belt round his waist, and, frowning fiercely,
departed.

Alden was left alone. He heard the clank of the scabbard
Growing fainter and fainter, and dying away in the distance.
Then he arose from his seat, and looked forth into the
darkness,
Felt the cool air blow on his cheek, that was hot with the
insult,
Lifted his eyes to the heavens, and, folding his hands as in
childhood,
Prayed in the silence of night to the Father who seeth
in secret.

NOTE. — After the interview which you have just read, word came to the Colony that the Indians were about to make an attack upon them. Miles Standish, the Captain, hastily gathered together his little company of soldiers and went out into the woods to fight the Indians. They had a desperate battle, and when it was over Miles Standish did not return to the Colony with the others, and they all believed that he had been killed. After this John Alden overcame his bashfulness, and, thinking there was no longer danger of disloyalty to his friend, whom he supposed dead, asked the maiden Priscilla to be his wife. She, who had all the time cared for him and not for Miles Standish, consented.

The following is the poet's account of the wedding.

IV. THE WEDDING DAY.

FORTH from the curtain of clouds, from the tent of
purple and scarlet,
Issued the sun, the great High Priest, in his garments
resplendent,
Holiness unto the Lord, in letters of light, on his forehead,
Round the hem of his robe the golden bells and pome-
granates.
Blessing the world he came, and the bars of vapor beneath
him
Gleamed like a gate of brass, and the sea at his feet was
a laver!

This was the wedding morn of Priscilla the Puritan maiden.

Friends were assembled together; the Elder and Magistrate also

Graced the scene with their presence, and stood like the Law and the Gospel,

One with the sanction of Earth, and one with the blessing of Heaven.

Simple and brief was the wedding as that of Ruth and of Boaz.

Softly the youth and the maiden repeated the words of betrothal,

Taking each other for husband and wife in the Magistrate's presence,

After the Puritan way and the laudable custom of Holland.

Fervently then, and devoutly, the excellent Elder of Plymouth

Prayed for the hearth and home, that were founded that day in affection,

Speaking of life and of death, and imploring Divine benedictions.

Lo! when the service was ended, a form appeared on the threshold,

Clad in armor of steel, a somber and sorrowful figure!

Why does the bridegroom start and stare at the strange apparition?

.
Into the room it strode, and the people beheld with amazement

Bodily there in his armor Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth!

Grasping the bridegroom's hand, he said with emotion,
"Forgive me!

I have been angry and hurt, — too long have I cherished
the feeling;
I have been cruel and hard, but now, thank God! it is
ended.
Mine is the same hot blood that leaped in the veins of
Hugh Standish,
Sensitive, swift to resent, but as swift in atoning for error.
Never so much as now was Miles Standish the friend of
John Alden."

Thereupon answered the bridegroom: "Let all be forgotten
between us, —
All save the dear old friendship, and that shall grow older
and dearer!"

Then the Captain advanced, and, bowing, saluted Priscilla
Gravely, and after the manner of old-fashioned gentry in
England,
Something of camp and of court, of town and of country
commingled,
Wishing her joy of her wedding, and loudly lauding her
husband.
Then he said with a smile: "I should have remembered
the adage, —
If you will be well served, you must serve yourself." . . .

.
Great was the people's amazement, and greater yet their
rejoicing,
Thus to behold once more the sunburnt face of their
Captain,
Whom they had mourned as dead; and they gathered and
crowded about him,
Eager to see and to hear him, forgetful of bride and of
bridegroom,

Questioning, answering, laughing, and each interrupting
the other,
Till the good Captain declared, being quite overpowered
and bewildered,
He had rather by far break into an Indian encampment
Than come again to a wedding to which he had not been
invited.

.

Soon was the scene disturbed by the noise and the stir of
departure,
Friends coming forth from the house, and impatient of
longer delaying,
Each with his plan for the day, and the work that was left
uncompleted.
Then from a stall near at hand, amid exclamations of
wonder,
Alden the thoughtful, the careful, so happy, so proud of
Priscilla,
Brought out his snow-white bull, obeying the hand of its
master,
Led by a cord that was tied to an iron ring in its nostrils,
Covered with crimson cloth, and a cushion placed for a
saddle.
She should not walk, he said, through the dust and heat of
the noonday;
Nay, she should ride like a queen, not plod along like a
peasant.
Somewhat alarmed at first, but reassured by the others,
Placing her hand on the cushion, her foot in the hand of
her husband,
Gayly, with joyous laugh, Priscilla mounted her palfrey.
"Nothing is wanting now," he said with a smile, "but the
distaff;

Then you would be in truth my queen, my beautiful
Bertha!"

Onward the bridal procession now moved to their new
habitation,

Happy husband and wife, and friends conversing together.
Pleasantly murmured the brook, as they crossed the ford in
the forest,

Pleased with the image that passed, like a dream of love
through its bosom,

Tremulous, floating in air, o'er the depths of the azure
abysses.

Down through the golden leaves the sun was pouring his
splendors,

Gleaming on purple grapes, that, from branches above them
suspended,

Mingled their odorous breath with the balm of the pine and
the fir tree,

Wild and sweet as the clusters that grew in the valley of
Eshcol.

Like a picture it seemed of the primitive, pastoral ages,
Fresh with the youth of the world, and recalling Rebecca
and Isaac,

Old and yet ever new, and simple and beautiful always,
Love immortal and young in the endless succession of
lovers.

So through the Plymouth woods passed onward the bridal
procession.



VII. THE HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM.

BY FRANCIS PARKMAN.



FRANCIS PARKMAN.

FRANCIS PARKMAN (1823-1893) was a great American historian, who wrote chiefly histories of the early settlements of this country in the north and west, and of the wars between the French and English.

The two selections here given are made from two of Parkman's most interesting works. "The Heights of Abraham" is taken from the second volume of his history of "Montcalm and Wolfe." It is all most thrilling, and every boy and girl should read it. The same may be said of "The Pioneers of France in the New World," from which the second selection, "The Discovery of Lake Cham-

plain," is taken. Before or after reading these selections, the histories of the events described in them should be carefully studied.

FOR full two hours the procession of boats, borne on the current, steered silently down the St. Lawrence. The stars were visible, but the night was moonless and sufficiently dark. The General was in one of the foremost boats, and near him was a young midshipman, John Robinson, afterwards Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. He used to tell in his later life how Wolfe, with a low voice, repeated Gray's "Elegy

in a Country Churchyard" to the officers about him. Probably it was to relieve the intense strain of his thoughts. Among the rest was the verse which his own fate was so soon to illustrate, —

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

"Gentlemen," he said, as his recital ended, "I would rather have written those lines than to take Quebec." None were there to tell him that the hero is greater than the poet.

As they neared their destination the tide bore them in towards the shore, and the mighty wall of rock and forest towered in darkness on their left. The dead stillness was suddenly broken by the sharp "Who comes here!" of a French sentry, invisible in the thick gloom. "France!" answered a Highland officer of Fraser's regiment, from one of the boats of the light infantry. He had served in Holland, and spoke French fluently.

"Of what regiment?"

"Of the Reine," replied the Highlander. He knew that a part of that Corps was with Bougainville. The sentry, expecting the convoy of provisions, was satisfied, and did not ask for the password.

Soon after, the foremost boats were passing the heights of Samos, when another sentry challenged them, and they could see him running, through the darkness, down to the edge of the water within range of a pistol shot. In answer to his questions the same officer replied, in French: "Provision boats. Do n't make a noise; the English will hear us." In fact, the sloop-of-war Hunter was anchored in the stream not far off. This time, again, the sentry let them pass. In a few moments they rounded the headland above the Anse du Foulon. There was no sentry there. The strong current swept the boats of the light infantry a little below the intended landing place. They disembarked on a

narrow strand at the foot of heights as steep as a hill covered with trees can be. The twenty-four volunteers led the way, climbing with what silence they might, closely followed by a much larger body. When they reached the top, they saw in the dim light a cluster of tents at a short distance, and immediately made a dash at them. Vergor leaped from bed and tried to run off, but was shot in the heel and captured. His men, taken by surprise, made little resistance. One or two were caught, and the rest fled.

The main body of troops waited in their boats by the edge of the strand. The heights near by were cleft by a great ravine choked by forest trees, and in its depths ran a little brook which, swollen by the late rains, fell plashing in the stillness over a rock. Other than this, no sound could reach the strained ear of Wolfe but the gurgle of the tide and the cautious climbing of his advance parties as they mounted the steeps at some little distance from where he sat listening. At length from the top came the sound of musket shots, followed by loud huzzas, and he knew that his men were masters of the position. The word was given; the troops leaped from the boats and scaled the heights, some here, some there, clutching at trees and bushes, their muskets slung at their backs. Tradition still points out the place, near the mouth of the ravine, where the foremost reached the top. Wolfe said to an officer near him: "You can try it, but I do n't think you'll get up." He himself, however, found strength to drag himself up with the rest. The narrow, slanting path on the face of the heights had been made impassable by trenches and abatis; but all obstructions were soon cleared away, and then the ascent was easy. In the gray of the morning, the long file of red-coated soldiers moved quickly upward, and formed in order on the plateau above.

Before many of them had reached the top, cannon were

heard close on the left. It was the battery at Samos firing on the boats in the rear and the vessels descending from Cape Rouge. A party was sent to silence it. This was soon effected, and the more distant battery at Sillery was next attacked and taken. As fast as the boats were emptied they returned for the troops left on board the vessels, and for those waiting on the southern shore under Colonel Burton.

The day broke in clouds and threatening rain. Wolfe's battalions were drawn up along the crest of the heights. No enemy was in sight, though a body of Canadians had sallied from the town and moved along the strand towards the landing place, whence they were quickly driven back. He had achieved the most critical part of his enterprise, yet the success that he coveted placed him in imminent danger. On one side was the garrison of Quebec and the army of Beauport, and Bougainville was on the other. Wolfe's alternative was victory or ruin; for if he should be overwhelmed by a combined attack, retreat would be hopeless. His feelings no man can know, but it would be safe to say that hesitation or doubt had no place in them.

He went to reconnoiter the ground, and soon came to the Plains of Abraham, so called from Abraham Martin, a pilot known as Maître Abraham, who had owned a piece of land here in the early times of the colony. The Plains were a tract of grass, tolerably level in most parts, patched here and there with cornfields, studded with clumps of bushes, and forming a part of the high plateau at the eastern end of which Quebec stood. On the south it was bounded by the declivities along the St. Lawrence; on the north by those along the St. Charles, or rather along the meadows through which that lazy stream crawled like a writhing snake. At the place that Wolfe chose for his battlefield the plateau was less than a mile wide.

Thither the troops advanced, marched by files till they reached the ground, and then wheeled to form their line of battle, which stretched across the plateau and faced the city. It consisted of six battalions and the detached grenadiers from Louisbourg, all drawn up in ranks three deep. Its right wing was near the brink of the heights along the St. Lawrence; but the left could not reach those along the St. Charles. On this side a wide space was perforce left open, and there was danger of being outflanked. To prevent this, Brigadier Townsend was stationed here with two battalions, drawn up at right angles with the rest, and fronting the St. Charles. The battalion of Webb's regiment, under Colonel Burton, formed the reserve; the third battalion of Royal Americans was left to guard the landing; and Howe's light infantry occupied a wood far in the rear. Wolfe, with Monckton and Murray, commanded the front line, on which the heavy fighting was to fall, and which, when all the troops had arrived, numbered less than thirty-five hundred men.

Quebec was not a mile distant, but they could not see it, for a ridge of broken ground intervened about six hundred paces off. The first division of troops had scarcely come up when, about six o'clock, this ridge was suddenly thronged with white uniforms. It was the battalion of Guienne, arrived at the eleventh hour from its camp by the St. Charles. Some time after there was hot firing in the rear. It came from a detachment of Bougainville's command attacking a house where some of the light infantry were posted. The assailants were repulsed and the firing ceased. Light showers fell at intervals, besprinkling the troops as they stood patiently waiting the event.

Montcalm had passed a troubled night. Through all the evening the cannon bellowed from the ships of Saunders, and the boats of the fleet hovered in the dusk off the Beau-



QUEBEC, WITH THE HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM ON THE LEFT.

From a recent photograph.

port shore, threatening every moment to land. Troops lined the intrenchments till day, while the general walked the field that adjoined his headquarters till one in the morning, accompanied by the Chevalier Johnstone and Colonel Poulariez. Johnstone says that he was in great agitation, and took no rest all night. At daybreak he heard the sound of cannon above the town. It was the battery at Samos firing on the English ships. He had sent an officer to the quarters of Vaudreuil, which were near Quebec, with orders to bring him word at once should anything unusual happen. But no word came, and about six o'clock he mounted and rode thither with Johnstone. As they advanced, the country behind the town opened more and more on their sight; till at length, when opposite Vaudreuil's house, they saw across the St. Charles, some two miles away, the red ranks of British soldiers on the heights beyond.

"This is serious business," Montcalm said, and sent off Johnstone at full gallop to bring up the troops from the center and left of the camp. Those of the right were in motion already, doubtless by the Governor's order. Vaudreuil came out of the house. Montcalm stopped for a few words with him; then set spurs to his horse, and rode over the bridge of the St. Charles to the scene of danger. He rode with a fixed look, uttering not a word.

The army followed in such order as it might, crossed the bridge in haste, passed under the rampart of Quebec, entered at the palace gate, and pressed on in headlong march along the quaint, narrow streets of the warlike town: troops of Indians in scalp-locks and war-paint, a savage glitter in their deep-set eyes; bands of Canadians, whose all was at stake, — faith, country, and home; the colony regulars; the battalions of old France, a torrent of white uniforms and gleaming bayonets, La Sarre, Languedoc, Rouissillon

Bearn, — victors of Oswego, William Henry, and Ticonderoga. So they swept on, poured out upon the plain, some by the gate of St. Louis and some by that of St. John, and hurried, breathless, to where the banners of Guienne still fluttered on the ridge.

Montcalm was amazed at what he saw. He had expected a detachment, and he found an army. Full in sight before him stretched the lines of Wolfe: the close ranks of the English infantry, a silent wall of red, and the wild array of the Highlanders with their waving tartans, and bagpipes screaming defiance.

Vaudreuil had not come; but not the less was felt the evil of a divided authority and the jealousy of the rival chiefs. Montcalm waited long for the forces he had ordered to join him from the left wing of the army. He waited in vain. It is said that the Governor had detained them, lest the English should attack the Beauport shore. Even if they did so, and succeeded, the French might defy them, could they but put Wolfe to rout on the Plains of Abraham. Neither did the garrison at Quebec come to the aid of Montcalm. He sent to Ramesay, its commander, for twenty-five fieldpieces which were on the palace battery. Ramesay would give him only three, saying that he wanted them for his own defense. There were orders and counter-orders; misunderstanding, haste, delay, perplexity.

Montcalm and his chief officers held a council of war. It is said that he and they alike were for immediate attack. His enemies declare that he was afraid lest Vaudreuil should arrive and take command; but the Governor was not a man to assume responsibility at such a crisis. Others say that his impetuosity overcame his better judgment; and of this charge it is hard to acquit him. Bougainville was but a few miles distant, and some of his troops were much nearer: a messenger sent by way of Old Lorette could have

reached him in an hour and a half at most, and a combined attack in front and rear might have been concerted with him. If, moreover, Montcalm could have come to an understanding with Vaudreuil his own force might have been strengthened by two or three thousand additional men from the town and camp at Beauport; but he felt that there was no time to lose, for he imagined that Wolfe would soon be reinforced, which was impossible, and he believed that the English were fortifying themselves, which was no less an error. He has been blamed not only for fighting too soon, but for fighting at all. In this he could not choose. Fight he must, for Wolfe was now in a position to cut off all his supplies. His men were full of ardor, and he resolved to attack before their ardor cooled. He spoke a few words to them in his keen vehement way. "I remember very well how he looked," one of the Canadians, then a boy of eighteen, used to say in his old age; "he rode a black or dark bay horse along the front of our lines, brandishing his sword, as if to excite us to do our duty. He wore a coat with wide sleeves, which fell back as he raised his arm, and showed the white linen of his wristband."

The English waited the result with a composure which, if not quite real, was at least well feigned. The three fieldpieces sent by Ramesay plied them with canister shot, and fifteen hundred Canadians and Indians fusilladed them in front and flank. Over all the plain, from behind bushes and knolls and the edge of cornfields, puffs of smoke sprang incessantly from the guns of these hidden marksmen. Skirmishers were thrown out before the lines to hold them in check, and the soldiers were ordered to lie in the grass to avoid the shot. The firing was liveliest on the English left, where bands of sharpshooters got under the edge of the declivity, among thickets, and behind scattered houses, whence they killed and wounded a considerable

number of Townshend's men. The light infantry were called up from the rear. The houses were taken and retaken, and one or more of them was burned.

Wolfe was everywhere. How cool he was, and why his followers loved him, is shown by an incident that happened in the course of the morning. One of his captains was shot through the lungs, and on recovering consciousness he saw the general standing by his side. Wolfe pressed his hand, told him not to despair, praised his services, promised him an early promotion, and sent an aid-de-camp to Monckton to beg that officer to keep the promise if he himself should fall.

It was toward ten o'clock when, from the high ground on the right of the line, Wolfe saw that the crisis was near. The French on the ridge had formed themselves into three bodies: regulars in the center, regulars and Canadians on right and left. Two fieldpieces, which had been dragged up the heights, fired on them with grapeshot, and the troops, rising from the ground, prepared to receive them. They came on rapidly, uttering loud shouts, and firing as soon as they were within range. Their ranks, ill ordered at the best, were further confused by a number of Canadians who had been mixed among the regulars, and who, after hastily firing, threw themselves on the ground to reload. The British advanced a few rods; then halted and stood still. When the French were within forty paces the word of command rang out, and a crash of musketry answered all along the line. The volley was delivered with remarkable precision. In the battalions of the center, which had suffered least from the enemy's bullets, the simultaneous explosion was afterwards said by French officers to have sounded like a cannon shot. Another volley followed, and then a furious clattering fire that lasted but a few minutes. When the smoke rose, a miserable sight was revealed: the

ground cumbered with dead and wounded, the advancing masses stopped short and turned into a frantic mob shouting, cursing, gesticulating. The order was given to charge. Then over the field rose the British cheer, mixed with the fierce yell of the Highland slogan. Some of the corps pushed forward with the bayonet; some advanced firing. The clansmen drew their broadswords, and dashed on keen and swift as bloodhounds. At the English right, though the attacking column was broken to pieces, a fire was still kept up, chiefly, it seems, by sharpshooters from the bushes and cornfields, where they had lain for an hour or so. Here Wolfe himself led the charge, at the head of the Louisbourg grenadiers. A shot shattered his wrist. He wrapped his handkerchief about it and kept on. Another shot struck him, and he still advanced, when a third lodged in his breast. He staggered, and sat on the ground. Lieutenant Brown of the grenadiers, one Henderson, a volunteer in the same company, and a private soldier, aided by an officer of artillery who ran to join them, carried him in their arms to the rear. He begged them to lay him down. They did so, and asked if he would have a surgeon. "There's no need," he answered; "it's all over with me." A moment after, one of them cried out, "They run; see how they run!" "Who run?" Wolfe demanded, like a man roused from sleep. "The enemy, sir. They give way everywhere!" "Go, one of you to Colonel Burton," returned the dying man; "tell him to march Webb's regiment down to Charles River, to cut off their retreat from the bridge." Then, turning on his side, he murmured, "Now, God be praised I will die in peace!" and in a few moments his gallant soul had fled.

Montcalm, still on horseback, was borne with the tide of fugitives to the town. As he approached the walls a shot passed through his body. He kept his seat; two soldiers

supported him one on each side, and led his horse through the St. Louis gate. On the open space within, among the excited crowd, were several women, drawn, no doubt, by eagerness to know the result of the fight. One of them recognized him, saw the streaming blood, and shrieked, "My God, my God, the Marquis is killed." "It's nothing, it's nothing," replied the death-stricken man; "don't be troubled for me, my good friends."

VIII. DISCOVERY OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

BY FRANCIS PARKMAN.

IT was past the middle of May, 1609, and the expected warriors from the upper country had not come: a delay which seems to have given Champlain little concern, for, without waiting longer, he set forth with no better allies than a band of Montagnais. But, as he moved up the St. Lawrence, he saw, thickly clustering in the bordering forest, the lodges of an Indian camp, and, landing, found his Huron and Algonquin allies. Few of them had ever seen a white man. They surrounded the steel-clad strangers in speechless wonderment. Champlain asked for their chief, and the staring throng moved with him towards a lodge where sat, not one chief, but two, for each tribe had its own. There were feasting, smoking, speeches; and, the needful ceremony over, all descended together to Quebec; for the strangers were bent on seeing those wonders of architecture whose fame had pierced the recesses of their forests.

On their arrival, they feasted their eyes and glutted their appetites; yelped consternation at the sharp explosion of the arquebuse and the roar of the cannon, pitched their

camps, and bedecked themselves for their war dance. In the still night, their fire glared against the dark and jagged cliff, and the fierce red light fell on tawny limbs convulsed with frenzied gestures and ferocious stampings; on contorted visages, hideous with paint; on brandished weapons, stone war clubs, stone hatchets, and stone-pointed lances; while the drum kept up its hollow boom, and the air was split with mingled yells, till the horned owl on Point Levi, startled at the sound, gave back a whoop no less discordant.

Stand with Champlain and view the war dance; sit with him at the war feast, — a close-packed company, ring within ring of ravenous feasters; then embark with him on his hare-brained venture of discovery. It was in a small shallop, carrying, besides himself, eleven Frenchmen. They were armed with the arquebuse, a matchlock or firelock somewhat like the modern carbine, and from its shortness not ill-fitted for use in the forest. On the twenty-eighth of May, they spread their sails and held their course against the current, while around the river was alive with canoes, and hundreds of naked arms plied the oars with a steady measured sweep. They crossed the Lake of St. Peter, threaded the devious channels among its many islands, and reached at last the mouth of the Rivière des Iroquois, since called the Riche-lieu or the St. John.

On left and right stretched walls of verdure, fresh with the life of June. Now, aloft in the lonely air rose the cliffs of Belcœil, and now, before them, framed in circling forests, the basin of Chambly spread its tranquil mirror, glittering in the sun. The shallop outsailed the canoes. Champlain, leaving his allies behind, crossed the basin and essayed to pursue his course; but as he listened in the stillness, the unwelcome noise of rapids reached his ear, and, by glimpses through the dark foliage of the Islets of St. John, he could

see the gleam of snowy foam and the flash of hurrying waters. Leaving the boat by the shore in charge of four men, he set forth with Marais, La Route, and five others, to explore the wild before him. They pushed their tedious way through the damp and shadows of the wood, through the thickets and tangled vines, over mossy rocks and moldering logs. Still the hoarse surging of the rapids followed them; and when, parting the screen of foliage, they looked forth, they saw the river thick set with rocks, where, plunging over hedges, gurgling under drift-logs, darting along clefts, and boiling in chasms, the angry waters filled the solitudes with monotonous ravings.

Champlain, disconsolate, retraced his steps. He had learned the value of an Indian's word. His mendacious allies had promised him, that, throughout their course, his shallop could pass unobstructed. But should he abandon the adventure, and forego the discovery of that great lake, studded with islands and bordered with a fertile land of forests, which his red companions had traced in outline, and by word and sign had painted to his fancy?

When he reached the shallop, he found the whole savage crew gathered on the spot. He mildly rebuked their bad faith, but added that, though they had deceived him, he, as far as might be, would fulfill his pledge. To this end he directed Marais, with the boat and the greater part of the men, to return to Quebec, while he with two who offered to follow him, should proceed in their Indian canoes.

The warriors lifted their canoes from the water, and, in long procession through the forest, under the flickering sun and shade, bore them on their shoulders around the rapids to the smooth stream above. Here the chiefs made a muster of their forces, counting twenty-four canoes and sixty warriors. All embarked again and advanced, the river widening as they went. Great islands appeared,

leagues in extent; Isle à la Motte, Long Island, Grande Isle. Channels where ships might float, and broad reaches of expanding water stretched between them, and Champlain entered the lake which preserves his name to posterity. Cumberland Head was passed, and from the opening of the great channel between Grande Isle and the main, he could look forth on the wilderness sea. Edged with woods, the tranquil flood spread southward beyond the sight. Far on the left, the forest ridges of the Green Mountains were heaved against the sun, patches of snow still glistening on their tops; and on the right rose the Adirondacks, haunts in these later years of amateur sportsmen from counting-room or college halls, — nay of adventurous beauty, with sketch-book and pencil. Then the Iroquois made them their hunting ground; and beyond, in the valleys of the Mohawk, the Onondaga, and the Genesee, stretched the long line of their five cantons and palisaded towns.

At night, they were encamped again. The scene is a familiar one to many a tourist and sportsman; and, perhaps, standing at sunset on the peaceful strand, Champlain saw what a roving student of this generation has seen on the same shores, at that same hour, — the glow of the vanished sun behind the western mountains, darkly piled in mist and shadow along the sky; near at hand, the dead pine, mighty in decay, stretching its ragged arms athwart the burning heaven, the crow perched on its top like an image carved in jet; and aloft, the night hawk, circling in its flight, and, with a strange whirring sound, diving through the air each moment for the insects he makes his prey.

The progress of the party was becoming dangerous. They changed their mode of advance, and moved only in the night. All day they lay close in the path of the forest. At twilight they embarked close again, paddling their



PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEWS OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

1. CROWN POINT LIGHT.

2. THE PALISADES.

cautious way till the eastern sky began to redden. Their goal was the rocky promontory where Fort Ticonderoga was long afterward built. Thence, they would pass the outlet of Lake George, and launch their canoes again on that Como of the wilderness, whose waters, limpid as a fountain-head, stretched far southward between their flanking mountains. Landing at the future site of Fort William Henry, they would carry their canoes through the forest to the river Hudson, and, descending it, attack, perhaps, some outlying town of the Mohawks. In the next century this chain of lakes and rivers became the grand highway of savage and civilized war: a bloody, debatable ground linked to memories of momentous conflict.

The allies were spared so long a progress. It was ten o'clock in the evening of the 29th of July, when they descried dark objects in motion on the lake before them. These were a flotilla of Iroquois canoes, heavier and slower than theirs, for they were made of oak bark. Each party saw the other, and the mingled war-cries pealed over the darkened waters. The Iroquois, who were near the shore, having no stomach for an aquatic battle, landed, and, making night hideous with their clamors, began to barricade themselves. Champlain could see them in the woods, laboring like beavers, hacking down trees with iron axes taken from the Canadian tribes in war, and with stone hatchets of their own making. The allies remained on the lake, a bowshot from the hostile barricade, their canoes made fast together by poles lashed across. All night they danced with as much vigor as the frailty of their vessels would permit, their throats making amends for the enforced restraint of their limbs. It was agreed on both sides that the fight should be deferred till daybreak; but meanwhile a commerce of abuse, sarcasm, menace, and boasting gave unceasing exercise to the lungs and fancy of the combatants, — "Much," says

Champlain, "like the besiegers and besieged in a beleaguered town."

As day approached, he and his two followers put on the light armor of the time. Champlain wore the doublet and long hose then in vogue. Over the doublet he buckled on a breastplate, and probably a back-piece, while his thighs were protected by cuisses of steel, and his head by a plumed casque. Across his shoulder hung the strap of his bandoleer, or ammunition box; at his side was his sword, and in his hand his arquebuse, which he had loaded with four balls. Such was the equipment of this ancient Indian-fighter, whose exploits date eleven years before the landing of the Puritans at Plymouth, and sixty-six years before King Philip's War.

Each of the three Frenchmen was in a separate canoe, and, as it grew light, they kept themselves hidden, either by lying at the bottom or by covering themselves with an Indian robe. The canoes approached the shore, and all landed without opposition at some distance from the Iroquois, whom they could see presently filing out of their barricade, tall, strong men, some two hundred in number of the boldest and fiercest warriors of North America. They advanced through the forest with a steadiness that excited the admiration of Champlain. Among them could be seen several chiefs, made conspicuous by their tall plumes. Some bore shields of wood and hide, and some were covered with a kind of armor made of tough twigs interlaced with a vegetable fiber supposed by Champlain to be cotton.

The allies, growing anxious, called with loud cries for their champion, and opened their ranks that he might pass to the front. He did so, and, advancing before his red companions-in-arms, stood revealed to the astonished Iroquois, who, beholding the warlike apparition in their path,

stared in mute amazement. But his arquebuse was leveled; the report startled the woods, a chief fell dead, and another by his side rolled among the bushes. Then there rose from the allies a yell, which, says Champlain, would have drowned a thunderclap, and the forest was full of whizzing arrows. For a moment, the Iroquois stood firm and sent back their arrows lustily; but when another and another gunshot came from the thickets on their flank, they broke and fled in uncontrollable terror. Swifter than hounds, the allies tore through the bushes in pursuit. Some of the Iroquois were killed; more were taken. Camps, canoes, provisions, all were abandoned, and many weapons flung down in the panic flight. The arquebuse had done its work. The victory was complete.

Thus did New France run into collision with the redoubted warriors of the Five Nations. Here was the beginning, in some measure doubtless the cause, of a long suite of murderous conflicts, bearing havoc and flame to generations yet unborn. Champlain had invaded the tiger's den; and now, in smothered fury, the patient savage would lie biding his day of blood.

IX. THE EARLY STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY.

THE struggle of the early colonies of this country for freedom did not begin with the War of the Revolution. Almost as soon as they were planted, the rulers of England began to tyrannize over them, and protests and struggles for the preservation of such rights as were granted them by their early charters are found nearly a century before the Declaration of Independence. One governor of New England, in particular, seems to have been disliked by

the colonists; and if their records are to be relied upon, Governor Andros was a petty tyrant of the most exasperating sort. Frequent complaints were made against him to the Princess of Orange, afterward the Queen of England. It was even claimed that this governor was a traitor to England, and was working in the interests of the French.

One such petition is given in the following selection, as an illustration of the spirit of the times, and also of the literary style then in use. Hawthorne's tale, "The Gray Champion," which soon follows (page 115), relates to the same period.

X. AN OLD LETTER.

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF ORANGE:—
MAY IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS.

THE great and good God, who hath foretold us in the Scriptures, that a great and wonderful Deliverance shall be wrought for his Church in the latter days, when the Mountain of Zion shall be exalted in the top of the Mountains, seemeth to have designed to make use of His Highness the Prince of Orange, and Your Royal Highness, as Instruments in that glorious Deliverance: Having already done such marvelous things in England by His Highness, in order to that great Work; insomuch, that the Eyes of all the Churches, and People of God, are this day towards His Highness, and Your Royal Highness, as Instruments in God's Hand for the further carrying on of the Deliverance of his Church, from the cruel Sufferings and Oppressions it is under in most parts of World. For which reason I have taken the boldness to become Your Royal Highnesses humble Remembrancer, on the behalf of the People, and Church of God in New England: Who about

Seventy years since forsook their own Native Country, and went into that howling wilderness, that they might enjoy the Liberty of their Consciences in the Worship of God. They are a People indeed not much taken notice of, yet a People by and for whom God hath done great things, and by whose assistance the English Colonies and Plantations in America, and the West India Islands may be much profited; and in case of War with France, many of the French Colonies, in those parts, may be reduced to the Obedience and Interest of the English Nation. They have erected a University amongst them, that hath produced very many able Divines, who have been very Instrumental in the Conversion of many of the Indians to the Christian Faith, having, for the furtherance of that good Work, Translated the Bible into the Indian Tongue.

Their Confession of Faith and Church Discipline, I have made bold to present to Your Royal Highness, that you may see they are Orthodox. This People had a Patent granted them by King James, to choose their own Governors, and to make their own Laws, (not repugnant to the Laws of England) which Patent was Ratified to them by King Charles the First and Second, and so continued until the late ill Mode of Quo Warranto's¹ came up, and that they had one sent to them about their Patent. For the defending of which, they stood a Trial at Westminster-hall, and cast² the King; but the King caused it to be brought to a Review, and by Stratagems used then in such like Cases, forced a Judgment against the said Patent; and thereupon took away all their Privileges, and Imposed a Governor, and new Laws upon them, which they exceedingly groan under. And although I am satisfied, that so

¹ **Quo Warranto**, a writ demanding by what warrant the person or persons held their franchise and exercised their privileges of office.

² **Cast**, got a verdict against.

soon as they shall come to hear of the great and wonderful things that God hath done in England by His Highness, for the Restoring of Charters and Privileges, they will then Address themselves to Your Highnesses, seeking the Restoration of theirs; yet in regard they are so many thousand Miles distant, it will be long ere it come to their Knowledge.

Therefore I have adventured on their behalf (having had a Correspondency with the said People many years, and knowing how much they will suffer, if their new Governor be not speedily removed) to give Your Royal Highness the trouble of these Lines, praying to God that He will please to move your Heart to take the First opportunity to help them to the Restoration of their Ancient Patent, Privileges, and Liberties: That they and all the Churches of God may have reason to own His Highness, and your Royal Highness, as Healers of their Breaches, and Restorers of Paths to dwell in: And to rejoyce in the Goodness of God in fulfilling that Promise, of making Kings to be Nursing Fathers, and Queens to be Nursing Mothers to his Church. I humbly beg your Royal Highnesses Pardon for the trouble of these Lines, and take leave to subscribe my self,

Great Madam,

Your Royal Highnesses

Most Obedient and

Most humble Servant

HAGUE, *the First of*
February, 1689. S. N.

ABRAHAM KICK.

WE must have kings, we must have nobles; nature is always providing such in every society: only let us have the *real* instead of the *titular*. The chief is the chief all the world over, only not his cap and plume.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

XI. IN THE ORCHARD.**BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.**

(1860- .)

O ROBIN in the cherry tree,
I hear you caroling your glee!
The platform where you lightly tread
Is lighted up with cherries red,
And there you sing among the boughs
Like Patti at the opera house.
Who is the hero in your play
To whom you sing in such a way?
And why are you so gayly dressed
With scarlet ribbons on your breast?
And is your lover good and true?
And does he always sing to you?
Your orchestra are winds that blow
Their blossom notes to me below;
And all the trembling leaves are throngs
Of people clapping for your songs.
I wonder if you like it when
I clap for you to sing again.



XII. DAWN AND DUSK.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

I.

SLENDER strips of crimson sky
Near the dim horizon lie,
Shot across with golden bars
Reaching to the fading stars;
Soft the balmy west wind blows
Wide the portals of the rose;
Smell of dewy pine and fir,
Lisping leaves and vines astir;
On the borders of the dark
Gayly sings the meadow lark,
Bidding all the birds assemble, —
Hark, the welkin seems to tremble!
Suddenly the sunny gleams
Break the poppy-fettered dreams, —
Dreams of Pan, with two feet cloven,
Piping to the nymph and faun,
Who, with wreaths of ivy woven,
Nimbly dance to greet the dawn.

II.

Shifting shadows indistinct;
Leaves and branches, crossed and linked,
Cling like children, and embrace,
Frightened at the moon's pale face.
In the gloomy wood begins
Noise of insect violins;
Swarms of fireflies flash their lamps
In their atmospheric camps,
And the sad-voiced whip-poor-will
Echoes back from hill to hill,

Liquid clear above the crickets
Chirping in the thorny thickets.
Weary eyelids, eyes that weep,
Wait the magic touch of sleep;
While the dew, in silence falling,
Fills the air with scent of musk,
And this lonely night bird, calling,
Drops a note down through the dusk.

—◆—

XIII. WIZARD FROST.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

WONDROUS things have come to pass
On my square of window glass.
Looking in it I have seen
Grass no longer painted green, —
Trees whose branches never stir, —
Skies without a cloud to blur, —
Birds below them sailing high, —
Church spires pointing to the sky, —
And a funny little town
Where the people, up and down
Streets of silver, to me seem
Like the people in a dream,
Dressed in finest kinds of lace:
'Tis a picture, on a space
Scarcely larger than the hand,
Of a tiny Switzerland,
Which the Wizard Frost has drawn
'Twixt the nightfall and the dawn.
Quick and see what he has done
Ere 'tis stolen by the Sun!

XIV. THE GRAY CHAMPION.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

(1804-1864).

This selection from Hawthorne is taken from his "New England Tales." They throw a very clear light upon the habits and manners of the Pilgrim Fathers, and of the early Puritan settlers in America.

THERE was once a time when New England groaned under the actual pressure of heavier wrongs than those threatened ones which brought on the Revolution. James II., the successor of Charles the Voluptuous,¹ had annulled the charters of all his colonies, and sent a harsh and unprincipled soldier to take away our liberties and endanger our religion. The administration of Sir Edmund Andros² lacked scarcely a single characteristic of tyranny: a Governor and Council, holding office from the King, and wholly independent of the country; laws made and taxes levied without concurrence of the people, immediate or by their representatives; the rights of private citizens violated, and the titles of all landed property declared void; the voice of complaint stifled by restrictions on the press; and, finally, disaffection, overawed by the first band of mercenary

¹ **Charles the Voluptuous.** This was a name given to Charles II., of England, who, coming to the throne after the death of Cromwell and the fall of the Commonwealth, established a most luxurious and profligate court. The Puritans had gone to the extreme of repression, had cut off all luxury, and denounced pleasure. Under Charles, England experienced a great re-action, and went to the other extreme of excessive luxury and wild dissipation. This was especially true of the royal court.

² **Sir Edmund Andros** was the governor of Massachusetts, appointed by James II.

troops that ever marched on our free soil. For two years our ancestors were kept in sullen submission by that filial love which had invariably secured their allegiance to the mother country, whether its head chanced to be a parliament, protector, or monarch. Till these evil times, however, such allegiance had been merely nominal, and the colonists had ruled themselves, enjoying far more freedom than was even yet the privilege of the native subjects of Great Britain.

At length a rumor reached our shores that the Prince of Orange had ventured on an enterprise, the success of which would be the triumph of civil and religious rights and the salvation of New England. It was but a doubtful whisper. It might be false, or the attempt might fail; and, in either case, the man that stirred against King James would lose his head. Still, the intelligence produced a marked effect. The people smiled mysteriously in the streets, and threw bold glances at their oppressors; while far and wide there was a subdued and silent agitation, as if the slightest signal would rouse the whole land from its sluggish despondency. Aware of their danger, the rulers resolved to avert it by an imposing display of strength, and perhaps to confirm their despotism by still harsher measures. One afternoon in April, 1689, Sir Edmund Andros and his favorite councilors, being warm with wine, assembled the redcoats of the Governor's Guard, and made their appearance in the streets of Boston. The sun was near setting when the march commenced.

The roll of the drum, at that unquiet crisis, seemed to go through the streets less as the martial music of the soldiers than as a muster call to the inhabitants themselves. A multitude, by various avenues, assembled in King Street, which was destined to be the scene, nearly a century afterwards, of another encounter between the troops of Britain and a people struggling against her tyranny. Though more than sixty

years had elapsed since the Pilgrims came, this crowd of their descendants showed the strong and somber features of their character perhaps more strikingly in such a stern emergency than on happier occasions. There were the sober garb, the general severity of the mien, the gloomy and undis-mayed expression, the Scriptural forms of speech, and the confidence in Heaven's blessing on a righteous cause, which would have marked a band of original Puritans¹ when threatened by some peril of the wilderness. Indeed, it was not yet time for the old spirit to be extinct, since there were men in the street that day who had worshiped there beneath the trees, before a house was raised to the God for whom they had become exiles. Old soldiers of the Parliament were there, too, smiling grimly at the thought that their aged arms might strike another blow against the house of Stuart.² Here, also, were the veterans of King Philip's War,³ who had burned villages and slaughtered young and old with pious fierceness, while the godly souls throughout the land were helping them with prayer. Several ministers were scattered among the crowd, which, unlike all other mobs, regarded them with such reverence as if there were sanctity in their very garments. These holy men exerted their influence to quiet the people, but not to disperse them. Meantime, the purpose of the Governor in disturbing the peace of the town at a period when the slightest commotion might throw the country into a ferment was almost the universal subject of inquiry, and variously explained.

¹ **Original Puritans.** This refers to the Pilgrims, or early settlers in Massachusetts, who had been Puritans in England. They were exceedingly religious, and were rigid and severe in their manner of living.

² **The House of Stuart.** The reigning family in England, to which King James belonged.

³ **King Philip's War.** A noted war with the Indians, which you will find described in your history.

"Satan will strike his master stroke presently," cried some, "because he knoweth his time is short. All our godly pastors are to be dragged to prison!"

Hereupon the people of each parish gathered closer round their minister, who looked calmly upward and assumed a more apostolic dignity, as well befitted a candidate for the highest honor of his profession, the crown of martyrdom.

Neither was this rumor wholly discredited, although the wiser class believed the Governor's object somewhat less atrocious. His predecessor under the old charter, Bradstreet, a venerable companion of the first settlers, was known to be in town. There were grounds for conjecturing that Sir Edmund Andros intended at once to strike terror by a parade of military force, and to confound the opposite faction by possessing himself of their chief.

"Stand firm for the old charter Governor!" shouted the crowd, seizing upon the idea. "The good old Governor Bradstreet!"

While this cry was at its loudest, the people were surprised by the well-known figure of Governor Bradstreet himself, a patriarch of nearly ninety, who appeared on the elevated steps of a door, and, with characteristic mildness, besought them to submit to the constituted authorities.

"My children," concluded this venerable person, "do nothing rashly. Cry not aloud, but pray for the welfare of New England, and expect patiently what the Lord will do in this matter!"

The event was soon to be decided. All this time, the roll of the drum had been approaching through Cornhill, louder and deeper, till with reverberations from house to house, and the regular tramp of martial footsteps, it burst into the street. A double rank of soldiers made their appearance, occupying the whole breadth of the passage, with shouldered matchlocks, and matches burning, so as to

present a row of fires in the dusk. Their steady march was like the progress of a machine, that would roll irresistibly over everything in its way. Next, moving slowly, with a confused clatter of hoofs on the pavement, rode a party of mounted gentlemen; the central figure being Sir Edmund Andros, elderly, but erect and soldier-like. Those around him were his favorite councilors, and the bitterest foes of New England. At his right hand rode Edward Randolph, our arch-enemy, that "blasted wretch," as Cotton Mather calls him, who achieved the downfall of our ancient government, and was followed through life with a sensible curse, and to the grave. On the other side was Bullivant, scattering jests and mockery as he rode along. Dudley came behind, with a downcast look, dreading, as well he might, to meet the indignant gaze of the people, who beheld him, their only countryman by birth, among the oppressors of his native land. The captain of a frigate in the harbor, and two or three civil officers, under Crown, were also there. But the figure which most attracted the public eye, and stirred up the deepest feeling, was the Episcopal clergyman of King's Chapel, riding haughtily among the magistrates in his priestly vestments, the fitting representative of prelacy and persecution, the union of church and state and all those abominations which had driven the Puritans to the wilderness. Another guard of soldiers, in double rank, brought up the rear.

The whole scene was a picture of the condition of New England, and its moral, the deformity of any government that does not grow out of the nature of things and the character of the people. On one side the religious multitude, with their sad visages and dark attire; and on the other, the group of despotic rulers, with the high churchman in the midst, and here and there a crucifix at their bosoms, all magnificently clad, flushed with wine, proud of unjust

authority, and scoffing at the universal groan. And the mercenary soldiers, waiting but the word to deluge the street with blood, showed the only means by which obedience could be secured.

"O Lord of Hosts," cried a voice among the crowd, "provide a Champion for thy people!"

This ejaculation was loudly uttered, and served as a herald's cry to introduce a remarkable personage. The crowd had rolled back, and were now huddled together nearly at the extremity of the street, while the soldiers had advanced no more than a third of its length. The intervening space was empty—a paved solitude, between lofty edifices, which threw almost a twilight shadow over it. Suddenly, there was seen the figure of an ancient man, who seemed to have emerged from among the people, and was walking by himself along the center of the street, to confront the armed band. He wore the old Puritan dress, a dark cloak and a steeple-crowned hat, in the fashion of at least fifty years before, with a heavy sword upon his thigh, but a staff in his hand, to assist the tremulous gait of age.

When at some distance from the multitude, the old man turned slowly round, displaying a face of antique majesty, rendered doubly venerable by the hoary beard that descended on his breast. He made a gesture at once of encouragement and warning, then turned again, and resumed his way.

"Who is the gray patriarch?" asked the young men of their sires.

"Who is the venerable brother?" asked the old men among themselves.

But none could make reply. The fathers of the people, those of fourscore years and upwards, were disturbed, deeming it strange that they should forget one of such evident authority, whom they must have known in their

early days, the associate of Winthrop, and all the old councilors, giving laws, and making prayers, and leading them against the savage. The elderly men ought to have remembered him, too, with locks as gray in their youth, as their own were now. And the young! How could he have passed so utterly from their memories — that hoary sire, the relic of long-departed times, whose awful benediction had surely been bestowed on their uncovered heads in childhood?

“Whence did he come? What is his purpose? Who can this old man be?” whispered the wondering crowd.

Meanwhile, the venerable stranger, staff in hand, was pursuing his solitary walk along the center of the street. As he drew near the advancing soldiers, and as the roll of their drum came full upon his ear, the old man raised himself to a loftier mien, while the decrepitude of age seemed to fall from his shoulders, leaving him in gray but unbroken dignity. Now, he marched onward with a warrior’s step, keeping time to the military music. Thus the aged form advanced on one side, and the whole parade of soldier and magistrate on the other, till, when scarcely twenty yards remained between, the old man grasped his staff by the middle, and held it before him like a leader’s truncheon.

“Stand!” cried he.

The eye, the face, and the attitude of command; the solemn yet warlike peal of that voice, fit either to rule a host in the battlefield or to be raised to God in prayer, were irresistible. At the old man’s word and outstretched arm, the roll of the drum was hushed at once, and the advancing line stood still. A tremulous enthusiasm seized upon the multitude. That stately form, combining the leader and the saint, so gray, so dimly seen, in such an ancient garb, could only belong to some old champion of the righteous cause whom the oppressor’s drum had sum

moned from his grave. They raised a shout of awe and exultation, and looked for the deliverance of New England.

The Governor and the gentlemen of his party, perceiving themselves brought to an unexpected stand, rode hastily forward, as if they would have pressed their snorting and affrighted horses right against the hoary apparition. He, however, blenched not a step, but, glancing his severe eye round the group, which half encompassed him, at last bent it sternly on Sir Edmund Andros. One would have thought that the dark old man was chief ruler there, and that the Governor and council, with their soldiers at their back, representing the whole power and authority of the Crown, had no alternative but obedience.

"What does this fellow here?" cried Edward Randolph, fiercely. "On, Sir Edmund! Bid the soldiers forward, and give the dotard the same choice that you give all his countrymen — to stand aside or be trampled on!"

"Nay, nay, let us show respect for the good grandsire," said Bullivant, laughing. "See you not, he is some old round-headed dignitary, who hath lain asleep these thirty years, and knows nothing of the change of times? Doubtless, he thinks to put us down with a proclamation in Old Noll's name!"

"Are you mad, old man?" demanded Sir Edmund Andros, in loud and harsh tones. "How dare you stay the march of King James's Governor?"

"I have stayed the march of a King himself, ere now," replied the gray figure, with stern composure. "I am here, Sir Governor, because the cry of an oppressed people hath disturbed me in my secret place; and beseeching this favor earnestly of the Lord, it was vouchsafed me to appear once again on earth, in the good old cause of his saints. And what speak ye of James? There is no longer a tyrant on the throne of England, and by to-morrow noon his name

shall be a byword in this very street, where ye would make it a word of terror. Back, thou that wast a Governor, back! With this night thy power is ended — to-morrow, the prison! — back, lest I foretell the scaffold!”

The people had been drawing nearer and nearer, and drinking in the words of their champion, who spoke in accents long disused, like one unaccustomed to converse, except with the dead of many years ago. But his voice stirred their souls. They confronted the soldiers, not wholly without arms, and ready to convert the very stones of the street into deadly weapons. Sir Edmund Andros looked at the old man; then he cast his hard and cruel eye over the multitude, and beheld them burning with that lurid wrath so difficult to kindle or to quench; and again he fixed his gaze on the aged form, which stood obscurely in an open square, where neither friend nor foe had thrust himself. What were his thoughts, he uttered no word which might discover. But whether the oppressor were overawed by the Gray Champion's look, or perceived his peril in the threatening attitude of the people, it is certain that he gave back, and ordered his soldiers to commence a slow and guarded retreat. Before another sunset, the Governor, and all that rode so proudly with him, were prisoners, and long before it was known that James had abdicated, King William was proclaimed throughout New England.

But where was the Gray Champion? Some reported that, when the troops had gone from King Street, and the people were thronging tumultuously in the rear, Bradstreet, the aged Governor, was seen to embrace a form more aged than his own. Others soberly affirmed that, while they marveled at the venerable grandeur of his aspect, the old man had faded from their eyes, melting slowly into the hues of twilight, till, where he stood, there was an empty space. But all agreed that the hoary shape was gone. The men of

that generation watched for his reappearance, in sunshine and in twilight, but never saw him more, nor knew when his funeral passed, nor where his gravestone was.

And who was the Gray Champion? Perhaps his name might be found in the records of that stern Court of Justice, which passed a sentence, too mighty for the age, but glorious in all after-times for its humbling lesson to the monarch and its high example to the subject. I have heard, that, whenever the descendants of the Puritans are to show the spirit of their sires, the old man appears again. When eighty years had passed, he walked once more in King Street. Five years later, in the twilight of an April morning, he stood on the green, beside the meeting-house, at Lexington, where now the obelisk of granite, with a slab of slate inlaid, commemorates the first fallen of the Revolution. And when our fathers were toiling at the breastwork on Bunker's Hill, all through that night the old warrior walked his rounds. Long, long may it be ere he comes again! His hour is one of darkness, and adversity, and peril. But should domestic tyranny oppress us, or the invader's step pollute our soil, still may the Gray Champion come; for he is the type of New England's hereditary spirit, and his shadowy march, on the eve of danger, must ever be the pledge that New England's sons will vindicate their ancestry.

XV. CROWN OUR WASHINGTON!

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

(1839-).

ARISE — 't is the day of our Washington's glory,
The garlands uplift for our liberties won;
Forever let Youth tell the patriot's story,
Whose sword swept for freedom the fields of the sun!

Not with gold, nor with gems,
But with evergreens vernal,
And the banners of stars that the continent span,
Crown, crown we the chief of the heroes eternal,
Who lifted his sword for the birthright of man !

He gave us a nation ; to make it immortal
He laid down for Freedom the sword that he drew,
And his faith leads us on through the uplifting portal
Of the glories of peace and our destinies new.

Not with gold, nor with gems,
But with evergreens vernal,
And the flags that the nations of liberty span,
Crown, crown him the chief of the heroes eternal
Who laid down his sword for the birthright of man !

Lead, Face of the Future, serene in thy beauty,
Till o'er the dead heroes the peace star shall gleam,
Till Right shall be Might in the counsels of duty,
And the service of man be life's glory supreme.

Not with gold, nor with gems,
But with evergreens vernal,
And the flags that the nations in brotherhood span,
Crown, crown we the chief of the heroes eternal,
Whose honor was gained by his service to man !

O Spirit of Liberty, sweet are thy numbers !
The winds to thy banners their tribute shall bring
While rolls the Potomac where Washington slumbers,
And his natal day comes with the angels of spring.

We follow thy counsels,
O hero eternal !
To highest achievement the school leads the van,
And, crowning thy brow with the evergreen vernal,
We pledge thee our all to the service of man !

XVI. THE BIRTHDAY OF WASHINGTON.**BY RUFUS CHOATE.****RUFUS CHOATE.**

MR. CHOATE (1799-1859) was perhaps, next after Webster, the greatest American lawyer. He, too, was a patriot. He studied at Dartmouth College, the same institution from which Webster had graduated, and, later, took a law course at Cambridge. He was for a time in the law office of the celebrated William Wirt. When Mr. Webster was made Secretary of State, and resigned from the Senate, Mr. Choate was elected senator in his place. Prior to this he had served two terms in the House of Representatives.

The following selection shows how Mr. Choate, like all true Americans,

admired Washington, the "Father of his Country."

THE birthday of the "Father of his Country"! May it ever be freshly remembered by American hearts! May it ever reawaken in them a filial veneration of his memory; ever rekindle the fires of patriotic regard to the country which he loved so well; to which he gave his youthful vigor and his youthful energy during the perilous period of the early Indian warfare; to which he devoted his life,

in the maturity of his powers, in the field; to which he again offered the counsels of his wisdom and his experience, as president of the convention that framed our Constitution; which he guided and directed with the chair of State, and for which the last prayer of his earthly supplication was offered up when it came the moment for him so well, and so grandly, and so calmly, to die! He was the first man of the time in which he grew. His memory is first and most sacred in our love; and ever hereafter, till the last drop of blood shall freeze in the last American heart, his name shall be a spell of power and of might.

Yes, gentlemen, there is one personal, one vast, felicity which no man can share with him. It was the daily beauty and towering, matchless glory of his life which enabled him to create his country, and, at the same time, secure an undying love and regard from the whole American people. "The first in the hearts of his countrymen!" Yes, *first*! Undoubtedly there were brave and wise and good men before his day, in every colony. But the American nation, as a nation, I do not reckon to have begun before 1774. And the first love of that young America was Washington. The first word she lisped was his name. Her earliest breath spoke it. It is still her proud ejaculation; and it will be the last gasp of her expiring life!

Yes! Others of our great men have been appreciated, — many admired by all. But him we love. Him we all love. About and around him we call up no dissentient and discordant and dissatisfied elements, no sectional prejudice nor bias, no party, no creed, no dogma of politics. None of these shall assail him. Yes! When the storm of battle blows darkest and rages highest, the name of Washington shall nerve every American arm, and cheer every American heart. It shall re-lume that Promethean fire, that sublime fire of patriotism, that devoted love of country, which his

words have commended, which his example has consecrated.
In the words of Lord Byron —

“Where may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows
Nor despicable state?
Yes, — one, the first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington.
To make man blush, there was but one.”

XVII. FAREWELL ADDRESS.¹

BY GEORGE WASHINGTON.

(1732-1799.)

FRRIENDS and Fellow Citizens, — The period for a new election of a Citizen, to administer the Executive Government of the United States, being not far distant, and the time actually arrived when your thoughts must be employed in designating the person who is to be clothed with that important trust, it appears to me proper, especially as it

¹ Near the end of Washington's second term as President, he was urged by the citizens to take the office for a third time, but the aged patriot felt that he had done all that could reasonably be expected of him, and refused to stand for election. He had served his country in war and in peace; had met with much abuse, and violent opposition from unprincipled enemies, but still held the hearts of his countrymen, and could doubtless have been elected with practically no opposition if he had consented. His reasons for declining were stated in a public address to the people of the United States, September 17, 1796, a portion of which is here given.



From Painting by John Faed.

GENERAL WASHINGTON AT TRENTON.

may conduce to a more distinct expression of the public voice, that I should now apprise you of the resolution I have formed to decline to be considered among the number of those out of whom a choice is to be made.

I beg you, at the same time, to do me the justice to be assured that this resolution has not been taken without a strict regard to all the considerations appertaining to the relation which binds a dutiful citizen to his country; and that, in withdrawing the tender of service which silence in my situation may imply, I am influenced by no diminution of zeal for your future interest, no deficiency of grateful respect for your past kindness, but am supported by a full conviction that the step is compatible with both.

The acceptance of, and continuance hitherto in, this office have been a uniform sacrifice of inclination to the opinion of duty, and to a deference of what appeared to be your desire. I constantly hoped that it would have been much earlier in my power, consistently with motives which I was not at liberty to disregard, to return to that retirement from which I had been reluctantly drawn. The strength of my inclination to do this, previous to the last election, had even led to the preparation of an address to declare it to you; but mature reflection on the then perplexed and critical posture of our affairs with foreign nations, and the unanimous advice of persons entitled to my confidence, impelled me to abandon the idea.

I rejoice that the state of your concerns, external as well as internal, no longer renders the pursuit of inclination incompatible with the sentiment of duty or propriety, and am persuaded, whatever partiality may be retained for my services, that in the present circumstances of our country you will not disapprove my determination to retire.

The impressions with which I first undertook the arduous trust were explained on the proper occasion. In the dis-

charge of this trust, I will only say that I have, with good intentions, contributed towards the organization and administration of the government the best exertions of which a very fallible judgment was capable. Not unconscious, in the outset, of the inferiority of my qualifications, experience in my own eyes, perhaps still more in the eyes of others, has strengthened the motives to diffidence of myself; and every day the increasing weight of years admonishes me, more and more, that the shade of retirement is as necessary to me as it will be welcome. Satisfied that if any circumstances have given peculiar value to my services they were temporary, I have the consolation to believe that, while choice and prudence invite me to quit the political scene, patriotism does not forbid it.

Let me warn you most solemnly against the baneful effects of the spirit of party. This spirit, unfortunately, is inseparable from the nature of man, having its root in the strongest passions of the human mind. It exists, under different shapes, in all governments, more or less stifled, controlled, or repressed; but in those of the popular form it is seen in its greatest rankness, and is truly their worst enemy.

The alternate domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge, natural to party dissension, which, in different ages and countries, has perpetuated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism, but this leads at length to a more formal and permanent despotism. The disorders and miseries which result gradually incline the minds of men to seek security and repose in the absolute power of an individual; and, sooner or later, the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortunate than his competitors, turns this disposition to the purposes of his own elevation, on the ruins of Public Liberty.

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports.

In vain would that man claim the tribute of Patriotism who should labor to subvert these great Pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of Men and Citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion.

Whatever may be conceded to the influence of education on minds of peculiar structure, — reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principles.

It is substantially true that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule, indeed, extends with more or less force to every species of Free Government. Who that is a sincere friend to it can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric?

Observe good faith and justice towards all Nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all; religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a People always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that, in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a Nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is

recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature.

In looking forward to the moment which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country, — for the many honors it has conferred upon me ; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me ; and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment, by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, as an instructive example in our annals, that, under circumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead ; amidst appearances sometimes dubious, vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging ; in situations in which, not unfrequently, want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism ; the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts, and a guarantee of the plans by which they were effected.

Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to my grave, as a strong incitement to unceasing vows that heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence ; that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual ; that the free constitution, which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained ; that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue ; that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete, by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing, as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and the adoption of every nation which is yet a stranger to it.

Though in reviewing the incidents of my administration, I am unconscious of intentional error — I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence, and after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its services, with an upright zeal that the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

Relying on its kindness in this as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love towards it, which is so natural to a man who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations, I anticipate with pleasing expectation that retreat, in which I promise myself to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midst of my fellow-citizens, the benign influence of good laws, under a free government, the ever-favorite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors, and dangers.

XVIII. RULES OF BEHAVIOR.¹

BY GEORGE WASHINGTON.

EVERY action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

Turn not your back to others, especially in speaking; jog not the table or desk on which another reads or writes; lean not on any one.

¹ These Rules of Behavior are said to have been copied by Washington when a boy, from a book then well known, rare copies of which are still to be found in some libraries.

Be no flatterer ; neither play with any one that delights not to be played with.

Read no letters, books, or papers in company ; but when there is a necessity for doing it, you must ask leave. Come not near the books or writings of any one so as to read them, unless desired, nor give your opinion of them unasked ; also, look not nigh when another is writing a letter.

Make no show of taking great delight in your victuals ; feed not with greediness ; lean not on the table ; neither find fault with what you eat.

Be not angry at table, whatever happens ; and if you have reason to be so, show it not ; put on a cheerful countenance, especially if there be strangers, for good humor makes one dish of meat a feast.

When you meet with one of greater quality than yourself, stop and retire, especially if it be at a door or any strait place, to give way to him to pass.

In writing or speaking, give to every person his due title, according to his degree and the custom of the place.

Strive not with your superiors in argument, but always submit your judgment to others with modesty.

Be not forward, but friendly and courteous ; the first to salute, hear, and answer ; and be not pensive when it is time to converse.

Play not the peacock, looking everywhere about you to see if you be well decked, if your shoes fit well, if your stockings set neatly, and clothes handsomely.

Think before you speak ; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.

Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise.

Be not tedious in discourse. Make not many digressions nor repeat often the same manner of discourse.

When you deliver a matter, do it without passion, and with discretion, however mean the person may be you do it to.

Associate yourself with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation; for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

Go not thither where you know not whether you will be welcome or not. Give not advice without being asked; and when desired, do it briefly.

Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any.

Speak not injurious words, neither in jest nor earnest; scoff at none, although they give occasion.

Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he were your enemy.

When a man does all he can, though it succeeds not well, blame not him that did it.



XIX. THE RISING IN 1776.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

(1822-1872.)

OUT of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.

And there was tumult in the air,
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
The answering tread of hurrying feet;

While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington;¹
And Concord roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot's arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

Within its shade of elm and oak
The church of Berkeley Manor stood;
There Sunday found the rural folk,
And some esteemed of gentle blood.
In vain their feet, with loitering tread,
Passed 'mid the graves where rank is naught;
All could not read the lesson taught
In that republic of the dead.

How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,
The vale with peace and sunshine full,
Where all the happy people walk,
Decked in their homespun flax and wool!
Where youths' gay hats with blossoms bloom,
And every maid, with simple art,
Wears on her breast, like her own heart,
A bud whose depths are all perfume;
While every garment's gentle stir
Is breathing rose and lavender.

The pastor came: his snowy locks
Hallowed his brow of thought and care;
And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,
He led into the house of prayer.
Then soon he rose; the prayer was strong;
The psalm was warrior David's song;

¹ See Frontispiece.

The text, a few short words of might;
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"

He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came.
The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
 And grasping in his nervous hand
 The imaginary battle brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir;
When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause —
When Berkeley cried, "Cease, traitor! cease;
God's temple is the house of peace!"

 The other shouted, "Nay! not so,
 When God is with our righteous cause;
His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers
 That frown upon the tyrant foe;
In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,
There is a time to fight and pray!"

And now before the open door —

The warrior priest had ordered so —
The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,

Its long reverberating blow,
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.
And there the startling drum and fife

Fired the living with fiercer life ;
While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,

The great bell swung as ne'er before.
It seemed as it would never cease ;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was "War! War! War!"

"Who dares" — this was the patriot's cry,
As striding from the desk he came, —

"Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die?"

A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered, "I!"

XX. ARNOLD'S TREASON AND ANDRÉ'S CAPTURE.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT.

(1800-1891.)

Benedict Arnold is known as the great traitor of America. During the earlier part of the War of the Revolution he was a distinguished soldier and general in the army of the patriots, admired and praised by Washington, and honored by his countrymen.

Arnold was a strong, vigorous man, very brave, and in many battles a successful general, but he was selfish and coarse and revengeful. He

thought he had not received all the honor he had earned, and determined to take revenge. In this he showed he had no real patriotism, but had been working for his own glory, for which he was perfectly willing to sacrifice his country. Fortunately his schemes fell to the ground, because of the nobler patriotism of some humbler men.

The following account of his attempted treachery is taken from Bancroft's "History of the United States":—

FROM the time when officers who stood below Arnold were promoted over his head, discontent rankled in his breast and found expressions in threats of revenge. After the northern campaign, he complained more than ever that his services had not been sufficiently rewarded. While he held the command in Philadelphia, his extravagant mode of living tempted him to peculation and treasonable connections; and towards the end of February, 1779, he let it be known to the British Commander-in-chief that he was desirous of exchanging the American service for that of Great Britain. His open preference for the friends of the English in Pennsylvania disgusted the patriots. The Council of that state, after bearing with him for more than half a year, very justly desired his removal from the command; and, having early in 1779 given information of his conduct, against their intention they became his accusers. The court-martial before which he was arraigned, on charges that touched his honor and integrity, dealt with him leniently, and sentenced him only to be reprimanded by the Commander-in-chief. The reprimand was marked with the greatest forbearance. The French minister, to whom Arnold applied for money, put aside his request, and added wise and friendly advice. In the course of the winter of 1778-1779, he was taken into the pay of Clinton, to whom he gave on every occasion most material intelligence. . . .

In 1780 the command at West Point needed to be changed. Acting in concert with Clinton, and supported by the New York delegation in Congress, Arnold, pleading his

wounds as an excuse for declining active service, solicited and obtained orders to that post, which included all the American forts in the Highlands. Clinton entered with all his soul into the ignoble plot which, as he believed, was to end the war. After a correspondence of two months between him and the Commander-in-chief, through Major John André, adjutant general of the army in North America, on the 30th of August, Arnold, insisting that the advantages which he expected to gain for himself by his surrender were "by no means unreasonable," and requiring that his conditions should "be clearly understood," laid a plan for an interview at which a person "fully authorized" was to "close with" his proposals.

The rendezvous was given by him within the American lines, where Colonel Sheldon held the command; and that officer was instructed to expect the arrival "at his quarters of a person in New York to open a channel of intelligence." On the same day, André, disguising his name, wrote to Sheldon from New York, by order of Clinton: "A white flag will be sent to Dobbs Ferry on Monday next, the 11th, at twelve o'clock. Let me entreat you, sir, to favor a matter which is of so private a nature that the public on either side can be injured by it. I trust I shall not be detained, but I would rather risk that than neglect the business in question, or assume a mysterious character to carry on an innocent affair, and get to your lines by stealth." To this degree could the British Commander-in-chief prostitute his word and a flag of truce, and lull the suspicion of the American officer by statements the most false. The letter of André being forwarded to Arnold, he "determined to go as far as Dobbs Ferry to meet the flag." As he was approaching the vessel in which André came up the river, the British guard boats, whose officers were not in the secret, fired upon his barge and prevented the interview. . . .

On the 18th of September, Washington crossed the North River on his way from headquarters near Tappan to Hartford, where, attended by Lafayette and Hamilton, he was to hold his first interview with General Rochambeau. He was joined on the river by Arnold, who accompanied him as far as Peekskill, and endeavored, though in vain, to obtain his consent for the reception of an agent on pretended business relating to confiscated property. Had the consent been given, the interview with André would have taken place under a flag of truce seemingly authorized by the American Commander-in-chief.

Time pressed on. On the evening of the 18th, Arnold, giving information that Washington on the following Sunday night was expected to be his guest at West Point, proposed that André should immediately come up to the "Vulture," ship-of-war, which rode at anchor just above Teller's Point, in Haverstraw Bay, promising on Wednesday evening "to send a person on board with a boat and a flag of truce."

This letter of Arnold reached Clinton on Tuesday evening, and he took his measures without delay. Troops were embarked on the Hudson River under the superintendence of Sir George Rodney, and the embarkation was disguised by a rumor of an intended expedition into the Chesapeake.

On the morning of the 20th, the British adjutant general, taking his life in his hand, prepared to carry out his orders. To diminish the dangers to which the service exposed him, "the Commander-in-chief, before his departure, cautioned him not to change his dress and not to take his papers." At Dobbs Ferry he embarked on the river, and, as the tide was favorable, reached the "Vulture" at about an hour after sunset, and declared to its captain that he "was ready to attend General Arnold's summons when and where he pleased."

The night the flag was first expected, he expressed much anxiety for its arrival, and, as it did not come, on the morning of the 21st, by an ingenious artifice he let Arnold know where he was. On the ensuing night one Smith, in a boat with muffled oars, went off from the western shore of the Hudson to the "Vulture." The instant André learned that he was wanted, he started out of bed and discovered the greatest impatience to be gone. Nor did he in any instance betray the least doubt of his safety and success. The moon, which had just passed into the third quarter, shone in a clear sky when the boat pushed for the landing place near the upper edge of the Haverstraw Mountains. It was very near the time for day to appear, when André, dressed in regimentals, which a large blue cloak concealed, landed at the point of the Long Clove, where Arnold was waiting in the bushes to receive him. The General had brought with him a spare horse; and the two rode through the village of Haverstraw within the American lines to the house of Smith, which lay a few miles from the river. At the dawn of day, the noise of artillery was heard. An American party had brought fieldpieces to bear on the "Vulture;" and Arnold, as he looked out from the window, saw her compelled to shift her anchorage. The negotiations of the two parties continued for several hours. Clinton was in person to bring his army to the siege of Fort Defiance, which inclosed about seven acres of land. The garrison was to be so distributed as to destroy its efficiency. Arnold was to send immediately to Washington for aid, and to surrender the place in time for Sir Henry Clinton to make arrangements to surprise the re-enforcement, which it was believed Washington would conduct in person. It was no part of the plan to risk surprising Washington while a guest at West Point. The promises to Arnold were indemnities in money, and the rank of brigadier in the British service. The American

general returned to his quarters. Late in the afternoon, André, changing his dress for the disguise of a citizen, provided with passes from Arnold, and attended by Smith, set off by land for New York. . . .

It happened that John Paulding, a poor man, then about forty-six years old, a zealous patriot who had served his country from the breaking out of the war, and had twice suffered captivity, had lately escaped from New York, and had formed a little corps of partisans to annoy roving parties taking provisions to New York, or otherwise serving the British. On that morning (23d), after setting a reserve of four to keep watch in the rear, he and David Williams of Tarrytown and Isaac Van Wart of Greenburg seated themselves in the thicket by the wayside, just above Tarrytown, and whiled away the time by playing cards. At an hour before noon André was just rising the hill out of Sleepy Hollow, within fifteen miles of the strong British post at King's Bridge, when Paulding got up, presented a firelock at his breast, and asked which way he was going. Full of the idea that he could meet none but friends to the English, he answered: "Gentlemen, I hope you belong to our party?" "Which party?" asked Paulding. "The lower party," said André. Paulding answered that he did. Then said André: "I am a British officer, out on particular business, and I hope you will not detain me a minute." Upon this Paulding ordered him to dismount. Seeing his mistake, André showed his pass from Arnold, saying, "By your stopping me, you will detain the General's business." "I hope," answered Paulding, "you will not be offended; we do not mean to take anything from you. There are many bad people going along the road; perhaps you may be one of them;" and he asked if he had any letters about him. André answered "No." They took him into the bushes to search for papers, and at last discovered three parcels under



From a rare old print.

THE CAPTURE OF MAJOR ANDRÉ, SEPTEMBER 23^d, 1780.

each stocking. Among these were a plan of the fortifications of West Point; a memorial from the engineer on the attack and defense of the place; returns of the garrison, cannon, and stores, all in the handwriting of Arnold. "This is a spy," said Paulding. André offered a hundred guineas, any sum of money, if they would but let him go. "No," cried Paulding, "not for ten thousand guineas." They then led him off, and, arriving in the evening at North Castle, they delivered him with his papers to Lieutenant Colonel Jameson, who commanded the post, and then went their way, not asking a reward for their services, nor leaving their names.

What passed between André and Jameson is now known. The result of the interview was, that on the 24th the prisoner was ordered by Jameson to be taken to Arnold; but on the sharp remonstrance of Major Tallmadge, the next in rank, the order was countermanded, and he was confined at Old Salem, yet with permission to inform Arnold by letter of his arrest.

His letter was received on the 25th, too late for an order to be given for his release, and only in time for Arnold himself to escape down the river to the "Vulture." Washington, who had turned aside to examine the condition of the works at West Point, arrived a few hours after his flight. . . .

André was without loss of time conducted to the headquarters of the army at Tappan. His offense was so clear that it would have justified the promptest action; but to prevent all possibility of complaint from any quarter, he was, on the 29th, brought before a numerous and very able board of officers. On his own confession and without the examination of a witness, the board, on which sat Greene, second only to Washington in the service, St. Clair, afterwards President of Congress, Lafayette, of the French army, Steuben, from the staff of Frederic II.,

Parsons, Clinton, Glover, Knox, Huntingdon, and others, all well known for their uprightness, made their unanimous report that Major André, adjutant general of the British army, ought to be considered as a spy from the enemy and to suffer death. Throughout the inquiry, André was penetrated with the liberality of the members of the court, who showed him every mark of indulgence, and required him to answer no interrogatory which could even embarrass his feelings. He acknowledged their generosity in the strongest terms of manly gratitude, and afterwards remarked to one who visited him, that, if there were any remains in his mind of prejudice against the Americans, his present experience must obliterate them.

On the 30th the sentence was approved by Washington, and ordered to be carried into effect the next day. Clinton had already, in a note to Washington, asked André's release, as one who had been protected by a "flag of truce and passports granted for his return." André had himself, in his examination before the board of officers, repelled the excuse which Clinton made for him; and indeed to have used a flag of truce for his purpose would have aggravated his offense. Washington replied by inclosing to the Commander-in-chief the report of the board of inquiry, and observed "that Major André was employed in the execution of measures very foreign to flags of truce, and such as they were never meant to authorize."

At the request of Clinton, who promised to present "a true state of facts," the execution was delayed until the second day of October; and General Robertson, attended by two civilians, came up the river for a conference. The civilians were not allowed to land, but Greene was deputed to meet the officer. Instead of presenting facts, Robertson, after compliments to the character of Greene, announced that he had come to treat with him. Greene answered:

"The case of an acknowledged spy admits no official discussion." Robertson then proposed to free André by an exchange. Greene answered, "If André is set free, Arnold must be given up;" for the liberation of André could not



MONUMENT TO THE CAPTORS OF MAJOR ANDRÉ
AT TARRYTOWN, N. Y.¹

be asked for except in exchange for one who was equally implicated in the plot. Robertson then forgot himself so far as to deliver an open letter from Arnold to Washington,

¹ The following inscription appears on the monument at Tarrytown.

"The people of Westchester County have erected this monument to testify their high estimation of that integrity and patriotism which led to the baffling of the arts of a spy and the plots of a traitor.

"On this spot, the 23d day of September, 1780, the spy, Major John André, Adjutant General of the British Army, was captured by John Paulding, David Williams, and Isaac Van Wart."

in which, in the event André should suffer death, he used these threats: "I shall think myself bound by every tie of duty and honor to retaliate on such unhappy persons of your army as may fall within my power. Forty of the principal inhabitants of South Carolina have justly forfeited their lives; Sir Henry Clinton cannot in justice extend his mercy to them any longer, if Major André suffers." . . .

In going to the place of execution, a constrained smile hid the emotions of André. Arrived at the fatal spot, the struggle in his mind was visible; but he preserved his self-control. "I am reconciled," he said, "to my fate, but not to the mode." Being asked at the last moment if he had anything to say, he answered: "Nothing but to request you to witness to the world that I die like a brave man." . . .

Washington sought out the three young men who, "leaning only on their virtue and an honest sense of duty," could not be tempted by gold; and, on his report, Congress voted them annuities in words of respect and honor.

XXI. THE DEATH OF MAJOR ANDRÉ.

BY DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL. (1829- .)

Major André was a man greatly admired, both by the British and Americans, for the nobility and gentleness of his character. The story of his enlistment had a touch of romance which made his unfortunate fate seem even more sad. He had loved and sought to marry an English lady of high position, but her parents objected. He went to London, and finally in despair enlisted in the British army for service in America. When upon his capture he was searched, every possession was found and taken from him except a miniature portrait of his former love. This he succeeded in concealing in his mouth. The poor lady never knew of her lover's sad end, as, unknown to him, she had died some time before his capture. Much sympathy was felt among both British and Americans for Major André, since it was believed

that he was the victim of the unscrupulous diplomacy of his superior officer, Sir Henry Clinton.

Dr. Silas Weir Mitchell, an American writer, has in a recent novel, "Hugh Wynne," woven this story of the death of André in a most pleasing way into the texture of his book. This is included in the following extract, in which Hugh Wynne, the hero of the book, who is represented as a friend of Major André, narrates the story:—

IT was evening before the decision of the court-martial became generally known. I wandered about all that day in the utmost depression of mind. About two in the afternoon of this 29th of September I met Hamilton¹ near the creek. He said he had been busy all day, and was free for an hour; would I come and dine at his quarters? What was the matter with me? I was glad of a chance to speak freely. We had a long and a sad talk, and he then learned why this miserable affair affected me so deeply. He had no belief that the court could do other than condemn Mr. André to die. I asked anxiously if the chief were certain to approve the sentence. He replied gloomily, "As surely as there is a God in heaven."

I could only wait. A hundred schemes were in my mind, each as useless as the others. In fact, I knew not what to do.

On the 30th his Excellency signed the death warrant, and, all hope being at an end, I determined to make an effort to see the man to whom I believe I owed my life. When I represented the matter to Mr. Hamilton and to the Marquis Lafayette, I put my request on the ground that Mr. André had here no one who could be called a friend, excepting only myself, and that to refuse me an interview were needlessly cruel. I wrote my application with care, the Marquis, who was most kind throughout, charging himself with the business of placing it favorably before our chief. The execu-

¹ Alexander Hamilton.

tion had been ordered for October 1, but, upon receipt of some communication from Sir Henry Clinton, it was postponed until noon on October 2.

Hamilton, who saw my agitation, begged me to prepare for disappointment. I, however, could see no reason to deny a man access to one doomed, when no other friend was near. Nor was I wrong. About seven in the evening of the first, the Marquis came in haste to find me. He had asked for my interview with Mr. André as a favor to himself. His Excellency had granted the request in the face of objections from two general officers, whom the Marquis did not name. As I thanked him, he gave me this order:—

TO MAJOR TALLMADGE:

The bearer, Hugh Wynne, Esq., Captain, Second Company, Third Regiment of Pennsylvania foot, has herewith permission to visit Major André.

GEO. WASHINGTON.

October 1, 1780.

I went at once—it was now close to eight in the evening—to the small house of one Maby, where the prisoner was kept. It was but an hundred yards from his Excellency's quarters. Six sentries marched to and fro around it, and within the room two officers remained day and night with drawn swords. My pass was taken at the door of the house, while I waited on the road without. In a few minutes an officer came to me with Major Tallmadge's compliments; and would I be pleased to enter?

I sometimes think it strange how, even in particulars, the natural and other scenery of this dark drama remains distinct in my memory, unaffected by the obliterating influence of the years which have effaced so much else I had been more glad to keep. I can see to-day the rising moon, the yellowish road, the long, gray stone farmhouse, with windows set in an irregular frame of brickwork. The door

opens, and I find myself in a short hall, where two officers salute as I pass. My conductor says, "This way, Captain Wynne," and I enter a long, cheerless-looking apartment, the sitting-room of a Dutch farmhouse. Two lieutenants, seated within at the doorway, rose as I entered, and, saluting me, sat down again. I stood an instant looking about me. A huge log fire roared on the hearth, so lighting the room that I saw its glow catch the bayonet tips of the sentinels outside as they went and came. There were a half-dozen wooden chairs, and on a pine table four candles burning, a bottle of Hollands, a decanter, and glasses. In a high-backed chair sat a man with his face to the fire. It was André. He was tranquilly sketching, with a quill pen, a likeness of himself. He did not turn or leave off drawing until Captain Tomlinson, one of the officers in charge, seeing me pause, said, —

"Your pardon, Major. Here is a gentleman come to visit you."

As he spoke, the prisoner turned, and I was at once struck by the extreme pallor of his face even as seen in the red light of the fire. His death-like whiteness at this time brought out the regular beauty of his features as his usual ruddiness of color never did. I have since seen strong men near to certain death, but I recall no one who, with a serene and untroubled visage, was yet white as was this gentleman.

The captain did not present me, and for a moment I stood with a kind of choking in the throat, which came, I suppose, of the great shock André's appearance gave me. He was thus the first to speak.

"Pardon me," he said, as he rose; "the name escaped me."

"Mr. Hugh Wynne," I said, getting myself pulled together — it was much needed.

"O Wynne!" he cried quite joyously; "I did not know you. How delightful to see a friend; how good of you to come! Sit down. Our accommodations are slight. Thanks to his Excellency, here are Madeira and Hollands; may I offer you a glass?"

"No, no," I said, as we took chairs by the fire, on which he cast a log, remarking how cold it was. Then he added:

"Well, Wynne, what can I do for you?" And then, smiling, "Pshaw! what a thing is habit! What can I do for you, or, indeed, my dear Wynne, for any one? But, truly, I am as glad as a child."

It was all so sweet and natural that I was again quite overcome. I cried, "I am so sorry, Mr. André! I came down from King's Ferry in haste when I heard of this, and have been three days getting leave to see you. If there be any service I can render you, I am come to offer it."

He said it would be a relief to him if he might speak to me out of earshot of the officers. I said as much to these gentlemen, and after a moment's hesitation they retired to just outside of the still open doorway of the room, leaving us freer to say what we pleased. He was quiet, and, as always, courteous to a fault; but I did not fail to observe that at times, as we talked and he spoke a word of his mother, his eyes filled with tears. In general he was far more composed than I.

He said, "Mr. Wynne, I have writ a letter, which I am allowed to send to General Washington. Will you see that he has it in person? It asks that I may die a soldier's death. All else is done. My mother — But no matter. I have wound up my earthly affairs. I am assured, through the kindness of his Excellency, that my letters and effects will reach my friends and those who are still closer to me. I had hoped to see Mr. Hamilton to-night, that I might ask him to deliver to your chief the letter I now give to you.

But he has not yet returned, and I must trust it to you to make sure that it does not fail to be considered. That is all, I think."

I said I would do my best, and was there no more—no errand of confidence—nothing else?

"No," he replied thoughtfully; "no, I think not. I shall never forget your kindness." Then he smiled and added, "My 'never' is a brief day for me, Wynne, unless God permits us to remember in the world where I shall be to-morrow."

I hardly recall what answer I made. I was ready to cry like a child. He went on to bid me say to the good Attorney General Chew that he had not forgotten his pleasant hospitalities, and he sent also some amiable message to the women of his house and to my aunt and to the Shippens, speaking with the ease and unrestraint of a man who looks to meet you at dinner next week, and merely says a brief good-by.

I promised to charge myself with his messages, and said at last that many officers desired me to express to him their sorrow at his unhappy situation, and that all men thought it hard that the life of an honest soldier was to be taken in place of that of a villain and coward who, if he had an atom of honor, would give himself up.

"May I beg of you, sir," he returned, "to thank these gentlemen of your army? 'Tis all I can do; and as to General Arnold—no, Wynne, he is not one to do that; I could not expect it."

As I was in act to leave, he took my hand, and said, "There are no thanks a man about to die can give that I do not offer you, Mr. Wynne. Be assured your visit has helped me. It is much to see the face of a friend. All men have been good to me and kind, and none more so than his Excellency. If to-morrow I could see, as I go to death, one

face I have known in happier hours — it is much to ask — I may count on you, I am sure. Ah, I see I can! And my letter — you will be sure to do your best?"

"Yes," I said, not trusting myself to speak further, and only adding, "Good-by," as I wrung his hand. Then I went out into the cold October starlight.

It was long after ten when I found Hamilton. I told him briefly of my interview, and asked if it could be possible for me to deliver in person to the General Mr. André's letter.

Hamilton shook his head. "I have so troubled his Excellency as to this poor fellow that I fear I can do no more. Men who do not know my chief cannot imagine the distress of heart this business has caused. I do not mean, Wynne, that he has or had the least indecision concerning the sentence, but I can tell you this, — the signature of approval of the court's finding is tremulous and unlike his usual writing. We will talk of this again. Will you wait at my quarters? I will do my best for you."

I said I would take a pipe and walk on the road at the foot of the slope below the house in which Washington resided. With this he left me.

The night was clear and beautiful; from the low hills far and near the camp bugle-calls and the sound of horses neighing filled the air. Uneasy and restless, I walked to and fro up and down the road below the little farmhouse. Once or twice I fancied I saw the tall figure of the chief pass across the window-panes. A hundred yards away was the house I had just left. There sat a gallant gentleman awaiting death. Here, in the house above me, was he in whose hands lay his fate. I pitied him too, and wondered if in his place I could be sternly just. At my feet the little brook babbled in the night, while the camp noises slowly died away. Meantime, intent on my purpose, I tried to arrange in my mind what I would say or how plead a lost cause.

At last I saw Hamilton approaching me through the gloom. "Come," he said. "His Excellency will see you, but I fear it will be of no use. He himself would agree to a change in the form of death, but Generals Greene and Sullivan are strongly of opinion that to do so in the present state of exasperation would be unwise and impolitic. I cannot say what I should do were I he. I am glad, Wynne, that it is not I who have to decide. I lose my sense of the equities of life in the face of so sad a business. At least I would give him



THE HOUSE WHERE ANDRÉ WAS A PRISONER.

From a photograph, 1897.

a gentleman's death. The Generals who tried the case say that to condemn a man as a spy, and not at last to deal with him as Hale was dealt with, would be impolitic, and unfair to men who were as gallant as the poor fellow in yonder farmhouse."

"It is only too clear," I said.

"Yes, they are right, I suppose, but it is a horrible business."

As we discussed the matter, I went with him past the sentinels, around the old stone house and through a hall, and to the left into a large room.

"The General sleeps here," Hamilton said in a lowered voice. "We have but these two apartments; across the passage is his dining room, which he uses as his office. Wait here;" and so saying, he left me. The room was large, some fifteen by eighteen feet, and so low-ceiled that the Dutch builder had need to contrive a recess in the ceiling to permit of a place for the tall Dutch clock he had brought from Holland. Around the chimney-piece were Dutch tiles. Black Billy, the General's servant, sat asleep in the corner, and two aids slumbered on the floor, tired out, I fancy. I walked to and fro over the creaking boards, and watched the Dutch clock. As it struck eleven, the figure of Time, seated below the dial, swung a scythe and turned a tiny hourglass. A bell rang; an orderly came in and woke up an aid: "Dispatch for West Point, sir, in haste." The young fellow groaned, stuck the paper in his belt, and went out for his long night ride.

At last my friend returned. "The General will see you presently, Wynne, but it is a useless errand. Give me André's letter." With this he left me again, and I continued my impatient walk. In a quarter of an hour he came back. "Come," said he; "I have done my best, but I have failed as I expected to fail. Speak your mind freely; he likes frankness." I went after him, and in a moment was in the farther room and alone with the chief.

A huge fire of logs blazed on the great kitchen hearth, and at a table covered with maps and papers, neatly set in order, the General sat writing.

He looked up and with quiet courtesy said, "Take a seat, Captain Wynne. I must be held excused for a little." I bowed and sat down, while he continued to write.

His pen moved slowly, and he paused at times, and then went on apparently with the utmost deliberation. I was favorably placed to watch him without appearing to do so, his face being strongly lit by the candles in front of him. He was dressed with his usual care, in a buff waistcoat and a blue-and-buff uniform, with powdered hair drawn back to a queue and carefully tied with black ribbon.

The face, with its light-blue eyes, ruddy cheeks, and rather heavy nose above a strong jaw, was now grave and, I thought, stern. At least a half-hour went by before he pushed back his chair and looked up.

"Captain Wynne," he said, "I have refused to see several gentlemen in regard to this sad business, but I learn that Mr. André was your friend, and at the earnest request of Captain Hamilton and the Marquis I am willing to listen to you. May I ask you to be brief?" He spoke slowly, as if weighing his words.

I replied that I was most grateful — that I owed it to Major André that I had not long ago endured the fate which was now to be his.

"Permit me, sir," he said, "to ask when this occurred."

I replied that it was when, at his Excellency's desire, I had entered Philadelphia as a spy, and then I went on briefly to relate what had happened.

"Sir," he returned, "you owed your danger to folly, not to what your duty brought. You were false, for the time, to that duty. But this does not concern us now. It may have served as a lesson, and I am free to admit that you did your country a great service. What now can I do for you? As to this unhappy gentleman, his fate is out of my hands. I have read the letter which Captain Hamilton gave me." As he spoke, he took it from the table and deliberately read it again, while I watched him. Then he looked up. I saw that his big, patient eyes were overfull as he spoke.

"I regret, sir, to have to refuse this most natural request; I have told Mr. Hamilton that it is not to be thought of. Neither shall I reply. It is not fitting that I should do so, nor is it necessary or even proper that I assign reasons which must already be plain to every man of sense. Is that all?"

I said, "Might I ask but a minute more?"

"I am at your disposal, sir, for so long. What is it?"

I hesitated, and, I suspect, showed plainly in my face my doubt as to the propriety of what was most on my mind when I sought this interview. He instantly guessed that I was embarrassed, and said, with the gentlest manner and a slight smile, —

"Ah, Mr. Wynne, there is nothing which can be done to save your friend, nor indeed to alter his fate; but if you desire to say more, do not hesitate. You have suffered much for the cause which is dear to us both. Go on, sir."

Thus encouraged, I said, "If on any pretext the execution can be delayed a week, I am ready to go with a friend — to enter New York in disguise, and to bring out General Arnold. I have been his aid, I know all his habits, and I am confident that we shall succeed if only I can control near New York a detachment of tried men. I have thought over my plan, and am willing to risk my life upon it."

"You propose a gallant venture, sir, but it would be certain to fail; the service would lose another brave man, and I should seem to have been wanting in decision for no just or assignable cause."

I was profoundly disappointed; and in the grief of my failure I forgot for a moment the august presence which imposed on all men the respect which no sovereign could have inspired.

"Sir," I exclaimed, "and this traitor must live unpunished, and a man who did but what he believed to be his duty must suffer a death of shame?" Then, half scared, I

looked up, feeling that I had said too much. He had risen before I spoke, meaning, no doubt, to bring my visit to an end, and was standing with his back to the fire, his admirable figure giving the impression of greater height than was really his.

When, after my passionate speech, I looked up, having of course also risen, his face wore a look that was more solemn than any face of man I have ever yet seen in all my length of years.

"There is a God, Mr. Wynne," he said, "who punishes the traitor. Let us leave this man to the shame which every year must bring. Your scheme I cannot consider. I have no wish to conceal from you or from any gentleman what it has cost me to do that which, as God lives, I believe to be right. You, sir, have done your duty to your friend. And now may I ask of you not to prolong a too painful interview?"

I bowed, saying, "I cannot thank your Excellency too much for the kindness with which you have listened to a rash young man."

It was now late in the night, and, thinking to compose myself, I walked up and down the road and past the Dutch church. (*See page 31.*) As I turned in my walk, I came on two upright posts with a cross-beam above. It was the gallows. I moved away horror-stricken, and with swift steps went down the hill.

Of the horrible scene at noon on the 2d of October I shall say very little. A too early death never took from earth a more amiable and accomplished soldier. I asked, and had leave to stand by the door as he came out. He paused, very white in his scarlet coat, smiled, and said, "Thank you, Wynne; God bless you!" and went on, recognizing with a bow the members of the court, and so with a firm step to his ignoble death.

As I had promised, I fell in behind the sad procession to the top of the hill. No fairer scene could a man look upon for his last of earth. The green range of the Piedmont hills rose to north. On all sides, near and far, was the splendor of the autumn-tinted woods, and to west the land swept downward past the headquarters to where the cliffs rose above the Hudson. I can see it all now — the loveliness of nature, the waiting thousands, mute and pitiful. I shut my eyes and prayed for this passing soul. A deathful stillness came upon the assembled multitude. I heard Colonel Scammel read the sentence. Then there was a rumble of the cart, a low murmur broke forth, and the sound of moving steps was heard. It was over. The great assemblage of farmers and soldiers went away strangely silent, and many in tears.

The effort I so earnestly desired to make for the capture of Arnold was afterward made by Sergeant Champe, but failed, as all men now know. I am honestly of opinion that I should have succeeded.

Years afterward I was walking along the Strand in London, when, looking up, I saw a man and woman approaching. It was Arnold with his wife. His face was thin and wasted, a countenance writ over with gloom and disappointment. His masculine vigor was gone. Cain could have borne no plainer marks of vain remorse. He looked straight before him. As I crossed the way, with no desire to meet him, I saw the woman look up at him, a strange melancholy sweetness in the pale, worn face of our once beautiful Margaret. Her love was all that time had left him; poor, broken, shunned, insulted, he was fast going to his grave. Where now he lies I know not. Did he repent with bitter tears on that gentle breast? God only knows. I walked on through the crowded street, and thought of the words of my great chief, "There is a God who punishes the traitor."

XXII. THE DEATHBED OF BENEDICT ARNOLD.

BY GEORGE LEPPARD.

FIFTY years ago, in a rude garret, near one of the loneliest suburbs of the city of London, lay a dying man. He was but half-dressed, though his legs were concealed in long military boots. An aged minister stood beside the rough couch. The form was that of a strong man grown old through care more than age. There was a face that you might look upon but once, and yet wear it in your memory forever.

Let us bend over the bed, and look upon that face. A bold forehead seamed by one deep wrinkle visible between the brows; long locks of dark hair, sprinkled with gray; lips firmly set, yet quivering, as though they had a life separate from the life of the man; and then, two large eyes, vivid, burning, unnatural in their steady glare. Ay, there was something terrible in that face,—something so full of unnatural loneliness, unspeakable despair, that the aged minister started back in horror. But look! those strong arms are clutching at the vacant air: the death sweat stands in drops on that bold brow,—the man is dying. Throb, throb, throb, beats the deathwatch in the shattered wall. "Would you die in the faith of the Christian?" faltered the preacher, as he knelt there on the damp floor.

The white lips of the death-stricken man trembled, but made no sound. Then, with the strong agony of death upon him, he rose into a sitting posture. For the first time he spoke. "Christian!" he echoed in that deep tone which thrilled the preacher to the heart: "will that faith give me back my honor? Come with me, old man, come

with me, far over the waters. Ha! we are there! This is my native town. Yonder is the church in which I knelt in childhood; yonder the green on which I sported when a boy. But another flag waves yonder, in place of the flag that waved when I was a child.

“And listen, old man! were I to pass along the streets, as I passed when but a child, the very babes in their cradles would raise their tiny hands and curse me! The graves in yonder churchyard would shrink from my footsteps; and yonder flag would rain a baptism of blood upon my head!”

That was an awful deathbed. The minister had watched the last night with a hundred convicts in their cells, but had never beheld a scene so terrible as this. Suddenly the dying man arose: he tottered along the floor. With those white fingers, whose nails were blue with the death chill, he threw open a valise. He drew from thence a faded coat of blue, faced with silver, and the wreck of a battle flag.

“Look ye, priest! this faded coat is spotted with my blood!” he cried, as old memories seemed stirring at his heart. “This coat I wore, when I first heard the news of Lexington! this coat I wore, when I planted the banner of the stars on Ticonderoga! that bullet hole was pierced in the fight of Quebec; and now I am a — let me whisper it in your ear!” He hissed that single burning word into the minister’s ear. “Now help me, priest! help me to put on this coat of blue; for you see” — and a ghastly smile came over his face — “there is no one here to wipe the cold drops from my brow, — no wife, no child. I must meet Death alone; but I will meet him, as I have met him in battle, without a fear!”

And while he stood arraying his limbs in that worm-eaten coat of blue and silver, the good minister spoke to him of

faith in Jesus; yes, of that great faith which pierces the clouds of human guilt, and rolls them back from the face of God. "Faith!" echoed that strange man, who stood there, erect, with the death chill on his brow, "faith! Can it give me back my honor? Look ye, priest! there, over the waves, sits George Washington, telling to his comrades the pleasant story of the eight years' war: there, in his royal halls, sits George of England, bewailing, in his idiotic voice, the loss of his colonies! And here am I!—I who was the first to raise the flag of freedom, the first to strike a blow against that king, — here am I, dying! oh, dying like a dog!"

The awe-stricken preacher started back from the look of the dying man, while throb, throb, throb, beat the death-watch in the shattered wall. "Hush! silence along the lines there!" he muttered, in that wild, absent tone, as though speaking to the dead; "silence along the lines! not a word, not a word, on peril of your lives! Hark you, Montgomery! we will meet in the center of the town: we will meet there in victory, or die! Hist! silence, my men! not a whisper, as we move up those steep rocks! Now on, my boys, now on! Men of the wilderness, we will gain the town! Now up with the banner of the stars, up with the flag of freedom, though the night is dark and the snow falls! Now! now, one more blow, and Quebec is ours!"

And look! his eye grows glassy. With that word on his lips, he stands there—ah! what a hideous picture of despair! erect, livid, ghastly: there for a moment, and then he falls!—he is dead! Ah, look at that proud form, thrown cold and stiff upon the damp floor. In that glassy eye there lingers, even yet, a horrible energy, — a sublimity of despair. Who is this strange man lying there alone, in this rude garret,—this man, who, in all his crimes, still treasured up that blue uniform, that faded flag? Who is

this being of horrible remorse? — this man whose memories seem to link something with heaven and more with hell?

Let us look at that parchment and flag. The aged minister unrolls that faded flag; it is a blue banner gleaming with thirteen stars. He unrolls that parchment: it is a colonel's commission in the Continental army addressed to BENEDICT ARNOLD! And there, in that rude hut, while the deathwatch throbbed like a heart in the shattered wall, there, unknown, unwept, in all the bitterness of desolation, lay the corse of the patriot and the traitor.

Oh that our own true Washington had been there, to sever that good right arm from the corse; and, while the dishonored body crumbled into dust, to bring home that noble arm, and embalm it among the holiest memories of the past! For that right arm struck many a gallant blow for freedom, — yonder at Ticonderoga, at Quebec, Champlain, and Saratoga; that arm yonder, beneath the snow-white mountains, in the deep silence of the river of the dead, first raised into light the Banner of the Stars.

XXIII. CONTENTMENT.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

(1809-1894.)

"Man wants but little here below."

LITTLE I ask; my wants are few;
I only wish a hut of stone,
(A very plain brown stone will do,) —
That I may call my own; —
And close at hand is such a one,
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;
Three courses are as good as ten;—
If Nature can subsist on three,
Thank heaven for three. Amen!
I always thought cold victuals nice,—
My choice would be vanilla ice.

I care not much for gold or land;—
Give me a mortgage here and there,—
Some good bank stock, some note of hand,
Or trifling railroad share,—
I only ask that Fortune send
A little more than I shall spend.

Honors are silly toys, I know,
And titles are but empty names;
I would, perhaps, be Plenipo,—
But only near St. James;
I'm very sure I should not care
To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are baubles; 'tis a sin
To care for such unfruitful things;—
One good-sized diamond in a pin,—
Some, not so large, in rings,—
A ruby, and a pearl, or so,
Will do for me;—I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap attire;
(Good, heavy silks are never dear;)-
I own, perhaps I might desire
Some shawls of true Cashmere,—
Some marrowy crapes of China silk,
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive
So fast that folks must stop and stare;
An easy gait—two forty-five—
Suits me; I do not care;—
Perhaps, for just a single spurt,
Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of pictures, I should like to own
Titians and Raphaels three or four, —
I love so much their style and tone, —
One Turner, and no more,
(A landscape, — foreground golden dirt, —
The sunshine painted with a squirt.)

Of books but few, — some fifty score
For daily use, and bound for wear;
The rest upon an upper floor; —
Some little luxury there
Of red morocco's gilded gleam
And vellum rich as country cream.

Busts, cameos, gems, — such things as these,
Which others often show for pride,
I value for their power to please,
And selfish churls deride; —
One Stradivarius, I confess,
Two meerschaums, I would fain possess.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,
Nor ape the glittering upstart fool; —
Shall not carved tables serve my turn,
But all must be of buhl?
Give grasping pomp its double share, —
I ask but one recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,
 Nor long for Midas's golden touch;
 If Heaven more generous gifts deny,
 I shall not miss them much, —
 Too grateful for the blessing lent
 Of simple tastes and mind content!

XXIV. THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
 Sails the unshadowed main, —



CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

The venturous bark
 that flings
 On the sweet summer
 wind its purpled
 wings
 In gulfs enchanted,
 where the Siren
 sings,
 And Coral reefs lie
 bare,
 Where the cold sea-maids
 rise to sun their
 streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
 Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
 And every chambered cell,
 Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
 As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
 Before thee lies revealed, —
 Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil ;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step his shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no
more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn !
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn !
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that
sings : —

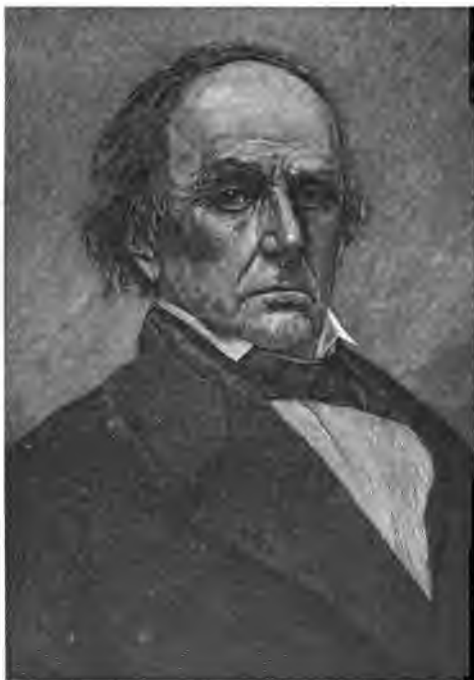
“Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll !
Leave thy low-vaulted past !
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea ! ”

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle that fits them all.
The great thing in this world is not so much where we stand,
as in what direction we are moving.
At thirty we are all trying to cut our names in big letters upon
this tenement of life. Twenty years later we have carved it or
shut up our jack-knives.

Bits from Holmes's "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

XXV. DANIEL WEBSTER.

(1782-1852.)

**DANIEL WEBSTER.**

DANIEL WEBSTER was the greatest of all the orators who have lived in this country. He was born and brought up on a farm in New Hampshire, and, after going through Dartmouth College, became a lawyer, and one of the greatest lawyers that ever lived.

In time, he was elected United States Senator from Massachusetts, and in the Senate made many great speeches, especially in defence

of the Union and against the idea of secession. Among his greatest speeches outside of the Senate, were two delivered at Bunker Hill Monument. A part of one of these is given in a subsequent selection.

Mr. Webster was a man of noble mind, lofty character, and great power. He was large and commanding in appearance; had an immense head, with deep-set black eyes.

When he spoke no one could resist his eloquence; his voice was rich, and deep, and wonderfully powerful. He has been known to speak out of doors so as to be distinctly heard by many thousands of people.

The story is told of him, when a boy, that once he and his brother caught a woodchuck which had been doing great damage on his father's farm; the brother Ezekiel wanted to kill the woodchuck at once, but the animal seemed so helpless that Daniel's pity was aroused and he insisted that it should be let go. As they could not agree, the two brothers took the case to their father, where Ezekiel gave his reasons for wanting to kill the woodchuck, because it had done so much damage, but Daniel pleaded for the life of the poor animal so eloquently that the father, although he knew what mischief the woodchuck would do, decided that it should be given its freedom.

XXVI. FIRST ORATION ON BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.¹

BY DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE uncounted multitude before me and around me proves the feeling which the occasion has excited. These thousands of human faces, glowing with sympathy and joy, and from the impulses of a common gratitude turned reverently to heaven in this spacious temple of the firmament, proclaim that the day, the place, and the purpose of our assembling have made a deep impression on our hearts.

¹ This is an extract from a speech made by Daniel Webster during the building of the monument, June 17, 1825, and is known as his First Bunker Hill Oration. He delivered a second eloquent oration on the same spot, June 17, 1843, upon the completion of the monument.

If, indeed, there be anything in local association fit to affect the mind of man, we need not strive to repress the emotions which agitate us here. We are among the sepulchers of our fathers. We are on ground distinguished by their valor, their constancy, and the shedding of their blood. We are here, not to fix an uncertain date in our annals, nor to draw into notice an obscure and unknown spot. If our humble purpose had never been conceived, if we ourselves had never been born, the 17th of June, 1775, would have been a day on which all subsequent history would have poured its light, and the eminence where we stand a point of attraction to the eyes of successive generations. But we are Americans. We live in what may be called the early age of this great continent; and we know that our posterity, through all time, are here to enjoy and suffer the allotments of humanity. We see before us a probable train of great events; we know that our own fortunes have been happily cast; and it is natural, therefore, that we should be moved by the contemplation of occurrences which have guided our destiny before many of us were born, and settled the condition in which we shall pass that portion of our existence which God allows to men on earth.

We do not read even of the discovery of this continent without feeling something of a personal interest in the event; without being reminded how much it has affected our own fortunes and our own existence.

It is more impossible for us, therefore, than for others, to contemplate with unaffected minds that interesting, I may say that most touching and pathetic scene, when the great discoverer of America stood on the deck of his shattered bark, the shades of night falling on the sea, yet no man sleeping; tossed on the billows of an unknown ocean, yet the stronger billows of alternate hope and despair tossing his own troubled thoughts; extending forward his harassed

frame, straining westward his eager and anxious eyes, till Heaven at last granted him a moment of rapture and ecstasy, in blessing his vision with the sight of the unknown world.

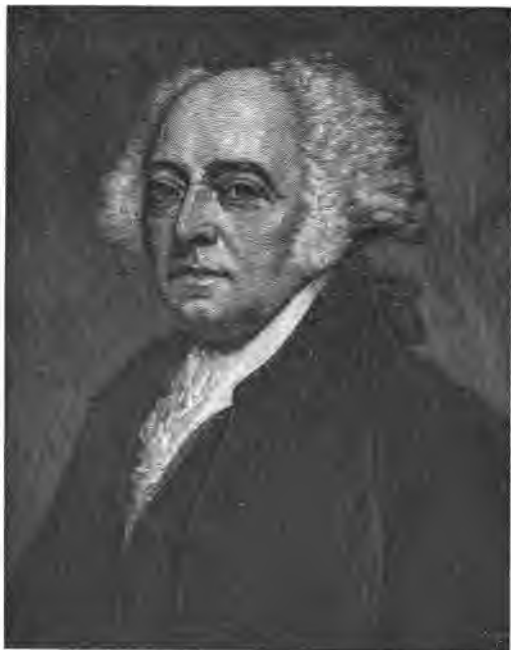
Nearer to our times, more closely connected with our fates, and therefore still more interesting to our feelings and affections, is the settlement of our own country by colonists from England. We cherish every memorial of these worthy ancestors; we celebrate their patience and fortitude; we admire their daring enterprise; we teach our children to venerate their piety; and we are justly proud of being descended from men who have set the world an example of founding civil institutions on the great and united principles of human freedom and human knowledge. To us, their children, the story of their labors and their sufferings can never be without its interest. We shall not stand unmoved on the shore of Plymouth while the sea continues to wash it; nor will our brethren in another early and ancient colony forget the place of its first establishment till their river shall cease to flow by it. No vigor of youth, no maturity of manhood, will lead the nation to forget the spots where its infancy was cradled and defended.

We know, indeed, that the record of illustrious actions is most safely deposited in the universal remembrance of mankind. We know that if we could cause this structure to ascend, not only till it reached the skies but till it pierced them, its broad surfaces could still contain but part of that which, in an age of knowledge, hath already been spread over the earth, and which history charges itself with making known to all future times. We know that no inscription on entablatures less broad than the earth itself can carry information of the events we commemorate where it has not already gone; and that no structure which shall not outlive the duration of letters and knowledge among men can prolong the memorial. But our object is, by this edifice, to

show our own deep sense of the value and importance of the achievements of our ancestors; and, by presenting this work of gratitude to the eye, to keep alive similar sentiments, and to foster a constant regard for the principles of the Revolution. Let it not be supposed that our object is to perpetuate national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence, and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it forever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit which has been conferred on our own land, and of the happy influences which have been produced by the same events, on the general interests of mankind. We come, as Americans, to mark a spot which must forever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish that whosoever in all coming time shall turn his eye hither may behold that the place is not undistinguished where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish that labor may look up here and be proud, in the midst of its toil. We wish that, in those days of disaster, which, as they come upon all nations, must be expected to come upon us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national power still stand strong. We wish that this column, rising towards heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce in all minds a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object to the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden him who revisits it, may be something which shall

remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise! let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit!

And let the sacred obligations which have devolved on this generation, and on us, sink deep into our hearts. Those who established our liberty and our government are daily dropping from among us. The great trust now descends to new hands. Let us apply ourselves to that which is presented to us, as our appropriate object. We can win no laurels in a war for independence. Earlier and worthier hands have gathered them all. Nor are there places for us by the side of Solon, and Alfred, and other founders of states. Our fathers have filled them. But there remains to us a great duty of defense and preservation; and there is opened to us also a noble pursuit, to which the spirit of the times strongly invites us. Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement. In a day of peace, let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered. Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. In pursuing the great objects which our condition points out to us, let us act under a settled conviction, and an habitual feeling, that these twenty-four States are one country. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be OUR COUNTRY, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY, AND NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of Wisdom, of Peace, and of Liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever!

XXVII. SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS.**BY DANIEL WEBSTER.****JOHN ADAMS.**

JOHN ADAMS (1735-1826), the second President of the United States, was one of the heroes of the War of the Revolution, and helped to make the Declaration of Independence. His name was prominent among the signers of that noble document.

Daniel Webster, who was as great a patriot as Adams, many years after in one of his famous speeches imagined John Adams making an address before the Convention which

framed the Declaration of Independence. The following is this supposed speech:—

SINK or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence. But there's a divinity that shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest for our good, she has obstinately per-

sisted till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the Declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life or his own honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws?

If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or give up, the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston Port Bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate the most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having twelve months ago, in this place, moved you that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces raised, or to be raised, for the defense of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declara-

tion of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects, in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct towards us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the point in controversy with her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why, then, Sir, do we not change this from a civil to a national war! And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, — the people, if we are true to them, will carry themselves and will carry us, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these Colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts and cannot be eradicated. Every Colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the Declaration of Independence will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for the restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the spirit of life.

Read this Declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn and the solemn vow uttered, to main-

tain it, or perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling around it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs, but I see — I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to see the time that this Declaration shall be made good. We may die: die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready, at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when the hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

But whatever may be our fate, be assured — be assured that this Declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed tears, — copious, gushing tears; not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves the measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in

this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment, Independence now and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER.

XXVIII. AN APPEAL TO ARMS.

BY PATRICK HENRY.¹

(1736-1799.)



PATRICK HENRY.

MR. PRESIDENT, — It is but natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty?

Are we disposed to be of the number of those who having eyes see not, and having ears hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst and to provide for it.

¹ PATRICK HENRY was an American orator and patriot, who lived in Virginia at the time of the Revolution. His eloquent speeches were among the causes which stirred up the people of this country to fight for their freedom.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house.

Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with these warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land.

Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation; the last arguments to which kings resort.

I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other.

They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain.

Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication?

What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated. We have prostrated ourselves at the foot of the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament.

Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional insult and violence; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge in the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope.

If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate these inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending — if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house?

Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance, by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of the means which the God of nature hath placed in our power.

Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of Liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us.

Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest.

There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable — and let it come! I repeat it, sir, LET IT COME! It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace. The war is actually begun!

The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but, as for me, GIVE ME LIBERTY, OR GIVE ME DEATH!



Ensign carried by New England ships before the Revolution.

XXIX. NATURE.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

(1803-1882.)

TO go into solitude, a man needs to retire as much from his chamber as from society. I am not solitary whilst I read and write, though nobody is with me. But if a man would be alone, let him look at the stars. The rays that come from those heavenly worlds will separate between him and what he touches. One might think the atmosphere was made transparent with this design, to give man, in the heavenly bodies, the perpetual presence of the sublime. Seen in the streets of cities, how great they are! If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore, and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown! But every night come out these envoys of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile.

The stars awaken a certain reverence, because though always present, they are inaccessible; but all natural objects make a kindred impression, when the mind is open to their influence. Nature never wears a mean appearance. Neither does the wisest man extort her secret, and lose his curiosity by finding out all her perfection. Nature never became a toy to a wise spirit. The flowers, the animals, the mountains, reflected the wisdom of his best hour, as much as they had delighted the simplicity of his childhood. . . . The lover of nature is he whose inward and outward senses are truly adjusted to each other; who has retained the spirit of infancy even into the era of manhood. His intercourse with heaven and earth becomes part of his daily food.

'XXX. THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

BY FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

(1780-1843.)

O H, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
gleaming?

Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous
fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there:
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam.
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream:
'T is the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?

Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution!
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand

Between their loved home and the war's desolation !

Blest with victory and peace, may the Heaven-rescued land

Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation !

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just ;

And this be our motto, — " In God is our trust ! "

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

XXXI THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

BY DAVID T. SHAW.

O COLUMBIA, the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,

The shrine of each patriot's devotion !

A world offers homage to thee.

Thy mandates make heroes assemble,

When liberty's form stands in view,

Thy banners make tyranny tremble,

When borne by the Red, White, and Blue.

CHORUS: When borne by the Red, White, and Blue,

When borne by the Red, White, and Blue,

Thy banners make tyranny tremble,

When borne by the Red, White, and Blue.

When war winged its wide desolation,

And threatened the land to deform,

The ark then of Freedom's foundation,

Columbia, rode safe through the storm,

With the garlands of victory round her,

When so proudly she bore her brave crew

With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the Red, White, and Blue.

CHORUS.

The wine cup, the wine cup bring hither,
And fill you it true to the brim;
May the wreaths they have won never wither,
Nor the stars of their glory grow dim;
May the service united ne'er sever,
But they to their colors prove true!
The Army and Navy forever!
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue!

CHORUS.

XXXII. CUSTOMS OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

BY CAPT. MERIWETHER LEWIS AND LIEUT. WILLIAM CLARK.

Among the great discoverers who made known to the world the wonders of the West, two men stand pre-eminent. They were two officers of the United States regular army, Captain Meriwether Lewis (1774-1809) and Lieutenant William Clark (1770-1838), who traveled through the entire Northwest country even to the Pacific Ocean. The accounts of their travels are of intense interest, filled as they are with the marvels of that wonderful part of the United States, and with the adventures that these intrepid men encountered. The following excerpt from the account of this expedition is an illustration of the Indian character at that early day.

VERY early in the morning Captain Lewis resumed the Indian road, which led him in a western direction, through an open broken country. On the left was a deep valley at the foot of a high range of mountains running from southeast to northwest, with their sides better clad with timber than the hills to which we have been for some time accustomed, and their tops covered in part with snow. At

five miles' distance, after following the long descent of another valley, he reached a creek from the right, tributary to the Lemhi, about ten yards wide; and on rising the hill beyond it, had a view of a handsome little valley on the left, about a mile in width, through which he judged, from the appearance of the timber, that some stream of water most probably passed.

They proceeded along a waving plain parallel to this valley for about four miles, when they discovered two women, a man, and some dogs on an eminence at the distance of a mile before them. The strangers first viewed them, apparently with much attention, for a few minutes, and then two of them sat down as if to wait Captain Lewis's arrival. He went on till he reached within about half a mile, then ordered his party to stop, put down his knapsack and rifle, and, unfurling the flag, advanced alone toward the Indians. The females soon retreated behind the hill, but the man remained till Captain Lewis came within one hundred yards from him, when he too went off, though Captain Lewis called out "Tabba bone!" loud enough to be heard distinctly. He hastened to the top of the hill, but they had all disappeared. The dogs, however, were less shy, and came close to him; he therefore thought of tying a handkerchief with some beads around their necks, and then letting them loose, to convince the fugitives of his friendly disposition; but they would not suffer him to take hold of them, and soon left him. He now made a signal to the men, who joined him, and then all followed the track of the Indians, which led along a continuation of the same road they had been already traveling. It was dusty, and seemed to have been much used lately both by foot-passengers and horsemen.

They had not gone along it more than a mile, when on a sudden they saw three female Indians, from whom they had

been concealed by the deep ravines which intersected the road, till they were now within thirty paces of each other. One of them, a young woman, immediately took to flight; the other two, an elderly woman and a little girl, seeing they were too near for them to escape, sat on the ground, and holding down their heads seemed as if reconciled to the death which they supposed awaited them. The same habit of holding down the head and inviting the enemy to strike, when all chance of escape is gone, is preserved in Egypt to this day.

Captain Lewis instantly put down his rifle, and, advancing toward them, took the woman by the hand, raised her up, and repeated the words "Tabba bone," at the same time stripping up his shirt sleeve to prove that he was a white man, for his hands and face had become by constant exposure quite as dark as their own. She appeared immediately relieved from her alarm; and Drewyer and Shields now coming up, Captain Lewis gave them some beads, a few awls, pewter mirrors, and a little paint, and told Drewyer to request the woman to recall her companion, who had escaped to some distance, and by alarming the Indians, might cause them to attack him without any time for explanation. She did as she was desired, and the young woman returned almost out of breath. Captain Lewis gave her an equal portion of trinkets, and painted the tawny cheeks of all three of them with vermilion, a ceremony which among the Shoshones is emblematic of peace.

After they had become composed, he informed them by signs of his wishes to go to their camp, in order to see their chiefs and warriors; they readily obeyed, and conducted the party along the same road down the river. In this way they marched two miles, when they met a troop of nearly sixty warriors, mounted on excellent horses, riding at full speed toward them. As they advanced, Captain Lewis put

down his gun, and went with the flag about fifty paces in advance. The chief, who with two men was riding in front of the main body, spoke to the women, who now explained that the party was composed of white men, and showed exultingly the presents they had received. The three men immediately leaped from their horses, came up to Captain Lewis and embraced him with great cordiality, putting their left arm over his right shoulder and clasping his back, applying at the same time their left cheek to his, and frequently vociferating, "Ah hi e! ah hi e!—I am much pleased! I am much rejoiced!" The whole body of warriors now came forward, and our men received the caresses, with no small share of the grease and paint of their new friends. After this fraternal embrace, of which the motive was much more agreeable than the manner, Captain Lewis lighted a pipe and offered it to the Indians, who had now seated themselves in a circle around the party. But before they would receive this mark of friendship, they pulled off their moccasins; a custom, as we afterward learned, which indicates the sacred sincerity of their professions when they smoke with a stranger, and which imprecates on themselves the misery of going barefoot forever if they are faithless to their words,—a penalty by no means light to those who rove the thorny plains of their country.

It is not unworthy to remark the analogy which some of the customs of these wild children of the wilderness bear to those recorded in Holy Writ. Moses was admonished to pull off his shoes, for the place on which he stood was holy ground. Why this was enjoined as an act of peculiar reverence, whether it was from the circumstance that in the arid region in which the patriarch then resided, it was deemed a test of the sincerity of devotion to walk upon the burning sands barefooted, in some measure analogous to the pains inflicted by the prickly pear, does not appear.

After smoking a few pipes, some trifling presents were distributed amongst the Indians, with which they seemed very much pleased, particularly with the blue beads and the vermilion. Captain Lewis then informed the chief that the object of his visit was friendly, and should be explained as soon as he reached their camp; but that in the meantime, as the sun was oppressive and no water near, he wished to go there as soon as possible. They now put on their moccasins, and their chief, whose name was Cameahwait, made a short speech to the warriors. Captain Lewis then gave him the flag, which he informed him was among white men the emblem of peace and, now that he had received it, was to be in future the bond of union between them. The chief then moved on, our party followed him, and the rest of the warriors in a squadron brought up the rear. After marching a mile they were halted by the chief, who made a second harangue; on which six or eight young men rode forward to their camp, and no further regularity was observed in the order of march. At the distance of four miles from where they had first met, they reached the Indian camp, which was in a handsome level meadow on the bank of the river.

Here they were introduced into an old leathern lodge, which the young men who had been sent from the party had fitted up for their reception. After being seated on green boughs and antelope skins, one of the warriors pulled up the grass in the center of the lodge, so as to form a vacant circle of two feet in diameter, in which he kindled a fire. The chief then produced his pipe and tobacco, the warriors all pulled off their moccasins, and our party were requested to take off their own. This being done, the chief lighted his pipe at the fire within the magic circle, and then retreating from it began a speech several minutes long, at the end of which he pointed the stem toward the four cardinal points of the heavens, beginning with the east and

concluding with the north. After this ceremony he presented the stem in the same way to Captain Lewis, who, supposing it an invitation to smoke, put out his hand to receive the pipe; but the chief drew it back, and continued to repeat the same offer three times, after which he pointed the stem first to the heavens, then to the center of the little circle, took three whiffs himself, and presented it again to Captain Lewis. Finding that this last offer was in good earnest, he smoked a little; the pipe was then held to each of the white men, and after they had taken a few whiffs was given to the warriors.

This pipe was made of a dense transparent green stone, very highly polished, about two and one half inches long, and of an oval figure, the bowl being in the same situation with the stem.

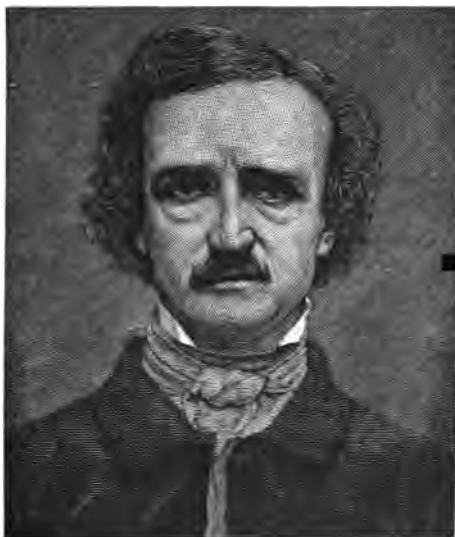
A small piece of burnt clay is placed in the bottom of the bowl to separate the tobacco from the end of the stem, and is of an irregular round figure, not fitting the tube perfectly close, in order that the smoke may pass with facility. The tobacco is of the same kind with that used by the Minnetarees, Mandans, and Ricaras of the Missouri. The Shoshones do not cultivate this plant, but obtain it from the Rocky Mountain Indians, and some of the bands of their own nation who live farther south.

The ceremony of smoking being concluded, Captain Lewis explained to the chief the purposes of his visit; and as by this time all the women and children of the camp had gathered around the lodge to indulge in a view of the first white men they had ever seen, he distributed among them the remainder of the small articles he had brought with him.



XXXIII. ANNABEL LEE.

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE.



EDGAR ALLAN POE.

EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809-1849) was one of the most gifted of American authors. He wrote both prose and poetry. His prose consisted mainly of weird and mysterious tales, betokening a strange imagination. His poetry was wonderfully melodious and expressive. Poe's life was as sad as many of his stories. He was wild and dissipated, always poor because of his dissipation, and always in some serious trouble. He died young, as the result of the wretched

life he had lived, but he left behind him some of the choicest treasures of American literature.

IT was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child, and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea,
But we loved with a love that was more than a love,
I and my Annabel Lee;

With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee ;
So that her highborn kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulcher
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me ;
Yes, that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we ;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee.

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee ;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling — my darling — my life and my bride,
In her sepulcher there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

XXXIV. THREE SUNDAYS IN A WEEK.

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE.

"YOU hard-hearted, obstinaté, rusty, crusty, musty, fusty old savage!" said I, in fancy, one afternoon, to my grand-uncle Rungudgeon, shaking my fist at him in imagination.

Only in imagination. The fact is, some trivial discrepancy did exist, just then, between what I had said and what I had not the courage to say, between what I did and what I had half a mind to do.

My uncle, as I opened the drawing-room door, was sitting with his feet upon the mantelpiece.

"My dear uncle," said I, closing the door gently, and approaching him with the blandest of smiles, "you are always so very kind and considerate, and have evinced your benevolence in so many ways — so very many ways — that I feel I have only to suggest this little point to you once more to make sure of your full acquiescence."

"Hem!" said he, "good boy: go on."

"I am sure, my dearest uncle, that you have no design really, seriously, to oppose my union with Kate. This is merely a joke of yours, I know — ha, ha, ha! — how very pleasant you are at times."

"Ha, ha, ha!" said he, "yes."

"To be sure — of course: I knew you were jesting. Now, uncle, all that Kate and myself wish at present, is that you would oblige us with your advice — as regards the time — you know, uncle — in short, when will it be most convenient for yourself that the wedding shall — shall — come off, you know?"

"Come off, you scoundrel — what do you mean by that? Better wait till it goes on."

"Ha, ha, ha! he, he, he! hi, hi, hi! ho, ho, ho! hu, hu, hu! Oh, that's good! Oh, that's capital!—such a wit! But all we want just now, you know, uncle, is that you would indicate the time precisely."

"Ah—precisely?"

"Yes, uncle; that is, if it would be agreeable to yourself."

"Would n't it answer, Bobby, if I were to leave it at random,—some time within a year or so, for example? Must I say precisely?"

"If you please, uncle,—precisely."

"Well then, Bobby, my boy—you're a fine fellow, are n't you—since you will have the exact time, I'll—why, I'll oblige you for once."

"Dear uncle."

"Hush, sir!" (drowning my voice.) "I'll oblige you for once. You shall have my consent—and the plum, we must n't forget the plum. Let me see, when shall it be? To-day's Sunday, is n't it? Well, then, you shall be married precisely—precisely, now mind—when three Sundays come together in a week. Do you hear me, sir? What are you gaping at? I say, you shall have Kate and her plum when three Sundays come together in a week; but not till then, you young scapegrace,—not till then, if I die for it. You know me—I'm a man of my word. Now be off." Here he swallowed his bumper of port, while I rushed from the room in despair.

A very "fine old English gentleman" was my grand-uncle Rumgudgeon, but he had his weak points. He was a little, pursy, pompous, passionate, semicircular somebody, with a red nose, a thick skull, a long purse, and a strong sense of his own consequence. With the best heart in the world, he contrived, through a predominant whim of contradiction, to earn for himself, among those who only knew

him superficially, the character of a curmudgeon. Like many excellent people, he seemed possessed with a spirit of tantalization, which might easily at a casual glance have been mistaken for malevolence. To every request a positive "No" was his immediate answer; but in the end — in the long, long end — there were exceedingly few requests which he refused. Against all attacks upon his purse he made the most sturdy defense; but the amount extorted from him at last was, generally, in direct ratio with the length of the siege and the stubbornness of the resistance. In charity no one gave more liberally or with a worse grace.

I had lived with the old gentleman all my life. My parents, in dying, had bequeathed me to him as a rich legacy. I believe the old fellow loved me as his own child — nearly if not quite as well as he loved Kate — but it was a dog's existence that he led me, after all. From my first year until my fifth, he obliged me with very regular floggings. From five to fifteen he threatened me, hourly, with the house of correction. From fifteen to twenty not a day passed in which he did not promise to cut me off with a shilling.

I was a sad dog, it is true; but then it was a part of my nature, a point of my faith. In Kate, however, I had a firm friend, and I knew it. She was a good girl, and told me very sweetly that I might have her (plum and all) whenever I could badger my grand-uncle Rumgudgeon into necessary consent. Poor girl! she was not yet of age, and without this consent her little amount in the funds was not come-at-able until several immeasurable summers had "dragged their slow length along." What, then, to do? At her age, five years in prospect are much the same as five hundred. In vain we besieged the old gentleman with importunities. It would have stirred the indignation of Job himself, to see how much like an old mouser he be-

haved to us two poor wretched little mice. In his heart he wished for nothing more ardently than our union. He had made up his mind to it all along. In fact, he would have given ten thousand pounds from his own pocket (Kate's plum was her own) if he could have invented anything like an excuse for complying with our very natural wishes. Not to oppose it under the circumstances, I sincerely believe was not in his power.

I have said already that he had his weak points; but, in speaking of these, I must not be understood as referring to his obstinacy, which was one of his strong points. When I mentioned his weakness, I have allusion to a bizarre old-womanish superstition which beset him. He was great in dreams, portents, and all that sort of rigmarole. He was excessively punctilious, too, upon small points of honor, and, after his own fashion, was a man of his word, beyond doubt. This was, in fact, one of his hobbies. The spirit of his vows he made no scruple of setting at naught, but the letter was a bond inviolable. Now it was this latter peculiarity in his disposition, of which Kate's ingenuity enabled us one fine day, not long after our interview in the dining-room, to take a very unexpected advantage.

It happened then — so the fates ordered it — that among the naval acquaintances of my betrothed were two gentlemen who had just set foot upon the shores of England, after a year's absence, each in foreign travel. In company with these gentlemen, my cousin and I preconcertedly paid Uncle Rungudgeon a visit on the afternoon of Sunday, October the tenth.

For about half an hour the conversation ran upon ordinary topics; but at last we contrived, quite naturally, to give it the following turn: —

CAPT. PRATT. Well, I have been absent just one year, — just one year to-day, as I live — let me see: yes — this is

October the tenth. You remember, Mr. Rumgudgeon, that I called with Captain Smitherton on this very day, last year, to pay my parting respects.

SMITHERTON. Yes, just one year to a fraction. You will remember, Mr. Rumgudgeon, that I called with Captain Pratt on this very day, last year, to pay my parting respects.

UNCLE. Yes, yes, yes, — I remember it very well, — very queer indeed. Both of you gone just one year. A very strange coincidence, indeed.

KATE (interrupting). To be sure, papa, it is something strange; but Captain Pratt and Captain Smitherton did n't go together on the same route, and that makes a difference, you know.

UNCLE. I do n't know any such thing. How should I? I only think it makes the matter more remarkable.

KATE. Why, papa, Captain Pratt went round Cape Horn, and Captain Smitherton doubled the Cape of Good Hope.

UNCLE. Precisely: the one went east and the other went west, and both have gone quite round the world.

MYSELF (hurriedly). Captain Pratt, you must come and spend the evening with us to-morrow, — you and Smitherton; you can tell us all about your voyage, and we'll have a game of whist, and —

PRATT. Whist, my dear fellow — you forget. To-morrow will be Sunday. Some other evening.

KATE. Oh, no, fie! Robert's not quite so bad as that. To-day's Sunday.

UNCLE. To be sure — to be sure.

PRATT. I beg your pardon, but I can't be so much mistaken. I know to-morrow's Sunday, because —

SMITHERTON (much surprised). What are you all thinking about? Was n't yesterday Sunday, I should like to know?

ALL. Yesterday, indeed : you are out.

UNCLE. To-day's Sunday, I say — do n't I know?

PRATT. Oh no ; to-morrow's Sunday.

SMITHERTON. You are all mad — every one of you. I am as positive that yesterday was Sunday as I am that I sit upon this chair.

KATE (jumping up eagerly). I see it all. Papa, this is a judgment upon you about — about you know what. Let me alone, and I'll explain it all in a minute. Captain Smitherton says that yesterday was Sunday : so it was ; he is right. Captain Pratt maintains that to-morrow will be Sunday : so it will ; he is right, too. The fact is we are all right, and thus three Sundays have come together in one week.

SMITHERTON (after a pause). By the by, Pratt, Kate has us completely. What fools we are ! Mr. Rumgudgeon, the matter stands thus : the earth, you know, is twenty-four thousand miles in circumference. Now, this globe of the earth turns upon its own axis — revolves — these twenty-four thousand miles of extent, going from west to east, in precisely twenty-four hours. Do you understand, Mr. Rumgudgeon ?

UNCLE. To be sure — to be sure —

SMITHERTON (drowning his voice). Well, sir : that is at the rate of one thousand miles an hour. Now, suppose that I sail from this position a thousand miles east. Of course, I anticipate the rising of the sun here at London by just one hour. I see the sun rise one hour before you do. Proceeding in the same direction yet another thousand miles, I anticipate the rising by two hours ; another thousand miles, and I anticipate it by three hours ; and so on until I go entirely around the globe, and back to this spot, when, having gone twenty-four thousand miles east, I anticipate the rising of the sun no less than twenty-four hours ; that is, I am a day in advance of your time. Understand, eh ?

UNCLE. But —

SMITHERTON (speaking very loud). Captain Pratt, on the contrary, when he sailed a thousand miles west of this position was an hour, and when he had sailed twenty-four thousand miles west was twenty-four hours, or one day, behind the time at London. Thus with me, yesterday was Sunday; and thus, with Pratt, to-morrow will be Sunday. And what is more, Mr. Rungdudgeon, it is positively clear that we are all right; for there can be no philosophical reason assigned why the idea of one of us should have preference over the other.

UNCLE. My eyes! Well, Kate, well, Bobby, this is a judgment upon me, as you say. But I am a man of my word, — mark that: you shall have her, boy (plum and all), when you please. Done up, by Jove! Three Sundays all in a row.

XXXV. OUR 'ANGLO-SAXON TONGUE.

BY JAMES BARRON HOPE.

GOOD is the Saxon speech! clear, short, and strong,
Its clean-cut words, fit both for prayer and song;
Good is this tongue for all the needs of life;
Good for sweet words with friend, or child, or wife.

Seax — short sword — and like a sword its sway
Hews out a path 'mid all the forms of speech,
For in itself it hath the power to teach
Itself, while many tongues slow fade away.

'T is good for laws; for vows of youth and maid;
Good for the preacher; or shrewd folk in trade;
Good for sea-calls when loud the rush of spray;
Good for war-cries where men meet hilt to hilt,
And man's best blood like new-trod wine is spilt, —
Good for all times, and good for what thou wilt!

XXXVI CENTENNIAL PRAYER.**BY JAMES, CARDINAL GIBBONS.****(1894- .)****CARDINAL GIBBONS.**

In 1876, just one hundred years after the Declaration of Independence, the people of the United States made a great celebration in memory of that eventful time. In the city of Philadelphia, where the Declaration was first issued, this celebration was held. It took the form of an immense exposition, to which all the countries of the world were invited to contribute, and to which all sent the best of their products for exhibition.

This was known as the Centennial Exposition. Exercises of great impressiveness were held

at the opening of this Exposition. Among other events of the day, prayer was offered by Cardinal Gibbons to Almighty God for all His wonderful mercies shown in the development of this great country, and a hymn was written for the occasion by the poet Whittier. The prayer and the hymn are here given.

WE pray thee, O God of might, wisdom, and justice, through whom authority is rightly administered, laws are enacted, and judgment decreed, assist with Thy Holy Spirit of counsel and fortitude the President of these

United States, that his administration may be conducted in righteousness, and be eminently useful to Thy people over whom he presides, by encouraging due respect for virtue and religion, by a faithful execution of the laws, in justice and mercy, and by restraining vice and immorality.

Let the light of Thy divine wisdom direct the deliberations of Congress, and shine forth in all their proceedings and laws framed for our rule and government, so that they may tend to the preservation of peace, the promotion of national happiness, the increase of industry, sobriety, and useful knowledge, and may perpetuate to us the blessings of equal liberty.

We pray Thee for all judges, magistrates, and other officers who are appointed to guard our political welfare, that they may be enabled, by Thy powerful protection, to discharge the duties of their respective stations with honesty and ability.

We pray Thee, especially, for the Judges of our Supreme Court, that they may interpret the laws with even-handed justice. May they ever be the faithful guardians of the temple of the Constitution, whose construction and solemn dedication to our country's liberties we commemorate to-day! May they stand as watchful and incorruptible sentinels at the portals of this temple, shielding it from profanation and hostile invasion.

May this glorious charter of our civil rights be deeply imprinted on the hearts and memories of our people! May it foster in them a spirit of patriotism! May it weld together and assimilate in national brotherhood the diverse races that come to seek a home among us. May the reverence paid to it constitute the promotion of social stability and order, and may it hold the ægis of its protection over us and generations yet unborn, so that the temporal blessings which we enjoy may be perpetuated.

Grant, O Lord, that our Republic, unexampled in material prosperity and growth of population, may be also, under Thy overruling providence, a model to all nations, in upholding liberty without license, and in wielding authority without despotism!

Finally, we recommend to Thy unbounded mercy all our brethren and fellow-citizens throughout the United States, that they may be blessed in the knowledge and sanctified in the observance of Thy most holy law, that they may be preserved in union, and in that peace which the world cannot give, and, after enjoying the blessings of this life, be admitted to those which are eternal.

Our Father, who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

May the blessing of Almighty God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, descend upon our beloved country and upon all her people, and abide with them forever! Amen.

XXXVII. CENTENNIAL HYMN.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

(1807-1892.)

This hymn was written for the opening exercises of the Nation's Centennial Exhibition, which was held at Philadelphia from May 10 to November 10, 1876. The music for the hymn was written by John Knowles Paine, and may be found in the *Atlantic Monthly* for June, 1876.

OUR fathers' God! from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee,

To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here, where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine,
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time, from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the New World greets
The Old World thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil beneath the sun ;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalry of hand and brain.

Thou, who hast here in concord furled
The war flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our Western skies fulfill
The Orient's mission of good-will,
And, freighted with love's Golden Fleece,
Send back the Argonauts of peace.

For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank Thee, while, withal, we crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought nor sold!

Oh, make thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong ;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law ;
And, cast in some diviner mold,
Let the new cycle shame the old !

XXXVIII THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA.¹

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

SPEAK and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward far
away,
O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican array,
Who is losing? who is winning? are they far or come they
near?
Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the storm we
hear.

"Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of battle rolls;
Blood is flowing, men are dying; God have mercy on their
souls!"
Who is losing? who is winning? "Over hill and over plain,
I see but smoke of cannon clouding through the mountain
rain."

Holy Mother! keep our brother! Look, Ximena, look once
more.

"Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly as before,
Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend and foeman, foot
and horse,
Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping down its
mountain course."

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Ah! the smoke has rolled
away;
And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the ranks of
gray.

¹ "The Angels of Buena Vista" tells a story of mercy and goodness at a famous battle fought between the United States and Mexico, in which armies of the United States defeated those of Mexico.

Hark ! that sudden blast of bugles ! there the troop of Miñon wheels ;
There the Northern horses thunder, with the cannon at their heels.

“ Jesu, pity ! how it thickens ! now retreat and now advance !
Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla’s charging lance !

Down they go, the brave young riders ! horse and foot together fall ;
Like a plowshare in the fallow, through them plows the Northern ball.”

Nearer came the storm and nearer, rolling fast and frightful on !

Speak, Ximena, speak and tell us, who has lost, and who has won ?

“ Alas ! alas ! I know not ; friend and foe together fall,
O’er the dying rush the living : pray, my sisters, for them all !

“ Lo ! the wind the smoke is lifting. Blessed Mother, save my brain !

I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from heaps of slain.

Now they stagger, blind and bleeding ; now they fall, and strive to rise ;

Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die before our eyes !

“ O my heart’s love ! O my dear one ! lay thy poor head on my knee ;

Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee ? Canst thou hear me ? canst thou see ?

O my husband, brave and gentle ! O my Bernal, look once
more
On the blessed cross before thee ! Mercy ! mercy ! all is
o'er ! ”

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena ; lay thy dear one down to
rest ;
Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the cross upon his breast ;
Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral masses said ;
To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the living ask thy aid.

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young, a soldier
lay
Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding slow his
life away ;
But, as tenderly before him the lorn Ximena knelt,
She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol belt.

With a stifled cry of horror straight she turned away her
head ;
With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back upon her
dead ;
But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his struggling
breath of pain,
And she raised the cooling waters to his parching lips again.

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her hand and
faintly smiled ;
Was that pitying face his mother's ? did she watch beside
her child ?
All his stranger words with meaning her woman's heart
supplied ;
With her kiss upon his forehead, “ Mother ! ” murmured he,
and died !

“A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who led thee forth,
From some gentle, sad-eyed mother, weeping, lonely, in the
North!”

Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid him with her
dead,
And turned to soothe the living, and bind the wounds which
bled.

Look forth once more, Ximena! “Like a cloud before the
wind
Rolls the battle down the mountains, leaving blood and
death behind;
Ah! they plead in vain for mercy; in the dust the wounded
strive;
Hide your faces, holy angels! O thou Christ of God, for-
give!”

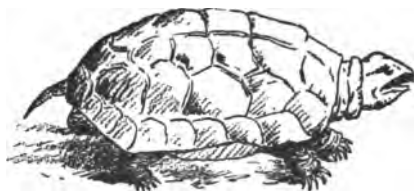
Sink, O Night, among thy mountains! let the cool, gray
shadows fall;
Dying brothers, fighting demons, drop thy curtain over
all!
Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart the battle
rolled,
In its sheath the saber rested, and the cannon's lips grew
cold.

But the noble Mexic women still their holy task pursued,
Through the long, dark night of sorrow, worn and faint and
lacking food.
Over weak and suffering brothers, with a tender care they
hung,
And the dying foeman blessed them in a strange and North-
ern tongue.

Not wholly lost, O Father! is this evil world of ours ;
Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh the Eden
flowers ;
From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send their
prayer,
And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our air !

XXXIX. IS A TURTLE A FISH ?

BY ALEXANDER HUNTER.



MR. SPEAKER, —
A bill, having
for its object the mark-
ing and determining of
the close season for
catching and killing

turtles and terrapins, has just been introduced by the gentleman from Rockbridge, who asks that it be referred to the Committee on Game, of which I have the honor to be chairman. To this disposition of the bill the gentleman from Gloucester objects, on the ground that as turtles and terrapins are fish, and not game, it should go to the Committee on Fish and Oysters.

On Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries, says the honorable gentleman, turtles and terrapins are frequently captured, many miles out from land, in nets or with hook and line, as all other members of the finny tribe are ; and that, therefore, they are fish, and nothing but fish.

I have profound respect for the gentleman's opinion ; as a lawyer he has acquired not only a state but a national reputation : but even I, opposing a pin's point against the

shield of Pelides, take issue with him. Sir, I am no lawyer, I do n't understand enough of law to keep out of its meshes; but I will answer his sophistries with a few, plain, incontrovertible facts, and, as the old saw says, "Facts are stubborn things."

Is a turtle a fish? I imagine not. Down on the old Virginia lowlands of the Potomac River, where I came from, the colored people have dogs trained to hunt turtles when they come up on the dry land to deposit their eggs; and when they find them, they bark as if they were treeing a squirrel. Now, I ask the House, did any member ever hear of a fish being hunted with dogs?

Who does not know that a turtle has four legs; that those legs have feet; and that those feet are armed with claws, like a cat's, a panther's, or a lion's? Has the gentleman from Gloucester ever seen a fish with talons? I think not.

It is well known that a turtle can be kept in a cellar for weeks, and even months, without food or water. Can a fish live without water? Why, sir, it has grown into a proverb that it cannot. And yet the gentleman says the turtle is a fish!

Do we not all know that you may cut off a turtle's head, and that it won't die till the sun goes down? Suppose now a modern Joshua should point his sword at the sun and command it to stand still in the heavens; why, Mr. Speaker, the turtle would live a thousand years with its head off. And yet the gentleman says the turtle is a fish.

Æsop tells the fable of the race between the tortoise and the hare, and we are left to believe that it took place on dry land,—the author nowhere intimating that it was a swimming match. Did the gentleman from Gloucester ever hear of a fish running a quarter stretch and coming out winner of the silver cup?

I read but a short time ago, Mr. Speaker, of a man who had a lion which he offered to wager could whip any living thing. The challenge was accepted. A snapping turtle was then produced which conquered the lordly king of beasts at the first bite. Can the gentleman from Gloucester bring any fish from York River that can do the same?

Again, a turtle has a tail; now, what nature intended him to do with that particular member, I cannot divine. He does not use it like our Darwinian ancestors, the monkeys, who swing themselves from the trees by their tails; nor like a cow or mule, as a brush in fly-time; nor yet as our household pet, the dog, who wags a welcome to us with his; nor, finally, does he use it to swim with. And, sir, if the gentleman from Gloucester ever saw a fish who didn't use his tail to swim with, then he has discovered a new and most wonderful variety.

Mr. Speaker, I will not take up more of the valuable time of the House, by further discussion of this momentous question. I will have only one more shot at that gentleman, — to prove to him that the turtle is the oldest inhabitant of the earth. Last summer, sir, I was away up in the mountains of Giles County, some two hundred miles from the ocean. One day, strolling leisurely up the mountain road, I found a land tortoise or turtle, and picking him up, I saw some quaint and curious characters engraved in the shell on the back. Through lapse of time the letters were nearly illegible, but after considerable effort I made out the inscription and read, —

ADAM. PARADISE. YEAR ONE.

Mr. Speaker, I have done. If I have not convinced every member on this floor, except the gentleman from Gloucester, that a turtle is not a fish, then I appeal to the wisdom of the House to tell me what it is!

XL. THE TRANSPORTATION AND PLANTING OF SEEDS.¹

BY HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

(1817-1862.)



ALL the pines have a very thin membrane, in appearance much like an insect's wing, growing over and around their seeds, and independent of them, while the latter are being developed. In other words, a beautiful thin sack is woven around the seed, with a handle to it such as the wind can take hold of, and it is then committed to the wind, expressly that it may transport the seed and extend the range of its species; and this it does as effectually as if seeds are sent by mail in a different kind of sack from the Patent Office.

There is, then, no necessity for supposing that the pines sprung up from nothing, and I am aware that I am not at all peculiar in asserting that they come from seeds, though the mode of their propagation by nature has been but little attended to. They are very extensively raised from the seed in Europe, and are beginning to be here.

When you cut down an oak wood, a pine wood will not at once spring up there unless there are, or have been, quite recently, seed-bearing pines near enough for the seeds to be blown from them. But, adjacent to a forest of pines, if you prevent other crops from growing there, you will surely have an extension of your pine forest, provided the soil is suitable.

¹ This is a selection from a book by Thoreau called "The Succession of Forest Trees." Like all of his works, it is most interesting, and well repays the reading. You can find it in your public library.

As I walk amid hickories, even in August, I hear the sound of green pig-nuts falling from time to time, cut off by the chicaree over my head. In the fall, I notice on the ground, either within or in the neighborhood of oak woods, on all sides of the town, stout oak twigs three or four inches long, bearing half-a-dozen empty acorn-cups, which twigs have been gnawed off by squirrels, on both sides of the nuts, to make them more portable. The jays scream and the red squirrels scold while you are clubbing and shaking the chestnut trees, for they are there on the same errand, and two of a trade never agree.



I frequently see a red or a gray squirrel cast down a green chestnut burr, as I am going through the woods, and I used to think, sometimes, that they were cast at me. In fact, they are so busy about it, in the midst of the chestnut season, that you cannot stand

long in the woods without hearing one fall.

A sportsman told me that he had, the day before, — that was in the middle of October, — seen a green chestnut burr dropped on our great river meadow, fifty rods from the nearest wood, and much farther from the nearest chestnut tree, and he could not tell how it came there. Occasionally, when chestnutting in midwinter, I find thirty or forty chestnuts in a pile, left in its gallery, under the leaves, by the common wood-mouse.

But especially in the winter the extent to which this planting and transportation is carried on is made apparent by the snow. In almost every wood you will see where the red or gray squirrels have pawed down through the snow in a hundred places, sometimes two feet deep, and almost always to a nut or pine cone, as directly as if they had started

from it and bored upward, — which you and I could not have done. It would be difficult for us to find one before the snow falls. Commonly, no doubt, they had deposited them there in the fall. You wonder if they remember the localities or discover them by the scent.

The red squirrel has its winter abode in the earth under a thicket of evergreens, in the midst of a deciduous wood. If there are any nut trees which still retain their nuts, standing at a distance without the wood, their paths often lead directly to and from them. We, therefore, need not suppose an oak standing here and there in the wood in order to seed it, but if a few stand within twenty or thirty rods of it, it is sufficient.

I think that I may venture to say that every white-pine cone that falls to the earth naturally in this town, before opening and loosing its seeds, and almost every pitch-pine one that falls at all, is cut off by a squirrel; and they begin to pluck them long before they are ripe, so that when the crop of white-pine cones is a small one, as it commonly is, they cut off thus almost every one of these before it fairly ripens.

I think, moreover, that their design, if I may so speak, in cutting them off green, is, partly, to prevent them from opening and loosing their seeds, for these are the ones for which they dig through the snow, and the only white-pine cones which contain anything then. I have counted in one heap, within a diameter of four feet, the cores of two hundred and thirty-nine pitch-pine cones which had been cut off and stripped by the red squirrel the previous winter.

The nuts thus left on the surface, or buried just beneath it, are placed in the most favorable circumstances for germinating. I have sometimes wondered how those which merely fell on the surface of the earth got planted; but, by the end of December, I find the chestnut of the same year

partially mixed with the mold, as it were, under the decaying and moldy leaves, where there is all the moisture and manure they want, for the nuts fall first. In a plentiful year, a large portion of the nuts are thus covered loosely an inch deep, and are, of course, somewhat concealed from squirrels.

One winter, when the crop had been abundant, I got, with the aid of a rake, many quarts of these nuts as late as the tenth of January, and though some bought at the store the same day were more than half of them moldy, I did not find a single moldy one among those which I picked from under the wet and moldy leaves, where they had been snowed on once or twice. Nature knows how to pack them best. They were still plump and tender. Apparently, they do not heat there, though wet. In the spring they were all sprouting.

Occasionally, when threading the woods in the fall, you will hear a sound as if some one had broken a twig, and,



looking up, see a jay picking at an acorn, or you will see a flock of them about it, in the top of an oak, and hear them break it off. They then fly to

a suitable limb, and placing the acorn under one foot, hammer away at it busily, making a sound like a woodpecker's tapping, looking round from time to time to see if any foe is approaching, and soon reach the meat, and nibble at it, holding up their heads to swallow, while they hold the remainder very firmly in their claws. Nevertheless, it drops to the ground before the bird has done with it.

I can confirm what William Bartram wrote to Wilson, the ornithologist, that "The jay is one of the most useful agents in the economy of nature, for disseminating forest trees and

other nuciferous and hard-seeded vegetables on which they feed. In performing this necessary duty they drop abundance of seed in their flight over fields, hedges, and by fences, where they alight to deposit them in the post-holes, etc. It is remarkable what numbers of young trees rise up in the fields and pastures, after a wet winter and spring. These birds alone are capable in a few years' time to replant all the cleared lands."

XLI. MARCO BOZZARIS.

BY FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK (1790-1867) was a well-known American poet. Though not so great as Longfellow or Whittier, he still wrote many fine poems, of which perhaps the best is "Marco Bozzaris." This poem is written about a famous Greek patriot, — not one of the heroes of old Greece, but a hero of modern Greece, who showed the same spirit as did Leonidas of old.

For many years Greece had been oppressed by the Turks, who had been very cruel and tyrannical. They made many efforts to free themselves, but in vain. Marco Bozzaris was a general of the Greek army during one of these attempts to shake off the Turkish yoke. The poem which follows tells of a night attack which the Greeks made upon the Turkish army.

AT midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power;
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams, his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet-ring;
Then pressed that monarch's throne, — a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest's shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Plataea's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on — the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! — they come! — the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke — to die 'mid flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and saber-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike — till the last armed foe expires;
Strike — for your altars and your fires;
Strike — for the green graves of your sires;
God — and your native land!"

They fought like brave men, long and well;
They piled the ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered — but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,

And the red field was won ;
Then saw in death his eyelids close,
Calmly as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Bozzaris ! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee : there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
We tell thy doom without a sigh ;
For thou art Freedom's, now, and Fame's, —
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die !

XLII. THE HURRICANE.

BY JOHN J. AUDUBON.

JOHN J. AUDUBON (1780–1851) was one of the greatest of American naturalists. He was especially fond of birds, and devoted most of his life to their study. He had been educated as a painter, so that he not only described birds in words, but made beautiful drawings of them, which have become very famous. He published a great work, called "Birds of America," filled with descriptions and pictures of American birds. The book was so fine that it sold for a thousand dollars a copy.

But though birds were Mr. Audubon's delight, he described all scenes in nature well, as the following selection shows :—

VARIOUS portions of our country have, at different times, suffered severely from the influence of violent storms of wind, some of which have been known to traverse nearly the whole of the United States, and to leave such deep impressions in their wake as will not easily be forgotten.

Having witnessed one of these awful scenes in all its grandeur, I will attempt to describe it. The recollection of that astonishing revolution of the airy element, even now

brings with it so disagreeable a sensation, that I feel as if about to be affected with a sudden stoppage of the circulation of my blood.

I had left the village of Shewanee, situated on the banks of the Ohio, on my return from Henderson, which is also situated on the banks of the same beautiful river. The weather was pleasant, and I thought not warmer than usual at that season. My horse was jogging quietly along, and my thoughts were, for once at least in the course of my life, entirely engaged in commercial speculation.

I had forded Highland Creek, and was on the eve of entering a tract of bottom-land or valley that lay between it and Canoe Creek, when suddenly I noticed a great difference in the aspect of the heavens. A hazy thickness had overspread the country, and I for some time expected an earthquake; but my horse exhibited no inclination to stop and prepare for such an occurrence. I had nearly arrived at the verge of the valley, when I thought fit to stop near a brook, and dismounted to quench the thirst that had come upon me.

I was leaning on my knees, with my lips about to touch the water, when, from my proximity to the earth, I heard a distant, murmuring sound of an extraordinary nature. I drank, however, and as I rose to my feet, looked toward the southwest, when I observed a yellowish oval spot, the appearance of which was quite new to me.

Little time was left to me for consideration, as the next moment a smart breeze began to agitate the taller trees. It increased to an unexpected height, and already the smaller branches and twigs were seen falling in a slanting direction toward the ground. Two minutes had scarcely elapsed, when the whole forest before me was in fearful motion. Here and there, where one tree pressed against another, a creaking noise was produced, similar to that occasioned by the violent gusts which sometimes sweep over the country.

Turning toward the direction from which the wind blew, I saw, to my great astonishment, that the noblest trees of the forest bent their lofty heads for a while, and, unable to stand against the blast, were falling to pieces. First, the branches were broken off with a crackling noise, then went the upper part of the massive trunks, and in many cases whole trees of gigantic size were falling, entire, to the ground.

So rapid was the progress of the storm, that before I could think of taking measures to insure my safety, the hurricane was passing opposite the place where I stood. Never can I forget the scene which at that moment presented itself. The tops of the trees were seen moving in the strangest manner, in the central current of the tempest, which carried along with it a mingled mass of twigs and foliage that completely obscured the view. Some of the largest trees were seen bending and writhing beneath the gale; others suddenly snapped across, and many, after a momentary resistance, fell uprooted to the earth.

The mass of branches, twigs, foliage, and dust that moved through the air, was whirled onward like a cloud of feathers, and on passing disclosed a wide space filled with fallen trees, naked stumps, and heaps of shapeless ruins, which marked the path of the tempest. The space was about a fourth of a mile in breadth, and to my imagination resembled the dried-up bed of the Mississippi, with its thousands of snags and sunken logs, strewn in the sand and inclined in various degrees. The horrible noise resembled that of the great cataracts of Niagara, and as it howled along in the tract of the desolating tempest, it produced a feeling in my mind which it is impossible to describe.

The principal force of the hurricane was now over, although millions of twigs and small branches, that had been brought from a great distance, were seen following the

blast, as if drawn onward by some mysterious power. They were floated in the air for some hours after, as if supported by the thick mass of dust that rose high above the ground. The sky had now a greenish lurid hue, and an extremely disagreeable odor of sulphur was diffused in the atmosphere.

For some moments I felt undetermined whether I should return to Morgantown, or attempt to force my way through the wrecks of the tempest. My business, however, being of an urgent nature, I ventured into the path of the storm, and, after encountering innumerable difficulties, succeeded in crossing it.

I was obliged to lead my horse by the bridle to enable him to leap over the fallen trees, whilst I scrambled over or under them the best way I could, at times so hemmed in by broken tops and tangled branches as almost to become desperate. On arriving at my house, I gave an account of what I had seen, when, to my surprise, I was told that there had been very little wind in the neighborhood, although in the streets and gardens many branches and twigs had fallen in a manner which had excited great surprise.

Many wondrous accounts of the devastating effects of this hurricane were circulated in the country after its occurrence. Some log houses, we were told, had been overturned, and their inmates destroyed. One person informed me that a wire sifter had been conveyed by the gust to a distance of many miles. Another had found a cow lodged in the fork of a large half-broken tree.

But as I am disposed to relate only what I have seen myself, I will not lead you into the region of romance, but shall content myself with saying that much damage was done by the awful visitation.

The valley is yet a desolate place, overgrown with briars and bushes thickly entangled among the tops and trunks of the fallen trees, and is the resort of ravenous animals, to

which they betake themselves when pursued by man, or after they have committed their depredations on the farms of the surrounding district.

I have crossed the path of the storm, at a distance of a hundred miles from the spot where I witnessed its fury, and again, four hundred miles farther off, in the State of Ohio. Lastly, I observed traces of its ravages on the summits of the mountains connected with the Great Pine Forest of Pennsylvania, three hundred miles beyond the last place mentioned. In all those different parts it appeared to me not to have exceeded a quarter of a mile in breadth.

XLIII THE HUMBLEBEE.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.



RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803-1882) is by some considered the greatest writer of America. He wrote essays and poems. He was a profound thinker, and had a noble and gentle character. His writings have exerted a very potent influence upon the reading and thinking people of this country. His home was the literary center of America, and distinguished guests from other lands were sure to seek it. Abroad, Emerson was recognized as a master-mind.

Though less distinctive than his prose, Emerson's poetry is of a high order, and the selection following is one of his happiest efforts.

BURLY, dozing humblebee!
Where thou art is clime for me;
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek,
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines:
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere;
Swimmer through the waves of air,
Voyager of light and noon,
Epicurean of June!
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum,—
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall;
And, with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With the color of romance;
And infusing subtle heats
Turns the sods to violets,—
Thou in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound,
In Indian wildernesses found;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets, and bilberry bells,
Maple sap, and daffodils,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue,
And brier-roses, dwelt among:
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher,
Seeing only what is fair,
 Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
 Leave the chaff and take the wheat.
When the fierce northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,—
Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and woe which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

XLIV. THE AMERICAN FLAG.**BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.****HENRY WARD BEECHER.**

HENRY WARD BEECHER (1813-1887) was a great American preacher, patriot, author, and orator. For many years he was pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. He was one of the most eloquent men that America has produced. During the Civil War, he greatly aided the cause of the Union by his noble speeches. In 1863, he delivered a series of patriotic addresses throughout Great Britain, which practically changed the public sentiment of that country in regard to the struggle going on in this.

He was the author of several delightful series of papers on nature, published

in book form, and his sermons and lectures have also been collected in bound volumes.

WHEN a man of thoughtful mind sees a nation's flag, he sees not the flag only, but the nation itself; and whatever may be the symbols, he reads chiefly in the flag, the government, the principles, the truth, the history, which belong to the nation that sets it forth.

When the French tricolor rolls out to the wind, we see France. When the new-found Italian flag is unfurled, we see Italy restored. When the other three-cornered flag shall

be lifted to the wind, we shall see in it the long-buried, but never dead, principles of Hungarian liberty. When the united crosses of Saint Andrew and Saint George on a fiery ground set forth the banner of Old England, we see not the cloth merely ; there rises up before the mind the noble aspect of that monarchy which, more than any other on the globe, has advanced its banner for liberty, law, and national prosperity.

This nation has a banner, too ; and wherever it streamed abroad, men saw daybreak bursting on their eyes, for the American flag has been the symbol of liberty, and men rejoiced in it. Not another flag on the globe had such an errand, or went forth upon the seas carrying everywhere, the world around, such hope for the captive and such glorious tidings. The stars upon it were to the pining nations like the morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it were like beams of morning light.

As at early dawn the stars stand first, and then it grows light, and then, as the sun advances, that light breaks into banks and streaming bands of color, the glowing red and intense white striving together and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent, so on the American flag, stars and beams of many-colored light shine out together. And wherever the flag comes, and men behold it, they see, in its sacred emblazonry, no rampant lion and fierce eagle, but only light, and every fold indicative of glory, liberty.

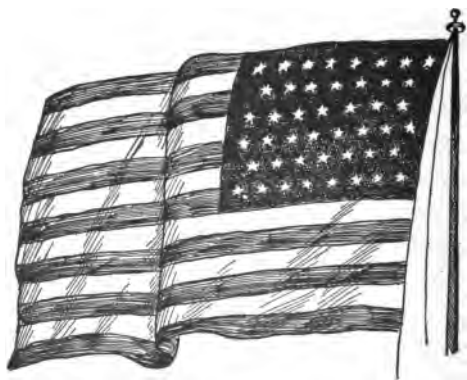
The history of this banner is all on one side. Under it rode Washington and his armies ; before it Burgoyne laid down his arms. It waved in the highlands at West Point ; it floated over old Fort Montgomery. When Arnold would have surrendered these valuable fortresses and precious legacies, his night was turned into day, and his treachery was driven away by the beams of light from this starry banner.

It cheered our army, driven from New York, in their solitary pilgrimage through New Jersey. It streamed in

light over Morristown and Valley Forge. It crossed the waters rolling with ice at Trenton; and when its stars gleamed in the cold morning with victory, a new day of hope dawned on the despairing nation; and when, at length, the long years of war were drawing to a close, underneath the folds of this immortal banner sat Washington while Yorktown surrendered its hosts, and our Revolutionary struggle ended with victory.

Let us then twine each thread of this glorious tissue of our country's flag about our heartstrings; and looking upon our homes and catching the spirit that breathes upon us from the battlefields of our fathers, let us resolve, come weal or woe, we will, in life and in death, now and forever, stand by the stars and stripes.

They have been unfurled from the snows of Canada to the plains of New Orleans; in the halls of the Montezumas and amid the solitude of every sea; and everywhere, as the luminous symbol of resistless and beneficent power, they have led the brave to victory and to glory. They have floated over our cradles; let it be our prayer and our struggle that they shall float over our graves.



XLV. HAYING.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

IT is five o'clock. The morning is clear and fresh. A thin blue film of mist hovers over the circuit of the Housatonic along the mountain belt. A hundred birds—yes, five hundred—are singing as birds never sing except in the morning. A few chimneys send up a slow, wreathing column of smoke, which grows every moment paler as the new-kindled fire below burns brighter. In our house the girls are astir, and the mystery of breakfast developing. The little dog is so glad after the lonesome night to see you, that he surfeits you with frolic. The men are in the barn feeding the horses, and getting everything ready for work.

The clouds hang low on the mountains on every side. Their ragged edges comb the mountain-sides, and look as if they must sway the trees in their course. Yet they move with such soft and drowsy measure that not a leaf stirs in their path. Will it rain to-day? The heavens overhead look like it. The clouds around the mountains hang low, as if there were rain coming. But the barometer says, No. Then a few rounds with the scythe before breakfast, just by way of getting the path open. There they go, a pretty pair of mowers! The blinking dewdrops on the grass-tops wink at them and pitch headlong under the stroke of the swinging scythe. How long and musical is the sound of a scythe in its passage through a thick pile of grass! It has a craunching, mellow, murmuring sound, right pleasant to hear. The grass, rolled over in a swath to the left, green and wet, lies like a loosely-corded cable, vast and half twined. Around the piece, step by step go the men, and

the work is fairly laid out and begun. There sounds the horn! Breakfast is ready. A most useful and salutary custom is that of breakfast. One may work with the hands before breakfast, but not much with the head. The machine must be wound up. The blue must be taken out of your spirits and the gray out of your eyes. A cup of coffee, — real coffee, — home-browned, home-ground, home-made, that comes to you dark as a hazel eye, but changes to a golden brown as you temper it with cream that never cheated, but was real cream from its birth, thick, tenderly yellow, perfectly sweet, neither lumpy nor frothing on the Java: such a cup of coffee is a match for twenty blue devils, and will exorcise them all. Involuntarily one draws in his breath by the nostrils. The fragrant savor fills his senses with pleasure; for no coffee can be good in the mouth that does not first send a sweet offering of odor to the nostrils. All the children are farmer's boys for the occasion. Were Sevastopol built of bread and cakes, these are the very engineers who would take it. Bless their appetites! It does one good to see growing children eat with a real hearty appetite. Mountain air, a free foot in grassy fields and open groves, plain food and enough of it, — these things kill the lilies in the cheek and bring forth roses.

But we must make haste, and make hay while the sun shines. Already John Dargan is there whetting his scythe. John, tough as a knot, strong as steel, famous in all the region for plowing, and equally skillful at mowing, turning his furrow and cutting his swath alike smoothly and evenly. If Ireland has any more such farmers to spare, they may come on in spite of all the Know-Nothings. The Man of the Farm strikes in first, as being the head man in his dominion, and John follows, and away they go right through the clover and herdsgrass, up the hill, toward the sun. The grass is full of dew, which quivers in the sunlight, and

winks and flashes by turns all the colors of a rainbow. We follow after, as one that limps, having never attained the art of mowing; and being a late apprentice and mere learner, we prefer to let our betters go first. One swath will satisfy our zeal, and we shall then fall into the ranks of the spectators. Round and round the field they go, with steady swing, the grass plat growing less at every turn.

What a miniature forest is this tall grass full of underbrush clover! How full of population! Vast communities dwell here of which we have but little knowledge, and for which we have but little sympathy. All manner of grasshoppers, field-cricketts, bugs of every shape and color, worms, birds, young and old, and nameless life, swarm through these grassy forests, past all counting. One imagines the sudden surprise with which the crash of the scythe overthrows all other structures, obliterates their paths, destroys their haunts and societies, and buries thousands of them under each swath of grass. All the bright webs of spiders that sit up late at nights, the virgin webs that have as yet caught nothing but dew, and have caught a whole lapful of that, are swept in one stroke. A mower will, in half a day, disarrange the plans of myriads of his fellow-creatures, walking a conqueror through their desolated cities and dwellings, without once thinking, even, that he has wrought his task amid such multitudinous company. We, following on, turn over the grass, and watch the liberated captives, that take their disasters very patiently. Spiders forget to be voracious. Insects run over spiders without fear. All herd together in peace, made friends by a common misfortune. So we have read that bears, wolves, panthers, deer, rabbits, and foxes are sometimes pent up on some high ground, islanded by a sudden freshet, and forget their destructive habits, and live together peacefully until the receding waters let them forth again.

While we are musing upon the fate of bugs, a shout from the boys informs us that the mowers have disclosed a meadow-lark's nest. Sure enough, there goes the gibbering bird over into the next field, to complain and mourn over her most unexpected loss. Five speckled eggs are not so easily laid as to be given up without a thought! How many fond hopes are here crushed by one swing of Time's scythe, — or John's scythe it was, I believe! They are warm and smooth. How good they felt to the warm-breasted mother! Here she sat mute, reflecting upon the joyful times when she would inform her mate that the shells were broken, and both of them should bring a dilapidated worm to the ugly-looking mouths of their callow young! But when did a child ever look ugly to its mother! And larks doubtless think their featherless, discolored, yellow-mantled squabs more beautiful than full-grown humming-birds. And now the bereaved mother is flying upon the fence, and thence to the top of a near bush, to see the issue. We carefully put up sticks about the nest, and took oaths of humanity from all the boys, and caused horse-rakes and cart-wheels to respect the nest. But when the grass was cleared from the field, and the nest was left wide open to the sun, without shade or protection, the owners held a council over matters, and resolved to abandon the desecrated nest, set the eggs down to profit and loss, emigrate to another meadow, and begin life again! After two days' waiting, some of the kind friends, without our knowledge, removed the desolate nest and placed it upon our writing-table, and there it now lies before us, with a vine of green leaves and a few spikes of yellow sweet-clover twined about it. Poor eggs! No lark shall ye ever be! Ye shall not shake dew from the grass, nor pick worms from the earth, nor sing a mournful minor song, as I hear your kindred now doing from out of the field before my window.

Meanwhile all the boys have been at work spreading the grass. The haycocks of yesterday have been opened. The noon comes on. It is time to house it. It is brave work to see men pitching and loading hay. We lie down under the apple trees and exhort them to all diligence. We are surprised at any pauses to wipe the perspiration from their brows. We are very cool. We think haying a beautiful sport. We admire to see it going on from our window! We resist all overtures of the scythe and the fork, for we think one engaged in the midst of it less favorably situated to make calm and accurate observations.

The day passes and the night. With another morning, and that Saturday morning, comes up the sun without a single cloud to wipe his face upon. The air is clear and crystal. No mist on the river. No fleece upon the mountains. Yet the barometer is sinking, — has been sinking all night. It has fallen more than a quarter of an inch, and continues slowly to fall. Our plans must be laid accordingly. We will cut the clover which is to be cured in the cock, and prepare to get in all of yesterday's mowing before two o'clock. Not till about ten o'clock is any change seen. Then the sunlight seems pale, though no cloud is seen before it. Some invisible vapor has struck through the atmosphere. By and by clouds begin to form, — loose, vast, cumbrous, that slowly roll and change their unwieldy shapes, and take on every shade of color that lies between the darkest leaden gray and the most brilliant silver gray. One load we roll in before dinner. While catching our hasty meal, affairs grow critical. The sun is hidden. The noon is dark. All hands are summoned. Now if you wish to see pretty working, follow the cart, and see long forks leap into the cocks of hay, and to a backward lift they spring up, poise a moment in the air, shoot forward, and are caught upon the load by the nimble John, and in a twinkling are in their

place. We hear thunder! Lightnings flash on the horizon. Jim and Frank and Henry Sumner are springing at the clover, rolling it into heaps and dressing it down so as to shed rain. There are no lazy-bones there!

On the other side of the road there is a small piece of this morning's cut grass lying spread. Even we ourselves wake up and go to work. All the girls and ladies come forth to the fray. Delicate hands are making lively work, raking up the dispersed grass, and flying with right nimble steps here and there, bent upon cheating the rain of its expected prey. And now the long windrows are formed. The last load of hay from the other fields has just rolled triumphantly into the barn! Down jumps John, with fork in hand, and rolls up the windrows into cocks. We follow and glean with the rake. The last one is fashioned. A drop pats down on my face. Another, and another. Look at those baseless mountains that tower in the west, black as ink at the bottom, glowing like snow at the top edges! What gigantic evolutions! They open, unfold, change form, flash lightnings through their spaces, close up their black gulfs, and move on with irresistible but silent march through the heated air. Far in the north the rain has begun to sheet down upon old Greylock! But the sun is shining through the shower, and changing it to a golden atmosphere, in which the mountain lifts up its head like a glorified martyr amid his persecutions! Only a look can we spare, and all of us run for the house, and in good time. Down comes the flood, and every drop is musical. We pity the neighbors, who, not warned by barometer, are racing and chasing to secure their outlying crop.

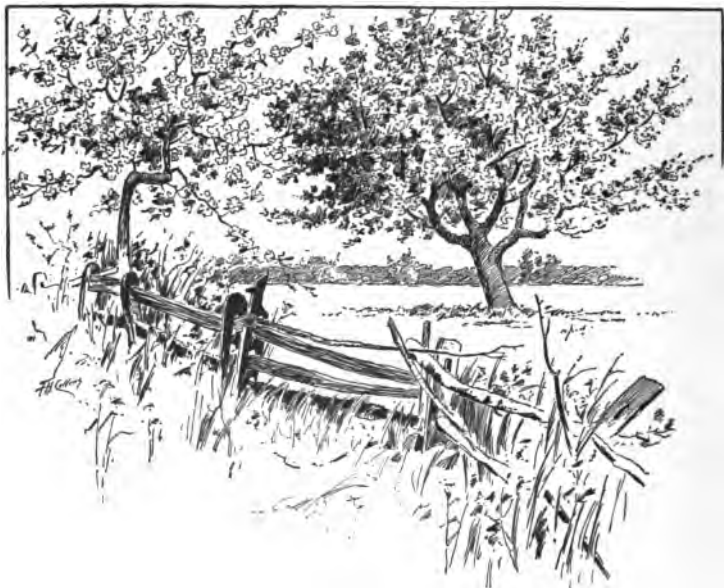


XLVI. APPLE TREES IN LOVE.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

IT makes no difference that you have seen forty or fifty springs; each one is as new, every process is as fresh, and the charm as fascinating as if you had never witnessed a single one. Nature works the same things without seeming repetition. There, for instance, is the apple tree. Every year since our boyhood it has been doing the same thing; standing low to the ground, with a round and homely head, without an element of grandeur or poetry, except once a year. In the month of May, apple trees go a-courting. Love is evermore father of poetry. And the month of May finds the orchard no longer a plain, sober, business affair, but the gayest and most radiant frolicker of the year. We have seen human creatures whose ordinary life was dutiful and prosaic. But when some extraordinary excitement of grief, or, more likely, of deep love, had thoroughly mastered them, they broke forth into a richness of feeling, an inspiration of sentiment, that mounted up into the very kingdom of beauty, and for the transient hour they glowed with the very elements of poetry. And so to us seems an apple tree. From June to May, it is a homely, duty-performing, sober, matter-of-fact tree. But May seems to stir up a love heat in its veins. The old round-topped, crooked-trunked, and ungainly-boughed fellow drops all world-ways, and takes to itself a new idea of life. Those little stubbed spurs, that, all the year, had seemed like rheumatic fingers, or thumbs and fingers stiffened and stubbed by work, now are transformed. Forth put they a little head of buds, which a few rains and days of encouraging warmth solicit to a cluster of blossoms. At first rosy and pink, then opening purely white. And now, where is your homely old tree? All its crooked-

ness is hidden by the sheets of blossoms. The whole top is changed to a royal dome. The literal, fruit-bearing tree is transformed, and glows with raiment whiter and purer than any white linen. It is a marvel and a glory! What if you have seen it before, ten thousand times over? An apple tree



APPLE TREES IN LOVE.

in full blossom is like a message, sent fresh from heaven to earth, of purity and beauty! We walk around it reverently and admiringly. We are never tired of looking at its profusion. Homely as it ordinarily is, yet now it speaks of the munificence of God better than any other tree. The oak proclaims strength and rugged simplicity. The hickory grown in open fields speaks a language of gentility. The pine is a solitary, stately fellow. Even in forests, each tree seems alone, and has a sad, Castilian-like pride. The elm

is a prince. Grace and glory are upon its head. In our Northern fields it has no peer. But none of these speak such thoughts of abundance, such prodigal and munificent richness, such lavish, unsparing generosity, as this same plain and homely apple tree. The very glory of God seems resting upon it! If men will not admire, insects and birds will!

There, on the very topmost twig, that rises and falls with willowy motion, sits that ridiculous but sweet-singing bobolink, singing, as a Roman-candle fizzes, showers of sparkling notes. If you stand at noon under the tree, you are in a very bee-hive. The tree is musical. The blossoms seem, for a wonder, to have a voice! The odor is not a rank atmosphere of sweet. Like the cups from which it is poured, it is delicate and modest. You feel as if there were a timidity in it, that asked your sympathy and yielded to solicitation. You do not take it whether you will or not, but, though it is abundant, you follow it rather than find it.

Is not this gentle reserve, that yields to real admiration, but hovers aloof from coarse or cold indifference, a beautiful trait in woman or apple tree?

But was there ever such a spring? Did orchards ever before praise God with such choral colors? The whole landscape is aglow with orchard-radiance. The hillsides, the valleys, the fields, are full of blossoming trees. The pear and cherry have shed their blossoms. The ground is white as snow with their flakes. But it is the high noon just now, on this eighteenth day of May, with the apple trees! Let other trees boast their superiority in other months. But in the month of May, the very flower-month of the year, the crown and glory of all is the apple tree!

Therefore, in my calendar, hereafter, I do ordain that the name of this month be changed. Instead of May, let it henceforth be called in my kingdom. "The Month of the Apple-Blossom"

XLVII. THANATOPSIS.**BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.**

TO him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice.— Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak

Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world — with kings,
The powerful of the earth — the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun, — the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods — rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. — Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings — yet the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep — the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
Unheeded by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase

His favorite phantom ; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man —
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.
So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

XLVIII. AUTUMN.

BY ALICE CARY.

SHORTER and shorter now the twilight clips
The days, as through the sunset gate they crowd,
And summer from her golden collar slips,
And strays through stubble fields, and moans aloud,
Save when by fits the warmer air deceives,
And, stealing hopeful to some sheltered bower,
She lies on pillows of the yellow leaves,
And tries the old tunes over for an hour.

XLIX. THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.¹

BY FRANCIS MILES FINCH.

(1827- .)

BY the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray

Those, in the robings of glory,
These, in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;—
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

¹ **The Blue and the Gray.** — The gray stands for the men who fought upon the Confederate side in our Civil War, and the blue for those who fought upon the Northern side. In many cemeteries in the South the blue and the gray lie buried side by side

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch, impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all; —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day; —
'Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain; —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day; —
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won; —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead; —
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day; —
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

L. GETTYSBURG A MECCA FOR THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

BY GEN. JOHN B. GORDON.¹

(18 - .)

The Battle of Gettysburg was one of the great battles of the Civil War in the United States. A National Cemetery has been established there for the dead of both sides, and a national monument set up in honor of the heroes. At that monument some great speeches have been delivered. One was by President Abraham Lincoln, and another by John Brown Gordon, who was a general in the Southern armies. General Gordon's speech shows how rapidly the bitter hatred of war is dying out, and gives rise to the hope that we shall be hereafter always a united people.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FELLOW-SOLDIERS, — I greet you to-night with far less trepidation and infinitely more pleasure than in the early days of July, 1863, when I last met you at Gettysburg. I came then, as now, to meet the soldiers of the Union army. It would be useless to attempt utterance of the thoughts which now thrill my spirit. The temptation is, to draw the contrast between the scenes which then were witnessed, and those which greet us here; to speak of the men with whom I then marched and of those whom we met; of those who have survived, to meet again, twenty-five years later, and of those who here fought and fell; of the contrast made by this mass of manly cordiality and good-fellowship, with the long line of dusty uniforms which then stood in battle-array beneath bristling bayonets and spread ensigns, moving in awful silence, and with sullen tread, to grapple each other in deadly conflict.

¹ JOHN BROWN GORDON was a general in the Confederate army, and, after the reconstruction of the South, a United States senator. His address here, delivered at the Gettysburg cemetery, shows that he, like many others, was too great to retain the animosities of war.

There is one suggestion which dominates my thoughts at this hour. Of all the martial virtues, the one which is perhaps the most characteristic of the truly brave, is the virtue of magnanimity.

"My fairest earldom would I give
To bid Clan-Alpine's chieftain live"

was the noble sentiment attributed to Scotland's magnanimous monarch, as he stood gazing into the face of his slain antagonist. That sentiment, immortalized by Scott in his musical and martial verse, will associate, for all time, the name of Scotland's king with those of the great spirits of the past.

How grand the exhibitions of the same generous impulses, that characterize this memorable battlefield! My fellow-countrymen of the North, if I may be permitted to speak for those whom I represent, let me assure you that, in the profoundest depths of their nature, they reciprocate that generosity with all the manliness and sincerity of which brave men are capable. In token of that sincerity they join in consecrating, for annual patriotic pilgrimage, these historic heights, which drank such copious drafts of American blood, poured so freely in discharge of duty, as each conceived it, — a Mecca for the North, which so grandly defended, — a Mecca for the South, which so bravely and persistently stormed it.

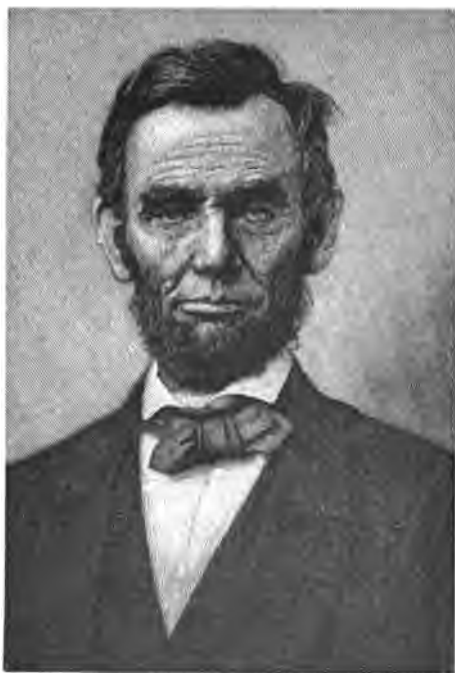
We join you in setting apart this land as an enduring monument of peace, brotherhood, and perpetual union. I repeat the thought with additional emphasis, with singleness of heart and of purpose, in the name of a common country, and of universal liberty; and, by the blood of our fallen brothers, we unite in the solemn consecration of these hallowed hills, as a holy, eternal pledge of fidelity to the life, freedom, and unity of this cherished republic.



BATTLEFIELD OF GETTYSBURG.

From a recent photograph.

LI. LINCOLN'S ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

No more interesting, no better, and perhaps no greater, man than Abraham Lincoln (1809-1865) ever lived in this country. The story of his life you have read many times. Many American boys have been made better and more patriotic by reading the life of Lincoln; you can afford to read it more than once, and study every noble trait of this wonderful man.

It will never cease to be a source of astonishment to thoughtful people that a poor, untutored country lad, with no advantages of birth or of position, whose schooling was limited to a few weeks, and whose knowledge of the world was

gained on the wild frontiers and in the forests of the then uncultivated West, should have developed such fine attributes and have attained such rare distinction in after life.

It is well for every American boy to read, and read again, this man's life, following him from his early boyhood, spent in splitting rails to make fences for the unbroken farm, through the various steps of his progress, until he finally became the great President, whose proclamation freed the slaves, and whose courage, patience, and gentleness carried this country through its most trying time.

It is hard for us to realize how many people felt and talked about him in those first days of the war. Tall, awkward, and homely, he was laughed at and insulted on every hand; people had not learned to know the great soul which shone out of that homely face, the love for others which made him so much greater than other men of his time.

His brief address, Nov. 19th, 1863, at the dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, ranks as one of the finest pieces of oratory in the English language. It is given here in full.

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion,—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

LII. A NAME IN THE SAND.

BY GEORGE DENISON PRENTICE.

(1809-1879.)

A LONE I walked the ocean strand,
A pearly shell was in my hand;
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name, the year, the day:
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast, —
A wave came rolling high and fast
And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 't will quickly be
With every mark on earth from me:
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and been to be no more, —
Of me, my day, the name I bore,
To leave no track or trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in His hands,
I know a lasting record stands,
Inscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part has wrought,
Of all this thinking soul has thought,
All, from these fleeting moments caught,
For glory or for shame.

LIII. TRUE PATRIOTISM IS UNSELFISH.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.¹

(1824-1892.)

RIGHT and wrong, justice and crime, exist independently of our country. A public wrong is not a private right for any citizen. The citizen is a man bound to know and do the right, and the nation is but an aggregation of citizens. If a man should shout, "My country, by whatever means extended and bounded; my country, right or wrong!" he merely repeats the words of the thief who steals in the street, or the trader who swears falsely in the custom-house, both of them chuckling, "My fortune; however acquired."

Thus, gentlemen, we see that a man's country is not a certain area of land, — of mountains, rivers, and woods, — but it is principle; and patriotism is loyalty to that principle.

In poetic minds and in popular enthusiasm, this feeling becomes closely associated with the soil and symbols of the country. But the secret sanctification of the soil and the symbol is the idea which they represent; and this idea the patriot worships, through the name and the symbol, as a lover kisses with rapture the glove of his mistress and wears a lock of her hair upon his heart.

So, with passionate heroism, of which tradition is never weary of tenderly telling, Arnold von Winkelried gathered into his bosom the sheaf of foreign spears, that his death

¹ GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS was an American author and editor of distinction. He was a patriot as well, and during all his long life rendered valuable service to his country. For many years he was the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, and of a department in *Harper's Monthly Magazine*.

might give life to his country. So Nathan Hale, disdaining no service that his country demands, perishes untimely, with no other friend than God and the satisfied sense of duty. So George Washington, at once comprehending the scope of the destiny to which his country was devoted, with one hand puts aside the crown, and with the other sets his slaves free. So, through all history from the beginning, a noble army of martyrs has fought fiercely and fallen bravely for that unseen mistress, their country. So, through all history to the end, as long as men believe in God, that army must still march and fight and fall, — recruited only from the flower of mankind, cheered only by their own hope of humanity, strong only in their confidence in their cause.

LIV. GRADATIM.¹

BY JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND.²

(1819-1881.)

HEAVEN is not reached by a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a fairer view.

¹ *Gradatim*, Step by step.

² JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND was a distinguished American author, who wrote both prose and poetry, his prose being mostly in the form of lectures and essays. He was one of the founders of the *Century Magazine*.

We rise by the things that are under our feet,
By what we have mastered of good or gain;
By the pride deposed, or the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls to life and light;
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray;
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the recall of earthly things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings are for angels, but feet for men!
We may borrow the wings to find the way;
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray,
But our feet must rise or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart and the ladder falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.



LV. THE BLIND PREACHER.

BY WILLIAM WIRT.

(1772-1834.)

IT was on Sunday, as I traveled through the county of Orange, that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous old wooden house in the forest, not far from the roadside. Having frequently seen such objects before in traveling through these States, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

Devotion alone should have stopped me, to join in the duties of the congregation ; but I must confess that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness was not the least of my motives. On entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man ; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shriveled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of a palsy ; and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind.

The first emotions that touched my breast were those of mingled pity and veneration. But how soon were all my feelings changed. The lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees than were the lips of this holy man ! It was a day of the administration of the sacrament ; and his subject, of course, was the passion of our Savior. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times ; I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose that in the wild woods of America I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to his topic a new and more sublime pathos than I had ever before witnessed.

As he descended from the pulpit to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, more than human, solemnity

in his air and manner which made my blood run cold and my whole frame shiver.

He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Savior: His trial before Pilate; his ascent up Calvary; his crucifixion and his death. I knew the whole history; but never, until then, had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored. It was all new; and I seemed to hear it then for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate that his voice trembled on every syllable, and every heart in the assembly turned in unison. His peculiar phrases had that force of description that the original scene appeared to be at that moment acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the mob; the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet; my soul kindled with a flame of indignation, and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clinched.

But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Savior; when he drew, to the life, his blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven, his voice breathing to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, — “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do,” — the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until, his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect is inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

It was some time before the tumult had subsided so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual, but fallacious, standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher; for I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without im-

pairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But no; the descent was as beautiful and sublime as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

The first sentence with which he broke the awful silence was a quotation from Rousseau: "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God!"

I despair of giving you any of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on delivery. You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher; his blindness, constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian and Milton, and associating with his performance the melancholy grandeur of their geniuses; you are to imagine that you hear the slow, solemn, well-accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting, trembling melody; you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised; and then the few minutes of death-like, portentous silence which reigned throughout the house; the preacher removing the white handkerchief from his aged face (even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears) and, slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which holds it, begins the sentence, "Socrates died like a philosopher" — then pausing, raising his other hand, pressing them both clasped together with warmth and energy in his breast, lifting his sightless eyes to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice — "but Jesus Christ like a God!" If he had been in deed and in truth an angel of light, the effect could have scarcely been more divine.

Whatever I had been able to conceive of the sublimity of Massillon, or the force of Bourdaloue, had fallen far short of

the power which I felt from the delivery of this short sentence. The blood which just before had rushed in a hurricane upon my brain, and in the violence and agony of my feelings had held my whole system in suspense, now ran back into my heart with a sensation that I cannot describe, — a kind of shuddering delicious horror! The paroxysm of blended pity and indignation, to which I had been transported, subsided into the deepest self-abasement, humility, and adoration. I had just been lacerated and dissolved by sympathy for our Savior as a fellow-creature; but now, with fear and trembling, I adored him as — “God!”

If this description give you the impression that this incomparable minister had anything of shallow, theatrical trick in his manner, it does him great injustice. I have never seen in any other orator such a union of simplicity and majesty. He has not a gesture, an attitude, or an accent to which he does not seem forced by the sentiment which he is expressing. His mind is too serious, too earnest, too solicitous, and, at the same time, too dignified, to stoop to artifice. Although as far removed from ostentation as man can be, yet it is clear, from the train, the style and substance of his thoughts, that he is not only a very polite scholar, but a man of profound and extensive erudition. I was forcibly struck with a short yet beautiful character which he drew of our learned and amiable countryman Sir Robert Boyle: he spoke of him as if his noble mind had, even before death, divested herself of all influence from this frail tabernacle of flesh; and called him, in his peculiarly emphatic and impressive manner “a pure intelligence; the link between men and angels.”

This man has been before my imagination almost ever since. A thousand times, as I rode along, I dropped the reins of my bridle, stretched forth my hand, and tried to imitate his quotation from Rousseau; a thousand times I

abandoned the attempt in despair and felt persuaded that his peculiar manner and power arose from an energy of soul which nature could give, but which no human being could justly copy. In short, he seems to be altogether a being of a former age, or of a totally different nature from the rest of men.

As I recall, at this moment, several of his awfully striking attitudes, the chilling tide with which my blood begins to pour along my arteries reminds me of the emotions produced by the first sight of Gray's introductory picture of his bard :

“ On a rock, whose haughty brow
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
 Robed in the sable garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes the poet stood
 (Loose his beard and hoary hair
 Streamed like a meteor, to the troubled air),
 And with a poet's hand and prophet's fire
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.”

LVI. MY CHÂTEAUX.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

“ In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
 A stately pleasure-dome decree.”

COLERIDGE.

I AM the owner of great estates. Many of them lie in the West, but the greater part are in Spain. You may see my western possessions any evening at sunset, when their spires and battlements flash against the horizon.

It gives me a feeling of pardonable importance, as a proprietor, that they are visible, to my eyes at least, from any part of the world in which I chance to be. In my

long voyage around the Cape of Good Hope to India (the only voyage I ever made, when I was a boy and a super-cargo), if I fell homesick, or sank into a reverie of all the pleasant homes I had left behind, I had but to wait until sunset, and then looking toward the west, I beheld my clustering pinnacles and towers brightly burnished as if to salute and welcome me.

So, in the city, if I get vexed and wearied, and cannot find my wonted solace in sallying forth at dinner-time to contemplate the gay world of youth and beauty hurrying to the congress of fashion, — or if I observe that years are deepening their tracks around the eyes of my wife, Prue, I go quietly up to the housetop, toward evening, and refresh myself with a distant prospect of my estates. It is as dear to me as that of Eton to the poet Gray; and, if I sometimes wonder at such moments whether I shall find those realms as fair as they appear, I am suddenly reminded that the night air may be noxious, and descending, I enter the little parlor where Prue sits stitching, and surprise that precious woman by exclaiming with the poet's pensive enthusiasm:

“Thought would destroy their Paradise,
No more; — where ignorance is bliss,
’Tis folly to be wise.”

Columbus, also, had possessions in the West; and as I read aloud the romantic story of his life, my voice quivers when I come to the point in which it is related that sweet odors of the land mingled with the sea air, as the admiral's fleet approached the shores; that tropical birds flew out and fluttered around the ships, glittering in the sun, the gorgeous promises of the new country; that boughs, perhaps with blossoms not all decayed, floated out to welcome the strange wood from which the craft were hollowed. Then I cannot restrain myself. I think of the gorgeous visions

I have seen before I have even undertaken the journey to the West, and I cry aloud to Prue, —

“What sun-bright birds, and gorgeous blossoms, and celestial odors will float out to us, my Prue, as we approach our western possessions!”

The placid Prue raises her eyes to mine with a reproof so delicate that it could not be trusted to words; and, after a moment, she resumes her knitting and I proceed.

These are my western estates, but my finest castles are in Spain. It is a country famously romantic, and my castles are all of perfect proportions, and appropriately set in the most picturesque situations. I have never been to Spain myself, but I have naturally conversed much with travelers to that country; although, I must allow, without deriving from them much substantial information about my property there. The wisest of them told me that there were more holders of real estate in Spain than in any other region he had ever heard of, and they are all great proprietors. Every one of them possesses a multitude of the stateliest castles. From conversation with them you easily gather that each one considers his own castles much the largest and in the loveliest positions. And, after I had heard this said, I verified it, by discovering that all my immediate neighbors in the city were great Spanish proprietors.

One day as I raised my head from entering some long and tedious accounts in my books, and began to reflect that the quarter was expiring, and that I must begin to prepare the balance-sheet, I observed my subordinate, in office but not in years (for poor old Titbottom will never see sixty again!), leaning on his hand, and much abstracted.

“Are you not well, Titbottom?” asked I.

“Perfectly, but I was just building a castle in Spain,” said he.

I looked at his rusty coat, his faded hands, his sad eye,

and white hair, for a moment, in great surprise, and then inquired, —

“Is it possible that you own property there too?”

He shook his head silently; and still leaning on his hand, and with an expression in his eye as if he were looking upon the most fertile estate of Andalusia, he went on making his plans; laying out his gardens, I suppose, building terraces for the vines, determining a library with a southern exposure, and resolving which should be the tapestried chamber.

“What a singular whim,” thought I, as I watched Titbottom and filled up a check for four hundred dollars, my quarterly salary, “that a man who owns castles in Spain should be deputy bookkeeper at nine hundred dollars a year!”

When I went home I ate my dinner silently, and afterward sat for a long time upon the roof of the house, looking at my western property, and thinking of Titbottom.

It is remarkable that none of the proprietors have ever been to Spain to take possession and report to the rest of us the state of our property there. I, of course, cannot go, I am too much engaged. So is Titbottom. And I find it is the case with all the proprietors. We have so much to detain us at home that we cannot get away. But it is always so with rich men. Prue sighed once as she sat at the window and saw Bourne, the millionaire, the President of innumerable companies, and manager and director of all the charitable societies in town, going by with wrinkled brow and hurried step. I asked her why she sighed.

“Because I was remembering that my mother used to tell me not to desire great riches, for they occasioned great cares,” said she.

“They do indeed,” answered I, with emphasis, remembering Titbottom, and the impossibility of looking after my Spanish estates.

Prue turned and looked at me with mild surprise; but I saw that her mind had gone down the street with Bourne. I could never discover if he held much Spanish stock. But I think he does. All the Spanish proprietors have a certain expression. Bourne has it to a remarkable degree. It is a kind of look, as if, in fact, a man's mind were in Spain. Bourne was an old lover of Prue's, and he is not married, which is strange for a man in his position.

It is not easy for me to say how I know so much, as I certainly do, about my castles in Spain. The sun always shines upon them. They stand lofty and fair in a luminous, golden atmosphere, a little hazy and dreamy, perhaps, like the Indian summer, but in which no gales blow and there are no tempests. All the sublime mountains, and beautiful valleys, and soft landscape, that I have not yet seen, are to be found in the grounds. They command a noble view of the Alps; so fine, indeed, that I should be quite content with the prospect of them from the highest tower of my castle, and not care to go to Switzerland.

The neighboring ruins, too, are as picturesque as those of Italy, and my desire of standing in the Coliseum, and of seeing the shattered arches of the Aqueducts stretching along the Campagna and melting into the Alban Mount, is entirely quenched. The rich gloom of my orange groves is gilded by fruit as brilliant of complexion and exquisite of flavor as any that ever dark-eyed Sorrento girls, looking over the high plastered walls of southern Italy, hand to the youthful travelers, climbing on donkeys up the narrow lane beneath.

The Nile flows through my grounds. The Desert lies upon their edge, and Damascus stands in my garden. I am given to understand, also, that the Parthenon has been removed to my Spanish possessions. The Golden-Horn is my fish-preserve; my flocks of golden fleece are pastured on the plain of Marathon, and the honey of Hymettus is distilled

from the flowers that grow in the vale of Enna — all in my Spanish domains.

From the windows of those castles look the beautiful women whom I have never seen, whose portraits the poets have painted. They wait for me there, and chiefly the fair-haired child, lost to my eyes so long ago, now bloomed into an impossible beauty. The lights that never shone, glance at evening in the vaulted halls, upon banquets that were never spread. The bands I have never collected, play all night long, and enchant the brilliant company, that was never assembled, into silence.

In the long summer mornings the children that I never had, play in the gardens that I never planted. I hear their sweet voices sounding low and far away, calling "Father! father!" I see the lost fair-haired girl, grown now into a woman, descending the stately stairs of my castle in Spain, stepping out upon the lawn, and playing with those children. They bound away together down the garden; but those voices linger, this time airily calling, "Mother! mother!"

But there is a stranger magic than this in my Spanish estates. The lawny slopes on which, when a child, I played, in my father's old country place, which was sold when he failed, are all there, and not a flower faded, nor a blade of grass sere. The green leaves have not fallen from the spring woods of half a century ago, and a gorgeous autumn has blazed undimmed for fifty years, among the trees I remember.

Chestnuts are not especially sweet to my palate now, but those with which I used to prick my fingers when gathering them in New Hampshire woods are exquisite as ever to my taste, when I think of eating them in Spain. I never ride horseback now at home; but in Spain, when I think of it, I bound over all the fences in the country, barebacked upon the wildest horses. Sermons I am apt to find a little sopor-

rific in this country ; but in Spain I should listen as reverently as ever, for proprietors must set a good example on their estates.

Plays are insufferable to me here — Prue and I never go. Prue, indeed, is not quite sure it is moral ; but the theaters in my Spanish castles are of a prodigious splendor, and when I think of going there, Prue sits in a front box with me — a kind of royal box — the good woman attired in such wise as I have never seen her here, while I wear my white waistcoat, which in Spain has no appearance of mending, but dazzles with immortal newness, and is a miraculous fit.

Yes, and in those castles in Spain, Prue is not the placid, breeches-patching helpmate with whom you are acquainted, but her face has a bloom which we both remember, and her movement a grace which my Spanish swans emulate, and her voice a music sweeter than those that orchestras discourse. She is always there what she seemed to me when I fell in love with her, many and many years ago. The neighbors called her then a nice, capable girl ; and certainly she did knit and darn with a zeal and success to which my feet and my legs have testified for nearly half a century. But she could spin a finer web than ever came from cotton, and in its subtle meshes my heart was entangled, and there has reposed softly and happily ever since. The neighbors declared she could make pudding and cake better than any girl of her age ; but stale bread from Prue's hand was ambrosia to my palate.

“She who makes everything well, even to making neighbors speak well of her, will surely make a good wife,” said I to myself when I knew her, and the echo of a half century answers, “a good wife.”

So, when I meditate my Spanish castles, I see Prue in them as my heart saw her standing by her father's door. “Age cannot wither her.” There is a magic in the Spanish

air that paralyzes Time. He glides by, unnoticed and unnoticed. I greatly admire the Alps, which I see so distinctly from my Spanish windows; I delight in the taste of the southern fruit that ripens upon my terraces; I enjoy the pen-sive shade of the Italian ruins in my gardens; I like to shoot crocodiles, and talk with the Sphinx upon the shores of the Nile, flowing through my domain; I am glad to drink sherbet in Damascus, and fleece my flocks on the plains of Marathon; but I would resign all these forever rather than part with that Spanish portrait of Prue for a day. Nay, have I not resigned them all forever, to live with that portrait's changing original?

I have often wondered how I should reach my castles. The desire of going comes over me very strongly sometimes, and I endeavor to see how I can arrange my affairs, so as to get away. To tell the truth, I am not quite sure of the route, — I mean, to that particular part of Spain in which my estates lie. I have inquired very particularly, but nobody seems to know precisely. One morning I met young Aspen, trembling with excitement.

"What's the matter?" asked I with interest, for I knew that he held a great deal of Spanish stock.

"Oh!" said he, "I'm going out to take possession. I have found the way to my castles in Spain."

"Dear me!" I answered, with the blood streaming into my face; and, heedless of Prue, pulling my glove until it ripped — "what is it?"

"The direct route is through California," answered he.

"But then you have the sea to cross afterward," said I, remembering the map.

"Not at all," answered Aspen, "the road runs along the shore of the Sacramento River."

He darted away from me, and I did not meet him again. I was very curious to know if he arrived safely in Spain,

and was expecting every day to hear news from him of my property there, when, one evening, I bought an extra, full of California news, and the first thing upon which my eye fell was this: "Died, in San Francisco, Edward Aspen, Esq., aged 35." There is a large body of the Spanish stockholders who believe with Aspen, and sail for California every week. I have not yet heard of their arrival out at their castles, but I suppose they are so busy with their own affairs there, that they have no time to write to the rest of us about the condition of our property.

There was my wife's cousin, too, Jonathan Bud, who is a good, honest youth from the country, and, after a few weeks' absence, he burst into the office one day, just as I was balancing my books, and whispered to me eagerly, —

"I've found my castle in Spain."

I put the blotting-paper in the leaf deliberately, for I was wiser now than when Aspen had excited me, and looked at my wife's cousin, Jonathan Bud, inquiringly.

"Polly Bacon," whispered he, winking.

I continued the interrogative glance.

"She's going to marry me, and she'll show me the way to Spain," said Jonathan Bud, hilariously.

"She'll make you walk Spanish, Jonathan Bud," said I.

And so she does. He makes no more hilarious remarks. He never bursts into a room. He does not ask us to dinner. He says that Mrs. Bud does not like smoking. Mrs. Bud has nerves and babies. She has a way of saying, "Mr. Bud!" which destroys conversation, and casts a gloom upon society.

It occurred to me that Bourne, the millionaire, must have ascertained the safest and most expeditious route to Spain; so I stole a few minutes one afternoon, and went into his office. He was sitting at his desk, writing rapidly, and surrounded by files of papers and patterns, specimens, boxes,

everything that covers the tables of a great merchant. In the outer rooms clerks were writing. Upon high shelves over their heads were huge chests, covered with dust, dingy with age, many of them, and all marked with the name of the firm, in large black letters — “Bourne & Dye.” They were all numbered also with the proper year; some of them with a single capital B, and dates extending back into the last century, when old Bourne made the great fortune, before he went into partnership with Dye. Everything was indicative of immense and increasing prosperity.

There were several gentlemen in waiting to converse with Bourne (we all call him so, familiarly, down town), and I waited until they went out. But others came in. There was no pause in the rush. All kinds of inquiries were made and answered. At length I stepped up.

“A moment, please, Mr. Bourne.”

He looked up hastily, wished me good morning, which he had done to none of the others, and which courtesy I attributed to Spanish sympathy.

“What is it, sir?” he asked blandly, but with wrinkled brow.

“Mr. Bourne, have you any castles in Spain?” said I, without preface.

He looked at me for a few moments without speaking, and without seeming to see me. His brow gradually smoothed and his eyes, apparently looking into the street, were really, I have no doubt, feasting upon the Spanish landscape.

“Too many, too many,” said he at length musingly, shaking his head, and without addressing me.

I suppose he felt himself too much extended — as we say in Wall Street. He feared, I thought, that he had too much impracticable property elsewhere, to own so much in Spain; so I asked, —

"Will you tell me what you consider the shortest and safest route thither, Mr. Bourne? for of course a man who drives such an immense trade with all parts of the world, will know all that I have come to inquire."

"My dear sir," answered he, wearily, "I have been trying all my life to discover it; but none of my ships have ever been there — none of my captains have any report to make. They bring me, as they brought my father, gold dust from Guinea; ivory, pearls, and precious stones, from every part of the earth; but not a fruit, not a solitary flower, from one of my castles in Spain. I have sent clerks, agents, and travelers of all kinds, philosophers, pleasure-hunters, and invalids, in all sorts of ships, to all sorts of places, but none of them ever saw or heard of my castles, except one young poet, and he died in a mad-house."

"Mr. Bourne, will you take five thousand at ninety-seven?" hastily demanded a man, whom, as he entered, I recognized as a broker. "We'll make a splendid thing of it."

Bourne nodded assent, and the broker disappeared.

"Happy man!" muttered the merchant, as the broker went out; "he has no castles in Spain."

"I am sorry to have troubled you, Mr. Bourne," said I, retiring.

"I am glad you came," returned he; "but I assure you, had I known the route you hoped to ascertain from me, I should have sailed years and years ago. People sail for the North-west Passage, which is nothing when you have found it. Why don't the English Admiralty fit out expeditions to discover all our castles in Spain?"

He sat lost in thought.

"It's nearly post-time, sir," said the clerk.

Mr. Bourne did not heed him. He was still musing; and I turned to go, wishing him good morning. When I

had nearly reached the door, he called me back, saying, as if continuing his remarks, —

“It is strange that you, of all men, should come to ask me this question. If I envy any man, it is you, for I sincerely assure you that I supposed you lived altogether upon your Spanish estates. I once thought I knew the way to mine. I gave directions for furnishing them, and ordered bridal bouquets, which were never used, but I suppose they are there still.”

He paused a moment, then said slowly, “How is your wife?”

I told him that Prue was well — that she was always remarkably well. Mr. Bourne shook me warmly by the hand.

“Thank you,” said he. “Good morning.”

I knew why he thanked me; I knew why he thought that I lived altogether upon my Spanish estates; I knew a little bit about those bridal bouquets. Mr. Bourne the millionaire was an old lover of Prue's. There is something very odd about these Spanish castles. When I think of them, I somehow see the fair-haired girl whom I knew when I was not out of short jackets. When Bourne meditates them, he sees Prue and me quietly at home in their best chambers. It is a very singular thing that my wife should live in another man's castle in Spain.

At length I resolved to ask Titbottom if he had ever heard of the best route to our estates. He said that he owned castles, and sometimes there was an expression in his face, as if he saw them. I hope he did. I should long ago have asked him if he had ever observed the turrets of my possessions in the West, without alluding to Spain, if I had not feared he would suppose I was mocking his poverty. I hope his poverty has not turned his head, for he is very forlorn.

One Sunday I went with him a few miles into the

country. It was a soft, bright day; the fields and hills lay turned to the sky, as if every leaf and blade of grass were nerves, bared to the touch of the sun. I almost felt the ground warm under my feet. The meadows waved and glittered, the lights and shadows were exquisite, and the distant hills seemed only to remove the horizon farther away. As we strolled along, picking wild-flowers, for it was in summer, I was thinking what a fine day it was for a trip to Spain, when Titbottom suddenly exclaimed, —

“Thank God! I own this landscape.”

“You?” returned I.

“Certainly,” said he.

“Why,” I answered, “I thought this was part of Bourne’s property?”

Titbottom smiled.

“Does Bourne own the sun and sky? Does Bourne own that sailing shadow yonder? Does Bourne own the golden luster of the grain, or the motion of the wood, or those ghosts of hills, that glide pallid along the horizon? Bourne owns the dirt and fences, I own the beauty that makes the landscape, or otherwise how could I own castles in Spain?”

That was very true. I respected Titbottom more than ever.

“Do you know,” said he, after a long pause, “that I fancy my castles lie just beyond those distant hills. At all events, I can see them distinctly from their summits.”

He smiled quietly as he spoke, and it was then I asked:

“But, Titbottom, have you never discovered the way to them?”

“Dear me! yes,” answered he, “I know the way well enough; but it would do no good to follow it. I should give out before I arrived. It is a long and difficult journey for a man of my years and habits — and income,” he added slowly.

As he spoke he seated himself upon the ground; and while he pulled long blades of grass, and, putting them between his thumbs, whistled shrilly, he said, —

“I have never known but two men who reached their estates in Spain.”

“Indeed!” said I, “how did they go?”

“One went over the side of a ship, and the other out of a third story window,” said Titbottom, fitting a broad blade between his thumbs and blowing a demoniacal blast.

“And I know one proprietor who resides upon his estates constantly,” continued he.

“Who is that?”

“Our old friend Slug, whom you may see any day at the asylum, just coming in from the hunt, or going to call upon his friend the Grand Lama, or dressing for the wedding of the Man in the Moon, or receiving an ambassador from Timbuctoo. Whenever I go to see him, Slug insists that I am the Pope, disguised as a journeyman carpenter, and he entertains me in the most distinguished manner. He always insists upon kissing my foot, and I bestow upon him, kneeling, the apostolic benediction. This is the only Spanish proprietor in possession with whom I am acquainted.”

And, so saying, Titbottom lay back upon the ground, and making a spy-glass of his hand, surveyed the landscape through it. This was a marvelous bookkeeper of more than sixty!

“I know another man who lived in his Spanish castle for two months, and then was tumbled out head first. That was young Stunning, who married old Buhl’s daughter. She was all smiles, and mamma was all sugar, and Stunning was all bliss, for two months. He carried his head in the clouds, and felicity absolutely foamed at his eyes. He was drowned in love; seeing, as usual, not what really was, but what he fancied. He lived so exclusively in his castle,

that he forgot the office down town, and one morning there came a fall, and Stunning was smashed."

Titbottom arose, and stooping over, contemplated the landscape, with his head down between his legs.

"It's quite a new effect, so," said the nimble bookkeeper.

"Well," said I, "Stunning failed?"

"Oh, yes, smashed all up, and the castle in Spain came down about his ears with a tremendous crash. The family sugar was all dissolved into the original cane in a moment. Fairy-times are over, are they? Heigh-ho! the falling stones of Stunning's castle have left their marks all over his face. I call them his Spanish scars."

"But, my dear Titbottom," said I, "what is the matter with you this morning? Your usual sedateness is quite gone."

"It's only the exhilarating air of Spain," he answered. "My castles are so beautiful that I can never think of them, nor speak of them, without excitement; when I was younger I desired to reach them even more ardently than now, because I heard that the philosopher's stone was in the vault of one of them."

"Indeed," said I, yielding to sympathy, "and I have good reason to believe that the fountain of eternal youth flows through the garden of one of mine. Do you know whether there are any children upon your grounds?"

"The children of Alice call Bartrum father!" replied Titbottom, solemnly, and in a low voice, as he folded his faded hands before him, and stood erect, looking wistfully over the landscape. The light wind played with his thin white hair, and his sober, black suit was almost somber in the sunshine. The half bitter expression, which I had remarked upon his face during part of our conversation, had passed away, and the old sadness had returned to his eye. He stood, in the pleasant morning, the very image of a great proprietor of castles in Spain

"There is wonderful music there," he said; "sometimes I awake at night, and hear it. It is full of the sweetness of youth, and love, and a new world. I lie and listen, and I seem to arrive at the great gates of my estates. They swing open upon noiseless hinges, and the tropic of my dreams receives me. Up the broad steps, whose marble pavement mingled light and shadow print with shifting mosaic, beneath the boughs of lustrous oleanders, and palms, and trees of unimaginable fragrance, I pass into the vestibule, warm with summer odors, and into the presence-chamber beyond, where my wife awaits me. But castle, and wife, and odorous woods, and pictures, and statues, and all the bright substance of my household, seem to reel and glimmer in the splendor, as the music fails.

"But when it swells again, I clasp the wife to my heart, and we move on with a fair society, beautiful women, noble men, before whom the tropical luxuriance of that world bends and bows in homage; and, through endless days and nights of eternal summer, the stately revel of our life proceeds. Then, suddenly, the music stops. I hear my watch ticking under the pillow. I see dimly the outline of my little upper room. Then I fall asleep, and in the morning some one of the boarders at the breakfast-table says, —

"Did you hear the serenade last night, Mr. Titbottom?"

I doubted no longer that Titbottom was a very extensive proprietor. The truth is, that he was so constantly engaged in planning and arranging his castles, that he conversed very little at the office, and I had misinterpreted his silence. As we walked homeward that day, he was more than ever tender and gentle. "We must all have something to do in this world," said he, "and I, who have so much leisure — for you know I have no wife nor children to work for — know not what I should do, if I had not my castles in Spain to look after."

When I reached home, my darling Prue was sitting in the small parlor, reading. I felt a little guilty for having been so long away, and upon my only holiday, too. So I began to say that Titbottom invited me to go to walk, and that I had no idea we had gone so far, and that —

“Don’t excuse yourself,” said Prue, smiling as she laid down her book; “I am glad you have enjoyed yourself. You ought to go out sometimes, and breathe the fresh air, and run about the fields, which I am not strong enough to do. Why did you not bring home Mr. Titbottom to tea? He is so lonely, and looks so sad. I am sure he has very little comfort in this life,” said my thoughtful Prue, as she called Jane to set the tea-table.

“But he has a good deal of comfort in Spain, Prue,” answered I.

“When was Mr. Titbottom in Spain?” inquired my wife.

“Why, he is there more than half the time,” I replied.

Prue looked quietly at me and smiled. “I see it has done you good to breathe the country air,” said she. “Jane, get some of the blackberry jam, and call Adoniram and the children.”

So we went in to tea. We eat in the back parlor, for our little house and limited means do not allow us to have things upon the Spanish scale. It is better than a sermon to hear my wife Prue talk to the children; and when she speaks to me it seems sweeter than psalm singing; at least, such as we have in our church. I am very happy.

Yet I dream my dreams, and attend to my castles in Spain. I have so much property there, that I could not, in conscience, neglect it. All the years of my youth, and the hopes of my manhood, are stored away, like precious stones, in the vaults, and I know that I shall find everything convenient, elegant, and beautiful when I come into possession.

As the years go by, I am not conscious that my interest diminishes. If I see that age is subtly sifting his snow in the dark hair of my Prue, I smile, contented, for her hair, dark and heavy as when I first saw it, is all carefully treasured in my castles in Spain. If I feel her arm more heavily leaning upon mine, as we walk around the squares, I press it closely to my side, for I know that the easy grace of her youth's motion will be restored by the elixir of that Spanish air. If her voice sometimes falls less clearly from her lips, it is no less sweet to me, for the music of her voice's prime fills, freshly as ever, those Spanish halls. If the light I love fades a little from her eyes, I know that the glances she gave me, in our youth, are the eternal sunshine of my castles in Spain.

I defy time and change. Each year laid upon our heads is a hand of blessing. I have no doubt that I shall find the shortest route to my possessions as soon as need be. Perhaps, when Adoniram is married, we shall all go out to one of my castles to pass the honeymoon.

Ah! if the true history of Spain could be written, what a book were there! The most purely romantic ruin in the world is the Alhambra. But of the Spanish castles, more spacious and splendid than any possible Alhambra, and forever unruined, no towers are visible, no pictures have been painted, and only a few ecstatic songs have been sung. The pleasure-dome of Kubla Khan, which Coleridge saw in Xanadu (a province with which I am not familiar), and a fine Castle of Indolence belonging to Thomson, and the Palace of Art which Tennyson built as a "lordly pleasure-house" for his soul, are among the best statistical accounts of those Spanish estates. Turner, too, has done for them much the same service that Owen Jones has done for the Alhambra. In the vignette to Moore's *Epicurean* you will find represented one of the most extensive castles in Spain;

and there are several exquisite studies from others, by the same artists, published in Rogers's Italy.

But I confess I do not recognize any of these as mine, and that fact makes me prouder of my own castles, for, if there be such boundless variety of magnificence in their aspect and exterior, imagine the life that is led there, a life not unworthy such a setting.

If Adoniram should be married within a reasonable time, and we should make up that little family party to go out, I have considered already what society I should ask to meet the bride. Jephthah's daughter and the Chevalier Bayard, I should say—and fair Rosamond with Dean Swift—King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba would come over, I think, from his famous castle—Shakespeare and his friend the Marquis of Southampton might come in a galley with Cleopatra; and, if any guest were offended by her presence, he should devote himself to the Fair One with Golden Locks. Mephistophiles is not personally disagreeable, and is exceedingly well-bred in society, I am told; and he should come *tête-à-tête* with Mrs. Rawdon Crawley. Spenser should escort his Faerie Queen, who would preside at the tea-table.

Mr. Samuel Weller I should ask as Lord of Misrule, and Dr. Johnson as the Abbot of Unreason. I would suggest to Major Dobbin to accompany Mrs. Fry; Alcibiades would bring Homer and Plato in his purple-sailed galley; and I would have Aspasia, Ninon de l'Enclos, and Mrs. Battle, to make up a table of whist with Queen Elizabeth. I shall order a seat placed in the oratory for Lady Jane Grey and Joan of Arc. I shall invite General Washington to bring some of the choicest cigars from his plantation for Sir Walter Raleigh; and Chaucer, Browning, and Walter Savage Landor should talk with Goethe, who is to bring Tasso on one arm and Iphigenia on the other.

Dante and Mr. Carlyle would prefer, I suppose, to go down into the dark vaults under the castle. The Man in the Moon, the Old Harry, and William of the Wisp would be valuable additions, and the Laureate Tennyson might compose an official ode upon the occasion : or I would ask "They" to say all about it.

Of course there are many other guests whose names I do not at the moment recall. But I should invite, first of all, Miles Coverdale, who knows everything about these places and this society, for he was at Blithedale, and he has described "a select party" which he attended at a castle in the air.

Prue has not yet looked over the list. In fact, I am not quite sure that she knows my intention. For I wish to surprise her, and I think it would be generous to ask Bourne to lead her out in the bridal quadrille. I think that I shall try the first waltz with the girl I sometimes seem to see in my fairest castle, but whom I very vaguely remember. Titbottom will come with old Burton and Jaques. But I have not prepared half my invitations. Do you not guess it, seeing that I did not name, first of all, Elia, who assisted at the "Rejoicings upon the new year's coming of age?"

And yet, if Adoniram should never marry?—or if we could not get to Spain?—or if the company would not come?

What then? Shall I betray a secret? I have already entertained this party in my humble little parlor at home ; and Prue presided as serenely as Semiramis over her court. Have I not said that I defy time, and shall space hope to daunt me? I keep books by day, but by night books keep me. They leave me to dreams and reveries. Shall I confess, that sometimes when I have been sitting, reading to my Prue, Cymbeline, perhaps, or a Canterbury tale, I have seemed to see clearly before me the broad highway to my castles in Spain ; and as she looked up from her work, and smiled in sympathy, I have even fancied that I was already there.

LVII. SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE

BY SIDNEY LANIER.

(1842-1881.)



SIDNEY LANIER.

SIDNEY LANIER was one of the most gifted of our Southern poets. A true son of the South, he entered the Confederate army soon after his college graduation, and served throughout the Civil War. His experiences are graphically portrayed in "Tiger Lilies," a novel published in 1867. His love of music was the master passion of his life. It permeates all his poetry, which is full of melody, containing symphonies in words.

Mr. Lanier was lecturer on English Literature at Johns' Hopkins University the last two years of his life.

OUT of the hills of Habersham,
Down through the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side,
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried, Abide, abide,
The wilful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said, Stay,
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed, Abide, abide,
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said, Pass not, so cold, these manifold
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone and the smooth brook-stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone —
Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet, and amethyst —
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But, oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And, oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call —
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main;
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

LVIII. THE FIG-MERCHANT.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

(1825-1898.)

MRS. MARGARET PRESTON was the daughter of Dr. George Junkin, at one time president of Washington College (now Washington and Lee University) at Lexington, Virginia. Though born in Philadelphia, Mrs. Preston was truly a Southerner at heart. She wrote charming poetry, and five volumes of her poems have been published, together with a novel, "Silverwood," and a book of travels, entitled "A Handful of Monographs." Her writings were marked by great purity and refinement of feeling.

"IN the name of the Prophet, figs!"
Through the drowse of the noon afar
Came droning the Arab vender's cry
As he threaded the thronged bazaar.
With the courage that comes of faith,
He neither had thought nor care,
Though the lip of the scornful Greek might curl,
Or the insolent Frank might stare.

"In the name of the Prophet, figs!"
A traveler, loitering near,
Half screened in a niche's deep recess,
Turned languidly 'round to hear.
But scarce had the Arab passed,
Ere a ripple, that seemed a sigh,
Blurred faintly the calm of his lip, and broke
In a haze on his dreaming eye.

"In the name of the Prophet, figs!"
He listened with downcast face.
"This Moslem," he said, "is brave to own
His creed in the market-place;
While I, with supremest trust
And a hope that can know no shame,
Not once in the midst of this multitude
Have thought of my Prophet's name.

"'In the name of the Prophet, figs!'
No vagueness about the way
He honors the slow muezzin call,
When his hour has come to pray.
It matters not where he be,
His worship his faith reveals;
Would I have the manhood, amid these crowds,
To kneel as the Arab kneels?

"'In the name of the Prophet, figs!'
It sinks to an echo sweet,
Yet floats to me back with a pungent sting
Of reproach in this foreign street.
It bids that, with faith as bold
As the Moslem's, I bravely do
All things whatever, or great or small,
In the name of my Prophet, too!"

LIX. MINE INN.

BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TAYLOR.

(1819-1887.)

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TAYLOR was a talented American poet and miscellaneous author, with an easy and graceful style. He acted as war correspondent during the Civil War, and his published works include "Pictures of Camp and Field," "Between the Gates," "Theophilus Trent" (a novel), "Summer Savory," etc. The following extract is from the last-named book.

THERE is a quaint, old-world flavor about that Anglo-Saxon word "inne,"—inn. Direct, simple as mother-tongue can make it, the word tells all that is worth telling. Painted in black letters across a sign oval and white as an egg,—an anomalous egg, with little ringlets of sheet iron around the curve,—and the sign set upon a post that leans a little, as if to give the word italic emphasis, it is at once an announcement and a card of invitation: "Inn." The unhappy William Shenstone, who said he found his "warmest welcome in an inn," would have understood it, warmed to it, and accepted it.

"Tavern" is the next homeliest word, with a democratic touch to it that gives it little favor. Apply it and see: Astor's Tavern, St. Nicholas Tavern! And yet, why not? "The old London Tavern" had more wit and genius within its walls in some dead day or two than was ever congregated at the St. Nicholas or the Astor in a round year. The word brings up the picture of the bare broad table printed off in circles with flagons; of a mighty cheese, overcome and sagging with its own richness; of the pipes of clay rolling up the smoke of their narcotic offerings; of breezy-voiced Englishmen and "God save the King."

"Caravansary" — a tavern for caravans — brings up a far-away Oriental scene, with a four-footed train just filing in from the sands. The very word suggests turbans and spices and silver-tailed horses, and a gloomy court that looms up with camels.

"Hotel" is as French as a frog. It is second cousin to "palaces." It is applied to everything in America that "takes in" strangers. It means anything by the roadside that promises "entertainment for man and beast."



ON THE MARCH.

"House" is also an aristocratic, almost a royal, appellation. The House of Hanover, which glitters with coronets and crowns and magnificent possibilities, may designate a hemlock tavern in the West, where a tempestuous runner shouts, "All aboard for the Hanover House!" Landlords are often left to give their own names to hotels, and sometimes they are singularly absurd. A man named Hatch built a house, and proposed to call it after himself; but it never occurred to him how precisely it would designate a

residence for incubating poultry, till somebody put the words together before his eyes: "Hatch House." Ming — a name that Dickens might have invented — bestowed the patronymic upon his house in Missouri, and everybody about the place fell to talking through his nose. The big dinner-bell said nothing but "Ming;" a dusty, snuffling affair, jangled with a wire, called "Ming" in a querulous, nasal way; and Ming it was until, a few months ago, the old house was burned down, — and even then it was Ming, for it was ming-led with the elements. You cannot burn such a name out of anything!

There is a public-house in Ohio whose name, if shouted at any educated and edible fowl less tough and overdone than a tailor's goose, would throw it into fits. Think of yourself following a fellow who had roared "The American Eagle" at you, and some gamin in the crowd about the depot crying after you, "There goes a bite for the 'Merican Eagle!" If, like Jupiter's bird, you could clasp a talon on him, nothing but the law against cruelty to animals would prevent your making a thunderbolt of him. American is very well, and Eagle will do; but American Eagle measures too much from tip to tip.

There is a funny little affectation of grandeur in the way of announcing arrivals at modern caravansaries. Thus, you read that A. B. has "taken rooms" at the Cosmopolitan. You call on A. B., and you find him in Number 196, fourth floor back, quite above the jurisdiction of the State, one chair, one pillow, and eyed, like a cyclops, with one window; a room as hopelessly single as Adam seemed in his bachelorhood. But "rooms" is statelier, and we all enjoy it except A. B., who skips edgewise to and fro between trunk and bed, as if he were balancing to an invisible partner. But things double and magnify in an atoning way when he comes to pay the bill, and finds the footing as

high as the room, — altogether a high-toned institution, from clerk to closet.

THE OLD LANDLORD AND THE NEW.

HONEST and thoroughly English words are “landlord” and “landlady,” and used to fit what they were meant for, like Alexandre’s gloves. They name a pair of bread-keepers and loaf-givers who feed travelers. In fact, in a nice, white, wheaten sense, they are a brace of loafers. But in pretentious hotels the landlady is about as nearly extinct as the mastodon. She has been succeeded by the house-keeper. The landlord is not utterly abolished, but he is often gilt-edged, bound in Turkey, and profusely illustrated. No longer does he carve the succulent pig and the noble roast. No longer do the fowls, breasted like dead knights in armor on a monument, fall to pieces beneath the dexterous hints of the carving-knife. No longer, when the guests are served, does he wash his hospitable hands in invisible water before their eyes, and wish that “good digestion may wait on appetite, and health on both.” He is succeeded by a clerk and a steward.

In the dining-room swarm a head-waiter and his underlings in black and white, — to wit, faces and aprons, — who stand behind your chair and regard your organ of self-esteem, and look down the back of your neck, and watch your fork and your spoon and your plate and yourself, and never wink once. When you have done, they have done. They know you as an omnivorous animal *ab ovo usque ad mala*, — from the egg to the apples. No need to say or sing, “Get thee behind me, Satan;” for that is the mischief of it: he is there already and all the time.

The first landlord I ever saw is but just dead, and he was an old man in the beginning, — my beginning. He kept a stage house on the old State Road, as far north as the Black

River Country. It was an old-time inn, with a long, low, hospitable stoop, pulled down over the lower row of front windows like a broad-brimmed hat, a world too big, fallen over an urchin's eyebrows. Along the wall beneath this stoop was a hospitable bench. Within the wide door was the bar-room, with a great hospitable Franklin, and chuckle-headed andirons with slender, crooked necks, craning away from the maple logs as if they were afraid of burning their brains out. Across the room from the fiery cavern was "the bunk," a seat by day and a bed by night. Above it hung a stage-driver's whip, with an open-mouthed tin horn in the act of swallowing the handle, and the stock coiled about like the hapless Laocoön by a long and snaky lash with a pink-silk tail. Beside the whip a shaggy overcoat, a long red muffler, a buffalo robe, and a tin lantern tattooed like a Polynesian. Upon the wall the tatter of an old menagerie show-bill, where a spotted leopard, partly loosened from the plaster, wagged his tail in a strangely familiar way in the little breaths of air from the ever-opening door.

In the dining-room there were no sable waiters, and no bills of fare with impossible combinations of letters naming improbable things, but good and abundant food, — sugar that looked as if it had been quarried, and white as Parian marble; pure coffee fit for Turks, and tea for mandarins, — and withal a hearty welcome. When bedward bound, a pair of sheepskin slippers were produced from a closet in the bar, and "Brief candle" that Shakespeare mentions, and you were shown to a bed fat as Falstaff, to which whole flocks of geese paid feathery tribute. Mattresses were not yet.

That first landlord was a hero to me. He linked the small village to the big world. He was to strangers what the mayor is now. He extended them the freedom of the city for two shillings a meal. There were shillings as well as "giants in those days." By the way, when an Ameri-

can tradesman tells you an article is a shilling, knowing that a single shilling is a fiction and a delusion, he is joking at your expense, and lacks but very little of being an honest man, for he comes within half a cent of it!

LX. IF I LIVE TILL SUNDOWN.

BY HENRY WOODFIN GRADY.

(1850-1889.)

A SOLDIER lay wounded on a hard-fought field; the roar of the battle had died away, and he rested in the deadly stillness of its aftermath. Not a sound was heard as he lay there, sorely smitten and speechless, but the shriek of wounded and the sigh of the dying soul, as it escaped from the tumult of earth into the unspeakable peace of the stars. Off over the field flickered the lanterns of the surgeons with the litter bearers, searching that they might take away those whose lives could be saved and leave in sorrow those who were doomed to die with pleading eyes through the darkness. This poor soldier watched, unable to turn or speak as the lanterns grew near. At last the light flashed in his face, and the surgeon, with kindly face, bent over him, hesitated a moment, shook his head, and was gone, leaving the poor fellow alone with death. He watched in patient agony as they went on from one part of the field to another. As they came back the surgeon bent over him again. "I believe if this poor fellow lives to sundown to-morrow he will get well." And again leaving him, not to death but with hope, all night long these words fell into his heart as the dews fell from the stars upon his lips, "If he but lives till sundown, he will get well." He

turned his weary head to the east and watched for the coming sun. At last the stars went out, the east trembled with radiance, and the sun, slowly lifting above the horizon, tinged his pallid face with flame. He watched it inch by inch as it climbed slowly up the heavens. He thought of life, its hopes and ambitions, its sweetness and its raptures, and he fortified his soul against despair until the sun had reached high noon. It sloped down its slow descent, and his life was ebbing away and his heart was faltering, and he needed stronger stimulants to make him stand the struggle until the end of the day had come. He thought of his far-off home, the blessed house resting in tranquil peace with the roses climbing to its door, and the trees whispering to its windows, and dozing in the sunshine, the orchard and the little brook running like a silver thread through the forest.

"If I live till sundown I will see it again. I will walk down the shady lane: I will open the battered gate, and the mocking-bird shall call to me from the orchard, and I will drink again at the old mossy spring."

And he thought of the wife who had come from the neighboring farmhouse and put her hand shyly in his, and brought sweetness to his life and light to his home.

"If I live till sundown I shall look once more into her deep and loving eyes, and press her brown head once more to my aching breast."

And he thought of the old father, patient in prayer, bending lower and lower every day under his load of sorrow and old age.

"If I but live till sundown I shall see him again and wind my strong arm about his feeble body, and his hands shall rest upon my head, while the unspeakable healing of his blessing falls into my heart."

And he thought of the little children that clambered on

his knees and tangled their little hands into his heart strings, making to him such music as the world shall not equal or heaven surpass.

"If I live till sundown they shall again find my parched lips with their warm mouths, and their little fingers shall run once more over my face."

And he then thought of his old mother, who gathered these children about her and breathed her old heart afresh in their brightness and attuned her old lips anew to their prattle, that she might live till her big boy came home.

"If I live till sundown I will see her again, and I will rest my head at my old place on her knees, and weep away all memory of this desolate night." And the Son of God, who had died for men, bending from the stars, put the hand that had been nailed to the cross on ebbing life and held on the staunch until the sun went down and the stars came out, and shone down in the brave man's heart and blurred in his glistening eyes, and the lanterns of the surgeons came and he was taken from death to life.

Extract from a Speech at Dallas, Tex., 1887.

LXI. BRUSA AND THE SEA OF MARMORA.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

(1825-1878.)

BAYARD TAYLOR was a most versatile American writer. He entered nearly every field of literary labor and always with distinction. As a poet he ranks not far below the highest; as a novelist, he presented charming pictures of pastoral life; he was a fine translator; while his books of travel give vivid and forceful descriptions of scenes all over the globe. His journeyings on foot, "upwards of three thousand miles in Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and France," were recorded in "Views

Afoot," published in 1846; later works describe travels in California, Central America, Europe, Asia, and Africa, ending with "Egypt and Iceland," published in 1874.

BEFORE entering Brusa, we passed the whole length of the town, which is built on the side of Olympus, and on three bluffs or spurs which project from it. The situation is more picturesque than that of Damascus, and from the remarkable number of its white domes and minarets, shooting upward from the groves of chestnut, walnut, and cypress trees, the city is even more beautiful. There are large mosques on all the most prominent points, and, near the center of the city, the ruins of an ancient castle, built upon a crag. The place, as we rode along, presented a shifting diorama of delightful views. The hotel is at the extreme western end of the city, not far from its celebrated hot baths. It is a new building, in European style, and, being built high on the slope, commands one of the most glorious prospects I ever enjoyed from windows made with hands. What a comfort it was to go upstairs into a clean, bright, cheerful room; to drop at full length on a broad divan; to eat a Christian meal; to smoke a narghileh of the softest Persian tobacco; and finally, most exquisite of all luxuries, to creep between cool, clean sheets, on a curtained bed, and find it impossible to sleep on account of the delicious novelty of the sensation!

At night, another storm came up from the Sea of Marmora. Tremendous peals of thunder echoed in the gorges of Olympus, and sharp, broad flashes of lightning gave us blinding glimpses of the glorious plain below. The rain fell in heavy showers; but our tent-life was just closed, and we sat securely at our windows and enjoyed the sublime scene.

The sun, shining over the distant mountains of Isnik, shone full in my face, awaking me to a morning view of the valley, which, freshened by the night's thunder-storm, shone

wonderfully bright and clear. After coffee, we went to see the baths, which are on the side of the mountain, a mile from the hotel. The finest one, called the Kalputcha Hammam, is at the base of the hill. The entrance hall is very large, and covered by two lofty domes. In the center is a large marble urn-shaped fountain, pouring out an abundant flood of cold water. Out of this we passed into an immense rotunda, filled with steam and traversed by long pencils of light, falling from holes in the roof. A small but very beautiful marble fountain cast up a jet of cold water in the center. Beyond this was still another hall, of the same size, but with a circular basin, twenty-five feet in diameter, in the center. The floor was marble mosaic, and the basin was lined with brilliantly colored tiles. It is kept constantly full by the natural hot streams of the mountain. There were a number of persons in the pool, but the atmosphere was so hot that we did not long disturb them by our curiosity.

We then ascended to the Armenian bath, which is the neatest of all; but it was given up to the women, and we were therefore obliged to go to a Turkish one adjoining. The room into which we were taken was so hot that a violent perspiration immediately broke out all over my body, and by the time the delleks were ready to grasp me, I was as limp as a wet towel, and as plastic as a piece of putty. The man who took me was sweated away almost to nothing; his very bones appeared to have become soft and pliable. The water was slightly sulphureous, and the pailfuls which he dashed over my head were so hot that they produced the effect of a chill,—a violent nervous shudder. The temperature of the springs is 180° Fahrenheit, and I suppose the tank into which he afterwards plunged me must have been nearly up to the mark. When, at last, I was laid on the couch, my body was so parboiled that I perspired at all pores for full an hour,—a feeling too warm and unpleasant at

first, but presently merging into a mood that was wholly rapturous and heavenly. I was like a soft white cloud, that rests all of a summer afternoon on the peak of a distant mountain. I felt the couch on which I lay no more than the cloud might feel the cliffs on which it lingers so airily. I saw nothing but peaceful, glorious sights; spaces of clear blue sky; stretches of quiet lawns; lovely valleys threaded by the gentlest of streams; azure lakes, unruffled by a breath; calms far out on mid-ocean, and Alpine peaks bathed in the flush of an autumnal sunset. My mind retraced all our journey from Aleppo, and there was a halo over every spot I had visited. I had dwelt with rapture on the piny hills of Phrygia, on the gorges of Taurus, on the beechen solitudes of Olympus. Would to Heaven that I might describe those scenes as I then felt them! All was revealed to me: the heart of Nature lay bare, and I read the meaning and knew the inspiration of her every mood. Then, as my frame grew cooler, and the fragrant clouds of the narghileh, which had helped my dreams, diminished, I was like that same summer cloud when it feels a gentle breeze and is lifted above the hills, floating along independent of earth but for its shadow.

Brusa is a very long, straggling place, extending for three or four miles along the side of the mountain, but presenting a very picturesque appearance from every point. The houses are nearly all three stories high, built of wood and unburnt bricks, and each story projects over the other, after the manner of German towns of the Middle Ages. They have not the hanging balconies which I have found so quaint and pleasing in Kiutahya. But, especially in the Greek quarter, many of them are plastered and painted of some bright color, which gives a gay, cheerful appearance to the streets. Besides, Brusa is the cleanest Turkish town I have seen. The mountain streams traverse most of

the streets, and every heavy rain washes them out thoroughly. The whole city has a brisk, active air, and the workmen appear both more skillful and more industrious than in the other parts of Asia Minor. I noticed a great many workers in copper, iron, and wood, and an extensive manufactory of shoes and saddles. Brusa, however, is principally noted for its silks, which are produced in this valley and others to the south and east. The manufactories are near the city. I looked over some of the fabrics in the bazaars, but found them nearly all imitations of European stuffs, woven in mixed silk and cotton, and even more costly than the silks of Damascus.

We passed the whole length of the bazaars, and then, turning up one of the side streets on our right, crossed a deep ravine by a high stone bridge. Above and below us there were other bridges, under which a stream flowed down from the mountains. Thence we ascended the height, whereon stands the largest and one of the oldest mosques in Brusa. The position is remarkably fine, commanding a view of nearly the whole city and the plain below it. We entered the courtyard boldly, François taking the precaution to speak to me only in Arabic, as there was a Turk within. Mr. H. went to the fountain, washed his face and hands, but did not dare to swallow a drop, putting on a most dolorous expression of countenance, as if perishing with thirst. The mosque was a plain, square building, with a large dome and two minarets. The door was a rich and curious specimen of the stalactitic style, so frequent in Saracenic buildings. We peeped into the windows, and, although the mosque, which does not appear to be in common use, was darkened, saw enough to show that the interior was quite plain.

Just above this edifice stands a large octagonal tomb, surmounted by a dome, and richly adorned with arabesque

cornices and coatings of green and blue tiles. It stood in a small garden inclosure, and there was a sort of porter's lodge at the entrance. As we approached, an old gray-bearded man in a green turban came out, and, on François requesting entrance for us, took a key and conducted us to the building. He had not the slightest idea of our being Christians. We took off our slippers before touching the lintel of the door, as the place was particularly holy. Then, throwing open the door, the old man lingered a few moments after we entered, so as not to disturb our prayers, — a mark of great respect. We advanced to the edge of the parapet, turned our faces towards Mecca, and imitated the usual Mohammedan prayer on entering a mosque, by holding both arms outspread for a few moments, then bringing the hands together and bowing the face upon them. This done, we leisurely examined the building, and the old man was ready enough to satisfy our curiosity.

It was a rich and elegant structure, lighted from the dome. The walls were lined with brilliant tiles, and had an elaborate cornice, with Arabic inscriptions in gold. The floor was covered with a carpet, whereon stood eight or ten ancient coffins, surrounding a larger one which occupied a raised platform in the center. They were all of wood, heavily carved, and many of them entirely covered with gilded inscriptions. These, according to the old man, were the coffins of the Ottoman Sultans who had reigned at Brusa previous to the taking of Constantinople, with some members of their families. There were four Sultans, among whom were Mahomet I. and a certain Achmet. Orchan, the founder of the Ottoman dynasty, is buried somewhere in Brusa, and the great central coffin may have been his. François and I talked entirely in Arabic, and the old man asked: "Who are these Hadjis?" Whereupon F. immediately answered: "They are Effendis from Baghdad."

We had intended making the ascent of Olympus, but the summit was too thickly covered with clouds. On the morning of the second day, therefore, we determined to take up the line of march for Constantinople. The last scene of our strange eventful history with the Katurgees had just transpired, by their deserting us, being two hundred piasters in our debt. They left their khan on the afternoon after our arrival, ostensibly for the purpose of taking their beasts out to pasture, and were never heard of more. We let them go, thankful that they had not played the trick sooner. We engaged fresh horses for Moudania, on the Sea of Marmora, and dispatched François in advance, to procure a caïque for Constantinople while we waited to have our passports signed. But after waiting an hour, as there was no appearance of the precious documents, we started the baggage also, under the charge of a guard, and remained alone. Another hour passed by, and yet another, and the Bey was still occupied in sleeping off his hunger. Mr. Harrison, in desperation, went to the office, and after some delay received the passports with a visé, but not, as we afterwards discovered, the necessary one.

It was four o'clock by the time we left Brusa. Our horses were stiff, clumsy pack-horses; but, by dint of whips and the sharp shovel stirrups, we forced them into a trot and made them keep it. The road was well traveled, and by asking everybody we met, "*Bou yol Moudania yedermi?*" ("Is this the way to Moudania?") we had no difficulty in finding it. The plain in many places is marshy, and traversed by several streams. A low range of hills stretches across, and nearly closes it, the united waters finding their outlet by a narrow valley to the north. From the top of the hill we had a grand view, looking back over the plain, with the long line of Brusa's minarets glittering through the interminable groves at the foot of the moun-

tain. Olympus now showed a superb outline ; the clouds hung about his shoulders, but his snowy head was bare. Before us lay a broad, rich valley, extending in front to the mountains of Moudania. The country was well cultivated, with large farming establishments here and there.

The sun was setting as we reached the summit ridge, where stood a little guard-house. As we rode over the crest, Olympus disappeared, and the Sea of Marmora lay before us, spreading out from the Gulf of Moudania, which was deep and blue among the hills, to an open line against the sunset. Beyond that misty line lay Europe, which I had not seen for nearly nine months, and the gulf below me was the bound of my tent and saddle life. But one hour more, old horse ! Have patience with my Ethiopian thong, and the sharp corners of my Turkish stirrups : but one hour more, and I promise never to molest you again ! Our path was downward, and I marvel that the poor brute did not sometimes tumble headlong with me. He had been too long used to the pack, however, and his habits were as settled as a Turk's. We passed a beautiful village in a valley on the right, and came into olive groves and vineyards, as the dusk was creeping on. It was a lovely country of orchards and gardens, with fountains spouting by the wayside, and country houses perched on the steepes. In another hour we reached the sea-shore. It was now nearly dark, but we could see the tower of Moudania some distance to the west.

Still in a continual trot, we rode on ; and as we drew near, Mr. H. fired his gun to announce our approach. At the entrance of the town, we found the guard waiting to conduct us. We clattered through the rough streets for what seemed an endless length of time. The Ramazan gun had just fired, the minarets were illuminated, and the coffee-houses were filled with people. Finally, François, who had

been almost in despair at our non-appearance, hailed us with the welcome news that he had engaged a *caïque*, and that our baggage was already embarked. We only needed the *visés* of the authorities, in order to leave. He took our *teskeres* to get them, and we went upon the balcony of a coffee-house overhanging the sea.

But here there was another history. The *teskeres* had not been properly *viséd* at Brusa, and the Governor at first decided to send us back. Taking François, however, for a Turk, and finding that we had regularly passed quarantine, he signed them after a delay of an hour and a half, and we left the shore, weary, impatient, and wolfish with twelve hours' fasting. A cup of Brusan beer and a piece of bread brought us into a better mood, and I, who began to feel sick from the rolling of the *caïque*, lay down on my bed, which was spread at the bottom, and found a kind of uneasy sleep. The sail was hoisted at first, to get us across the mouth of the gulf, but soon the Greeks took to their oars. They were silent, however, and though I only slept by fits, the night wore away-rapidly. As the dawn was deepening, we ran into a little bight in the northern side of a promontory where a picturesque Greek village stood at the foot of the mountains. The houses were of wood, with balconies overgrown with grapevines, and there was a fountain of cold, excellent water on the very beach. Some Greek boatmen were smoking in the portico of a café on shore, and two fishermen, who had been out before dawn to catch sardines, were emptying their nets of the spoil. Our men kindled a fire on the sand, and roasted us a dish of the fish. Some of the last night's hunger remained, and the meal had enough of that seasoning to be delicious.

After giving our men an hour's rest, we set off for the Princes' Islands, which now appeared to the north, over the glassy plain of the sea. The Gulf of Iskmid, or Nicomedia,

opened away to the east, between two mountain headlands. The morning was intensely hot and sultry, and but for the protection of an umbrella, we should have suffered greatly. There was a fiery blue vapor on the sea, and a thunder-cloud hid the shores of Thrace. Now and then came a light puff of wind, whereupon the men would ship the little mast, and crowd on an enormous quantity of sail. So, sailing and rowing, we neared the islands with the storm, but it advanced slowly enough to allow a sight of the mosques of St. Sophia and Sultan Achmed, gleaming far and white, like icebergs astray on a torrid sea. Another cloud was pouring its rain over the Asian shore, and we made haste to get to the landing at Prinkipo before it could reach us. From the south, the group of islands is not remarkable for beauty. Only four of them — Prinkipo, Chalki, Prote, and Antigone — are inhabited, the other five being merely barren rocks.

There is an ancient convent on the summit of Prinkipo, where the Empress Irene — the contemporary of Charlemagne — is buried. The town is on the northern side of the island, and consists mostly of the summer residences of Greek and Armenian merchants. Many of these are large and stately houses surrounded with handsome gardens. The streets are shaded with sycamores, and the number of coffee-houses shows that the place is much frequented on festal days. A company of drunken Greeks were singing in violation of all meter and harmony, — a discord the more remarkable, since nothing could be more affectionate than their conduct towards each other. Nearly everybody was in Frank costume, and our Oriental habits, especially the red Tartar boots, attracted much observation. I began to feel awkward and absurd, and longed to show myself a Christian once more.

Leaving Prinkipo, we made for Constantinople, whose long array of marble domes and gilded spires gleamed like



CONSTANTINOPLE.

a far mirage over the waveless sea. It was too faint and distant and dazzling to be substantial. It was like one of those imaginary cities which we build in a cloud fused in the light of the setting sun. But as we neared the point of Chalcedon, running along the Asian shore, those airy piles gathered form and substance. The pinnacles of the Seraglio shot up from the midst of cypress groves; fantastic kiosks lined the shore; the minarets of St. Sophia and Sultan Achmed rose more clearly against the sky; and a fleet of steamers and men-of-war, gay with flags, marked the entrance of the Golden Horn. We passed the little bay where St. Chrysostom was buried, the point of Chalcedon, and now, looking up the renowned Bosphorus, saw the Maiden's Tower, opposite Scutari. An enormous pile, the barracks of the Anatolian soldiery, hangs over the high bank, and, as we row abreast of it, a fresh breeze comes up from the Sea of Marmora. The prow of the caïque is turned across the stream, the sail is set, and we glide rapidly and noiselessly over the Bosphorus and into the Golden Horn, between the banks of the Frank and Moslem, — Pera and Stamboul. Where on earth shall we find a panorama more magnificent?

The air was filled with the shouts and noises of the great Oriental metropolis; the water was alive with caïques and little steamers, and all the world of work and trade, which had grown almost to be a fable, welcomed us back to its restless heart. We threaded our rather perilous way over the populous waves, and landed in a throng of Custom-House officers and porters, on the wharf at Galata.

LEXICON.

- Ab'a-tis**, fortification of sharpened stakes.
- Ac-com'plice**, associate in crime.
- Ad-a-man'tine**, very hard.
- Ad'junct**, person or thing joined.
- Ad-mo-ni'tion**, gentle reproof.
- Æ'gis**, a shield.
- Ag-gre-ga'tion**, mass; collection.
- Ag-gres'sion**, hostile act.
- Ag'ri-mo-ny**, species of plant.
- Aid'-de-camp'** (äd'-de-kän'), camp assistant.
- Al-cal'de** (äl-käl'dä), Spanish judge.
- Al'gua-zil'** (al'gwä-zäl'), Spanish constable.
- Al'ien-a'tion**, breaking of friendship.
- Al'lah**, Mohammedan name for God.
- Al-le'giance**, loyalty.
- Al-ter'na-tive**, choice.
- A-mël'io-ra-ting**, making better.
- An'arch-y** (än'ark-y), lawlessness.
- An-tag'o-nist**, foe.
- A-poc'a-lyp'tic-al**, referring to the revelation of St. John in the Bible.
- Ap'pa-ri'tion**, unexpected appearance.
- Ap'pel-la'tion**, name.
- A-quat'ic**, belonging to the water.
- Ar'a-besque'**, intricate ornamentation.
- Ar'go-na-uts**, Greek heroes who searched for the Golden Fleece.
- Ar'que-buse**, old-fashioned musket.
- As-cend'en-cy**, controlling power.
- As-sim'i-late**, to make alike.
- A-tro'cious**, extremely wicked.
- Be-nef'i-cence**, practical kindness.
- Be-tas'seled**, covered with tassels.
- Big'ot-ed**, unfair; prejudiced.
- Blud'geon**, a club.
- Bo-le'ro** (bö-lä'rö), Spanish dance.
- Bran'dish-ing**, waving.
- Ca-i'que'** (kä-äk), Turkish boat.
- Ca-pri'cious**, hard to please.
- Cas'ta-nets**, shells of wood or ivory to rattle in dancing.
- Cav-a-lier'**, a knight.
- Cho'er-ic**, easily angered.
- Clem'en-cy**, mercy.
- Cog-no'men**, name.
- Co-in-cide'**, agree with.
- Col'league**, partner.
- Com-mem'o-rate**, celebrate with honor.
- Com-pat'i-ble**, agreeable to.
- Com'pen-sate**, requite.
- Com-pet'i-tor**, rival.
- Com-pre-hen'sion**, understanding.
- Com'pro-mises**, agreements between those who differ, wherein each gives up something.
- Con-ced'ed**, allowed.
- Con-cur'ence**, consent.
- Con-fla-gra'tion**, great fire.
- Con'se-cra'ting**, making sacred.
- Con-spic'u-ous**, easily seen.
- Con-ster-na'tion**, great alarm.
- Con-strained'**, forced.
- Con'tem-pla'tion**, careful thought.
- Con-tem'po-ra-ry**, one living at the same time.
- Con-tort'ed**, twisted.
- Con'tra-band**, forbidden by law.
- Con'voy**, an escort.

Con-vul'sive-ly, with spasms.
 Cor-dial'i-ty, heartiness.
 Coun'te-nanced, allowed.
 Coun'ter-part, a part that fits another.
 Cov'e-nant, solemn agreement.
 Cra'ni-um, skull.
 Cu'li-na-ry, relating to cookery.
 Cum'bered, burdened.
 Cur-mud'geon, a disagreeable fellow.
 Cy'cle, an age.

De-bat'a-ble, open to discussion.
 De-cid'u-ous, subject to regular falling or shedding.
 De-cliv'i-ties, steep hills.
 De-co'rous, well behaved.
 De-crep'i-tude, infirm old age.
 Def'er-ence, respect for others' opinions.
 De-fi'cien-cy, lack.
 De-lib'er-ate, measured.
 De-lin'quent, wrong-doer.
 De-lu'sive, deceiving.
 De-nom'i-na-ted, named.
 Dep-re-da'tion, act of spoiling.
 Des'e-cra-ted, profaned.
 Des'ig-na-ting, picking out.
 De-tach'ment, a part.
 Dev'as-ta-ting, destroying.
 Dex-ter'i-ty, skill.
 Dig'ni-ta-ry, high official.
 Di-lap'i-da-ted, worn out.
 Dim-i-nu'tion, lessening.
 Dis-af-fec'tion, discontent; disloyalty.
 Dis-cordant, harsh.
 Dis-cours'ing, talking.
 Dis-men'ber-ment, tearing to pieces.
 Dis-pen-sa'tion, giving out.
 Dis-sem'bled, disguised.
 Dis-sem'i-nat-ing, spreading abroad.
 Dom-i-cil'i-o-ted, established in a permanent residence.
 Dom'i-nate, to rule.
 Dooms'day, day of final judgment.
 Doub'let, waistcoat.

Ef-fects', possessions.
 Ef-fen'di, Turkish official.

Ef-ful'gent, very bright.
 E-gre'gious, extraordinary.
 E-jac-u-la'tion, cry.
 El'e-gy, poem in honor of the dead.
 Em-bar'ass-ment, difficulty.
 Em'bas-sies, state messages or messengers.
 Em-bla'zon-ry, pictures on shields, etc.
 E-mer'gence, passing out of.
 E-mit'ting, giving out.
 E-nor'mi-ties, very bad acts.
 En-tab'la-ture, ornamental top of column.
 E-nun-ci-a'tion, mode of speaking.
 Eq'ui-ties, rights.
 E-rad'i-ca-ted, rooted out.
 Er-u-di'tion, learning, scholarship.
 Es-pla-nade', level space inside a fortress.
 Es-pous'al, contract of marriage.
 E-the're-al, like pure air.
 Ex-al-ta'tion, rejoicing with pride.
 Ex-as-per-a'tion, bitter anger.
 Ex-tinc'tion, blotting out.
 Fas'ci-na-ting, charming.
 Fe-li'c'i-ty, happiness.
 Flout'ed, treated with scorn.
 For'feit-ed, lost by wrong-doing.
 For'mi-da-ble, alarming.
 Fra-ter'ni-ty, brotherhood.
 Frip'per-y, cheap finery.
 Gar'nish-ment, adornment.
 Gen-er-a'tion, family; race.
 Ger'mi-na-ting, budding.
 Ges-tic'u-la-ting, making gestures or motions.
 Gib'ber-ing, speaking rapidly.
 Glut'ted, overfed.
 Grail, cup, chalice;—only used of the *Holy Grail*.
 Grew'some, frightful.
 Gu'ber-na-tor, governor.
 Hab'er-dash-er, dealer in small wares.
 Hab-i-ta'tion, dwelling place.
 Had'ji, title of honor.
 How'itz-er, small cannon.

lg-no-min'i-ous-ly, disgracefully.
ll-lu'mined, made light.
Im-bibed', drunk in.
In-mor'tal-ized, made to live forever.
Im-mu'ni-ties, freedom from certain duties.
Im'pli-ca-ted, involved.
Im-pol'i-tic, unwise.
In-com-pat'i-ble, not agreeing with.
In-con-sist'ent, at variance.
In'cu-ba-ting, hatching.
In-ev'i-ta-ble, not to be prevented.
In-fal'li-ble, always right.
In-firm'i-ties, weaknesses.
In-flex'i-ble, unchanging.
In-gra'ti-a-ting, winning.
In-qui-si'tion, church court.
In-sid'i-ous, deceitful.
In-sin'u-a-ting, working in stealthily.
In-ter'mi-na-ble, endless.
In-vet'er-ate, deep-rooted.
In-vi'o-late, uninjured.
In-vol-un-ta'ri-ly, not willingly.
I-tin'er-ant, wandering.

Jun'ket-ing, feasting.

Knarred, knotted.

Lab'y-rinth, full of difficult windings.
Leg'end-a-ry, relating to legends or stories.

Le-git'i-mate-ly, according to law.

Mag-na-nim'i-ty, greatness of soul.
Mar-e-ve'dis, small Spanish coins.
Mas'to-don, immense animal, now extinct.
Men'ace, threat.
Mere'stead, a farm.
Mi-gra'tion, change of place.
Min'is-ter-ing, helping.
Mi-rage' (mē-rāzh'), an optical illusion by which distant objects seem near.
Mit'i-gate, lessen.
Mo-les-ta'tion, interference.
Mol'i-fy, soften.

Mo'loch, a deity to whom human sacrifices were made.

Mo-not'o-nous, in one key.

Mos'lem, a follower of Mohammed.

Mosque, Mohammedan church.

Mul-ti-tu'di-nous, of great number.

Mu-nif'i-cent, giving generously.

Nar'ghi-leh, Persian pipe.

Nu-cif'e-rous, nut-bearing.

Ob-lit'er-a-ting, blotting out.

Ob-liv'i-on, entire forgetfulness.

Oo-tag'o-nal, eight-sided.

Op-pro'bri-um, disgrace.

Or-ni-thol'o-gist, a student of birds.

Out-flanked', attacked on the side; over-reached.

Pal-i-sad-ed, protected by a kind of fence.

Pan'niers, baskets hung upon a horse or donkey.

Par'ox-ysm, fit of passion.

Pat-ro-nym'ic, family name.

Per-ad-ven'ture, by chance.

Per-force', necessarily.

Per-pet'u-ate, make lasting.

Per-plex'i-ty, doubt.

Per-sist'ent-ly, fixedly, — with earnest determination.

Pi-as'ter, foreign silver coin.

Plen-i-po-ten'ti-a-ry, minister to a foreign country.

Pli-a-bil'i-ty, quality of yielding easily.

Pon'iard, dagger.

Por-tent'ous, ominous, dreadful.

Pre'e-dent, an example.

Pre-des'tined, fated.

Prel'a-cy, church authority.

Pre-pon'der-a-ting, out-weighting.

Pre-rog'a-tive, first right.

Pres'cient, foreseeing.

Pre-ter-na'tu-ral, more than natural.

Prev'a-lence, abundance.

Prof-a-na'tion, irreverence for things sacred.

Pro-gen'i-tors, ancestors.
Pro-gnos'tic, foretelling.
Pro-me'the-an, pertaining to the god Prometheus, who gave fire to man.
Prop-a-ga'tion, causing to increase in number.
Pro-pen'si-ty, natural desire.
Pro-scribed', set apart by law.

Quar'an-tine, forced stoppage of travel or communication.
Quer'u-lous, complaining.
Quid'nunc, what now? meaning, an inquisitive person.

Ramp'ant, standing erect, as if to attack.
Rant'i-pole, a romping young person.
Rav'en-ous, bloodthirsty.
Re-cip'ro-cate, repay.
Re-on-oll-i-a'tion, making friends again.
Re-on-not'ter, to make survey of.
Re-cum'bent, reclining.
Re-doubt'a-ble, very brave.
Re-lume', light again.
Req-ui-si'tion, formal demand.
Res'i-due, remainder.
Re-splen'dent, very bright.
Re-stric'tions, checks.
Re-tal'i-ate, pay back.
Ret-ri-bu'tion, punishment.
Re-ver'ber-a-ted, resounded.
Rig'or-ous, severe.
Ro-tun'da, round building.

Sanc'ti-ty, holiness.
Sat'el-lites, small heavenly bodies that revolve round larger ones; hence, followers.
Sa'ti-ate, over-satisfy.
Scarfed, bound together.

Se-dan' chair, a chair with poles carried by men.
Sem'blance, appearance.
Se-ques'tered, shut from the world.
Si-mul-ta'ne-ous, at the same time.
Slat'tern, untidy person.
Spec'i-fied, pointed out.
Spec-u-la'tions, guesses.
Squad'ron, fleet.
Sta-bil'i-ty, firmness.
Stal-ac-tit'ic, like a stalactite or slender, hanging spar.
Sub-ju-ga'tion, subduing.
Sub-sist'ence, means of living.
Sub-ter-ra'ne-ous, underground.
Su-per-nu'mer-a-ry, superfluous; extra.
Su-pine'ly, lazily.
Sup-pli-ca'tion, request.
Swound, faint.

Tal'is-mans, charms.
Tar'tans, cloaks.
Trenched, dug.
Trep-i-da'tion, fear.
Tri'col-or, a flag of three colors.

Un-der-mined', dug under.
Un-swerv'ing, unchanging.

Van'quished, conquered.
Var'let, low fellow; servant.
Ve'he-ment, furious.
Vel'lum, rich binding for books.
Ven'er-ate, greatly respect.
Vi-cin'i-ty, neighborhood.
Vi-cis'si-tudes, changes of fortune.
Vin'di-cate, prove innocent.
Vi-sé', (vē-zā'), countersign; passport.
Vouch-safed', granted.
Vul'ner-a-ble, open to wounds.
Wight, a person.





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